

Esquire

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN



JANUARY

NOW ISSUED EVERY MONTH

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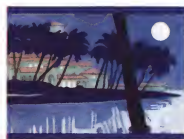
PHOTOGRAPHY

M. BOURKE-WHITE
GILBERT SEEHAUSEN

**40 FEATURES
IN FULL COLOR**

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TROPICAL AMERICA'S



SOCIAL ACTIVITIES

From the holidays until spring, utilize fast yachts. A motor boat is essential. Swift dashes to the favorite fishing spot, a few hours of trolling, or, anchored, still fishing, and the ash home. Moonlit cruises, trips to Havana, everywhere, in the sphere of living delightfully, a motor boat is necessary.

A few months later and the same vessel will have resumed an equally important place in the activities of northern ports. The demands on a marine engine, serving faithfully for hours

at minimum speed, and hours at top revolutions, are much harder than the work of your motor car. Entrust the work to a Sterling engine. Over thirty years of the progressive effort of this company has accomplished much to increase yacht speeds and serviceability. On the proving ground with variable duty, many Sterling engines have exceeded 250,000 miles of propulsion, with a minimum of maintenance, and are still at work.



STERLING ENGINE COMPANY, BUFFALO, N.Y., U.S.A.

NEW YORK SALES OFFICE
900 Chrysler Building

NEW ENGLAND SALES AND SERVICE, W. M. MORTON CORP.
1043 Commonwealth Ave., Boston, Boston



57 deep sea cruiser, designed by John L. Hacker, N. A., No. 1000, Merquam. Powered with 7 Sterling Patrol engines, 6 cylinders, 180 horse power, speed 22 miles per hour.



BORN 1820
STILL GOING STRONG



Welcome one old friend WHO'S REALLY OLD



RED LABEL...OLDER THAN MOST
BLACK LABEL...EVERY DROP IS YEARS OLD

John Walker & Sons, Ltd. . . . Scotch Whisky Distillers . . . Kilmarnock, Ayrshire, Scotland

This advertisement is not intended to offer Johnnie Walker whisky for sale or delivery in any state or community wherein the advertising, sale or use thereof is unlawful.

When and if Repeal becomes effective, many old friends will come trooping back. To the eye, the late 14-year drought will not have made much difference. They will all be *buzzed* the same as before Prohibition. They will all *look* the same.

But perhaps you're wondering—will they all *sate* the same as they did in those almost-forgotten days?

Johnnie Walker will. This mellow old Scotch whisky hasn't changed a bit. Why should it have changed? During Prohibition the rest of the world continued to enjoy Johnnie Walker. All the while Johnnie Walker was being distilled, aged and bottled in Scotland where the art is as old as that of playing the bagpipes.

Now it comes back to you as mellow and smooth as ever. Do you remember just how good a really old, un-cut Scotch whisky can be? Why not pour out a nip of Johnnie Walker and refresh . . . your memory? Ah-h! There it is again . . . that delightful bouquet of peat smoke . . . a bouquet found only in whisky aged in the Scottish Highlands. That's Johnnie Walker, made for those who really know how to drink.

Price? One you can comfortably afford to pay. Availability? Immediately—or at the latest in a few days—at all recognized suppliers in states when and where it may be legally handled.

A NEW
DISTINCTION IN MALE ATTIRE

TALON-TAILORED TROUSERS

*With the
Thin, Smooth, Continuous, Seam-like Closure*

MEN are unaware of the awkwardness, the ugliness of the button closure in trousers—because they are so used to it.

They give no thought to how troublesome, clumsy and insecure it is—because they have known no other method.

But every one of these disadvantages is there. And to eliminate them is plain common sense.

That's what this special little Talon Slide Fastener does. Thousands of men, wearing Talon-Tailored Trousers today, know a new smartness in trousers—a closure so thin and smooth and continuous that it is almost as imperceptible as a seam; and trim always, no matter what the position.

And every man who experiences this new, quick convenience, this perfect security, knows that this latest contribution to fine tailoring is nothing more or less than common sense.

Discover it for yourself. Try on (at any leading store) a suit with Talon-Tailored Trousers. Then pass judgment on the effect.



HOOKLESS FASTENER COMPANY
MEADVILLE, PENNA.
NEW YORK • BOSTON • PHILADELPHIA • CHICAGO
LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO • SEATTLE

THERE IS ONLY ONE SLIDE FASTENER SPECIALLY DESIGNED FOR MEN'S CLOTHING . . . ITS CORRECT NAME IS **TALON**
SLIDE FASTENER FOR TROUSERS NEWEST IDEA IN TAILORING



- Why TALON means distinction in trousers**
- 1 Talon Slide Fastener for trousers is a special and very small Talon Fastener made especially for trousers use.
 - 2 Talon is absolutely invisible when the fly is closed.
 - 3 Talon scientifically applied—connects with the body is absolutely impossible.
 - 4 Talon creates continuous closure, no smooth and thin, that only a fine line, flat as a mean, indicates the opening.
 - 5 Talon eliminates ugliness of the button hole. Side wrinkles, gaps between buttons, and buttonholes are gone.
 - 6 Talon excludes the possibility of accidental and embarrassing disarray.
 - 7 Talon is so light it weighs less than buttons and thread used on old type.
 - 8 Talon means time-saving convenience.
 - 9 Talon is the slide fastener that is not harmed by dry cleaning or pressing.
 - 10 Talon, unlike the old buttons and buttonholes, gives perfect, unchanging service far beyond the life of a suit.

THE MOST ORIGINAL GIFT IDEA IN YEARS . . .

LEKTROLITE

The flameless mystery lighter

All you need know is "do they smoke?" And whether it be for a personal friend, business associate or an entire office staff you know that Lektrolite will be welcome. For never has there been a gift as original, as desired by smokers as this modern, flameless lighter.

Truly grateful thoughts will follow the donor of a Lektrolite whenever a cigarette or cigar is magically lighted.



Simply place the tip of a cigarette or cigar to Lektrolite and lightly inhale—instantly—a flameless, crimson glow lights it. By comparison matches are uncivilized, unnecessary and thumb-bruising lighters become more extinct than ever.

Lektrolite never fails—it lights in wind or rain. There's no flint—no flame, no wheels, no buttons, no mechanism, no trick—just light and puff. At better stores and jewelry shops.



FOR THE UNIVERSITY MAN

Choose this suave, black Cylind Model B (above) for formal evening wear. Perfectly sized for a man's light waistcoat pocket or woman's purse. Cylind also comes richly enameled in Ivory, Nile, Crimson, Blue and White. Complete with filler kit . . . \$5.

This pencil model (below) writes at one end and lights at the other. In several styles with perfect writing balance. In Black Enamel, Chromium trim . . . \$5. Sterling Silver . . . \$30. 14k Gold . . . \$100.



FOR THE SPORTSMAN

In authentic university colors with the college seal richly embossed in baked enamel. TheVarsity Model (above) appeals to undergrad and old-grad alike. Enameled . . . \$7.50. Gold Plated . . . \$10.

Every Lektrolite comes in a modern, attractive gift package. In gold, silver or enamel the Lektrolite nestles beside the ebony black, automatic refill case. A rich-looking ensemble. A gift worth giving.



FOR THE EXECUTIVE

Decidedly masculine and "outdoorish" is the Dynamique Model (above). You'll like its streamlined look, its compact feel in the hand and fit in the pocket. Chrome Satin . . . \$7.50. Sterling Silver . . . \$15.

The Lektrolite gift set (below) is richly modern in design. The dome is gleaming, silvery Chromium . . . top and base of Red or Black Lacquer. A lavish gift modestly priced. Complete . . . \$30.



COMPLETE GIFT CASE

LEKTROLITE

GIVES First-Proof ENJOYMENT

It ends vulgar, match-hoarding that spoils enjoyment of fine occasions. It ends that fumbling, touch-line flame that lights nervously or sometimes slings. No tosse, no odor, no flame. Lektrolite gives a clear, round light that adds new joy to smoking.

PLATINUM PRODUCTS CO. INC., 521 FIFTH AVE., N.Y.



THE HOSTESS GIFT SET

THE MOST ORIGINAL GIFT SET IDEA IN YEARS

LEKTROLITE

Six lighter Host or Hostess Case



Here is a gift from the gods, and perhaps from you, that will be welcomed joyously to the most formal tables, to intimate gatherings. Lektrolites belong where the art of smoking is part of well-planned living.



On formal occasions like this, flaming matches seem barbarous . . . torch-like, clumsy lighters, mechanical intruders. Modern hostesses are replacing them with Lektrolites. To offer each guest its flameless, red glow is graceful hospitality. To save a costly table cover from flaming matches is practical economy. Lektrolite is quite an entertaining necessity. Reasons enough, indeed, for placing the Lektrolite Hostess Gift Set at the top of your Xmas list.



Informal as these intimate occasions are, there is no place for unpleasant match ends, or thumb-bruising, antiquated lighters. Nor should time be taken from play or talk to fumble for and strike elusive matches. Again the handsome, Lektrolite gift case comes to the rescue. A modern, flameless lighter for each guest. And much mental thanks by the host or hostess—to the thoughtful donor of the gift case.



Business, too, has a hospitality crown, in which Lektrolite plays a efficient role. The LEKTROLITE Gift Set on the conference table. Ut match boxes and gadget-like lighters hereby voted discharged for unbecomingly inefficient, slovenly service. A box of six Lektrolites in this handsome gift is a most acceptable and practical gift to any executive.

AN INVESTMENT IN SUCCESS

.. that's what a Royal Portable means to you and your family!

For the busy executive—for the man of great ambitions—a Royal Portable is a constant inspiration. Its lively keys offer invaluable assistance in preparing reports, in translating nebulous ideas into concrete words for tomorrow's conference, in writing the article or story that has been stirring in your mind for ever so long.

A PROVED HELP TO CHILDREN!
Children, too, benefit amazingly. Prominent educators recommend the Royal Portable... advise its use, from kindergarten through high school and college. Classroom tests, conducted in educational institutions of various types, conclusively prove that it encourages neatness and accuracy; that it helps to win better grades. Not only does the Royal Portable promote an interest in study, but

it also cultivates clear and fluent expression! It helps to eliminate the handicaps of struggling with pen or pencil.

ANYONE CAN USE A ROYAL PORTABLE
The very first time you use a Royal Portable... and even though you never have typed before... you will at once realize that you can write faster and easier on a Royal than by hand. That is why so many people, young and old, are truly enthusiastic about this finest of home-sized typewriters.

The Royal Portable is a de luxe model, handsome and sturdy. It is perfectly designed and constructed to give a lifetime of writing convenience. Choose from a wide variety of attractive colors and type-faces. Priced at \$60. Term payments, if desired.

ROYAL TYPEWRITER COMPANY, INC.
2 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

FEATURED AND SOLD BY LEADING TYPEWRITER DEALERS
AND DEPARTMENT STORES IN EVERY COMMUNITY




WRITERS

ENQUIRE



The Cogwheel Tread gives safest traction. TEMPERED RUBBER preserves this safety for 7% to 36% more miles at no extra cost.



Only  builds Tires of TEMPERED RUBBER





The Joy of Living

There are in this world, after all, only a limited number of material possessions which truly add to the joy of existence. And the quest for these happy possessions goes endlessly on—for it is one of the traits of the human spirit that it seeks, without pause, for a finer state of contentment and satisfaction.... We asked Mr. Patterson, the famous marine painter, to picture on canvas the realization of *one* such quest. You see here the result—a beautiful schooner, homeward bound in the soft, restful light of evening. And, certainly, it is hard to imagine a more wholesome portrayal of complete enjoyment.... Not everyone, of course, is permitted

to know the deep-seated pleasure this canvas depicts—for only a few are privileged to enjoy this most satisfying of recreations. But it is a significant fact that, among those who *do* know the joy and pleasure of a fair wind, there is a decided preference for Cadillac automobiles.... This, we feel, is more or less to be expected, for Cadillac comes inevitably to the forefront when motor cars are purchased for the pleasure they add to their owner's existence.



Cadillac GENERAL MOTORS VALVE

Edited
by
ARNOLD GINGRICH

Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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Use of any person's name in fiction, semi-fictional articles or humorous essays is to be regarded as a coincidence and not as the responsibility of Esquire. It is never done knowingly.

As for your comments You will recall, perhaps, that last time we asked for comments and suggestions "Leading with our chin" was the way we expressed it—and the way you took it! True, there isn't space enough here to list all the things you said you liked, but then, we were afraid there is even enough to list all the things you didn't like either.

As for your suggestions Anyway, here are the five things on which there seemed to be the nearest approach to a consensus of opinion. 1. You felt that the cover left room for nothing but improvement. We've tried to fix that. We had Sam Berman execute in clay, his conception of Esquire, then we had casts made, and then had the whole work photographed and processed in direct color by John & Oliver.

So think twice before you yip about this one, because it was more than twice as much easier to read, and more fun to come out of. So all right it's a monthly now. 2. You wanted departments on books, the theatre, etc., etc., and interior decoration—that last one really surprised us, but what the hell, it's your magazine, so you got it. We also added a couple that you didn't think of. Just to remind you that we still work here, even if you are the boss. 4. You wanted the folio numbers at the top of the page, but we couldn't see any sense to it. Of course, if you insist, we'll have to move them up there, but we figured something could wait 'til next time. 5. The continuation! There's where you wanted to set your eyes and have it too. You said you didn't like turning the pages (who does?) and in the same breath you insisted on keeping the stories and articles at least as long and retaining the full-page

cartoons. So we opened up the type on the coverpage pages in the back, to make them easier to read, and now you have the number of one-page stories and articles.

As for your criticisms The easiest way out would have been to let the likes of you—the dialists—because there was a plaudit for every point. You didn't like the page size or you did; you didn't like the paper stock, or you did; you didn't like the type face, or you did—well, that could go on forever.

As for your correspondence It will take us a month to answer all your letters, and another month to catch up with the contributions. But we'll do both. Meanwhile, how do you like your magazine now?

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

OUR FAVORITE CRITIC

A copy of *Esquire*, new magazine exclusively for men, has just come to my desk. The cartoon favor *Ballyhoo* at its word, the fiction might have been written by a backward boy of 12, and the short stories are mostly of the famous author's name. It has been widely advertised as the magazine of the "artistic man." It is that the really smart men enjoy, we'll take our men a little dumber.

Concordia, Kansas. **BRUCE EMBREE**

OUR FAVORITE CORRESPONDENT

Your magazine is a disgrace to its writers and to literature. I started to read it, and had to give it up and there it is Lake Michigan. It ridicules literature, God, and all things beautiful. May you reap failure from its continuance.

Chicago, Ill. **LOVER OF LITERATURE AND BEAUTY**

OUR FAVORITE POET

Here's to *Esquire*! Long may it prosper To Uncle and Brotherly, Sonny and Pater!

Keep its advertising free From taint of lemming!

Let its advertising matter Know it is to cost disaster

To exhibit in these pages What the latter female rage

In the way of fashion's ditty For the Ladies. Out—evit—em

With the first display of scarves, Corsets, garters, rayon panties,

Negliges, brassieres or dresses, Lipstick, rouge, cosmetic means

Let its advertising matter Show a cap, a bowler hat,

Pair of high-top rubber boots Or cooly flannel union suits;

Kegs of beer and garden gloves, Skat-guns, rifles, Jersey covers

Shower, bath, pipes for smokers, Batsmen, furmies and stokers;

Iron pipes, hose and garden hose, And real Milsons walking sticks.

Here to *Esquire*—and long may it rate!

To all of the family but Daughter and Mater!

Indianapolis, Ind. **H. L. BROWN**

ESQUIRE'S FIRST NIGHT

Your first issue reminds me of a first night at a new play. Everybody works like the devil, and the actors give a routine but very self-conscious performance. All the contributors in this issue seem to be suffering from stage-fright. I am very familiar with them all. You certainly don't hope by your public in this celebration. Can you hope to live up to it?

Santa Monica, Calif. **JOHN WALKER**

MARK IT "PERSONAL"

The only criticism that I can make is that it is so good the women will be reading it all the time. My advice to all men is to have it sent to their office. I have marked "Personal" so that even those most efficient secretaries can't hold out for even a day. The suggestion is a serious one and I hope you will protect the men by so doing.

Yours for a New Deal for the men, W. M. MELVILLE

Chinatown, Ohio. **W. M. MELVILLE**

BALLYHOO WON'T LIKE THIS

You asked for suggestions for improvement to your sheet called *Esquire*. Here is one—Change its name from *Ballyhoo* to "Ballyhoo Dad."

Washington, D. C. **H. G. ROSENZ**

WOMEN FROM MISSOURI

Brilliant fiction, superb stories, humor, sex, fashions, photography, advertising. *Ballyhoo*, you got 'em! A chuckle issued me as I remembered through your editorial *Ballyhoo* and I didn't make it free

until I had thumbed all the way through to the reverse cover. There's only one thing amens. If you think you've got a magazine for men you're wrong. After showing it around the office, that first day, I had it to one side on my desk. When I looked for it to take home that evening it was gone. Our society editor—another person whose interest in *Ballyhoo* was by her utter femininity—had stolen it away. That was Monday. I recovered the magazine yesterday. (It stayed?)

Monitor or Index. **GEORGE JETTS**

Modesty, Missouri

CLOTHING MFRS., PLEASE NOTE

I like to wear a derby hat. Man like, I am away by the wisdom of the family and every fall when I go to buy a derby I come out with a new felt, to save my neck when I get home.

Esquire has changed all that. Your "Dilemma of the Ives Hat" was alone worth the price of your wonderful new magazine.

You asked for comments. Editorially perfect. The mark-up is ideal.

There is but one complaint. It seems to me that there aren't enough advertisements of men's clothing and furnishings, hats, shoes, etc. I am a spouse salesman and help out a new magazine and I know that it is not easy to get manufacturers to take a chance on a new book but surely after they have seen the first issue your men won't have trouble selling them. The best of luck to you.

Chicago, Ill. **FRED A. CLARK**

WHAT ABOUT GOOD HOUSEKEEPING'S PAGE?

Your new book is swell! Does that depress you—do you feel you've gotten your goods mixed after all? If women (Ladies don't count) are going to buy it with gusto and glee?

Don't you suppose the less aseptic of us have been pined for something a bit more hearty than Harper's *Batsman*—or hearily than *Good Housekeeping*? We have.

To save your face—our subscription is in my husband's name—

San Francisco, Calif. **LET BAY**

BORROWED BY 40% AT PRINCETON

Yesterday a bombshell exploded on the campus of Princeton University. When the smoke had cleared away, we found your new magazine *Esquire* in the hands of 40% of the undergraduates.

The Diak, Princeton, N. J. **W. F. LARSON, JR.**

You asked on the editorial page of your first issue how we like it. The answer seems to be unanimous. It is great! Of course a Princetonian may be partialissimo as Princeton got a nice spot in the initial issue, but it is still great without that. The stars, tips, pictures, humor, and all the rest are beyond criticism. And I have it from cover to cover. Thanks for at last giving us a magazine.

The Princeton Theatre Intime **HESS T. SEAR**

Princeton, N. J.

WHAT'S RIGHT, YOU'RE WRONG

When you first that headlined the contemporary world of *Esquire*, I was interested and curious. Interested because I felt that was a magazine could, if well handled, be mentally well received. But curious, he said... I couldn't possibly understand it. I thought you would provide good copy. We did I believe that a magazine could be made intriguing enough to... "fract" and hold the attention of his house. The Male "I" was wrong on both counts.

Brooklyn, N. Y. **STANLEY H. ORHAN**

TOO MUCH SEX?

Esquire is definitely a sex magazine, as it should be, since sex is among the most important; business men, professional men, and sportsmen. Your editorial policy, therefore, must aim to show those types of men only. With your first issue you

have set a high standard, it is true, but you have also allowed an element of cheapness to creep in. In order of course, to the old, and subject of sex. Sex is no longer a moral issue, it is merely a matter of taste. One expects to find pictures (no matter how well they are drawn) in the magazine which one finds in pool halls and on street corners. But, as I have pointed out, *Esquire* has a much higher class of readers than the ordinary magazine. Sex sells nothing to *Esquire*, but it cheapens it greatly.

So let's have a magazine for men; a clean, virile collection of literature and art. Leave sex to the thousands of other magazines, they need it. *Esquire* doesn't.

Los Angeles, Calif. **WM. SALTER**

...OR NOT ENOUGH?

It could not have been the subeditor—there were none when your first issue was made up—I wonder who it could have been who forced you to send Mrs. Grunsky your stuff. Our sweethearts and wives and daughters can read *Esquire* Caldwell's short stories and novels in book form, unexpurgated—but we men, for whom *Esquire* is supposed to be specially interesting, have to let Mrs. G. use him down as so not to shock our tender natures! Not that I think *Esquire* should run specially to exotic literature but that when you do accept an article for publication it should be printed as its author wrote it, in any position. The novel of today is not expurgated for general readers (mostly young girls), so why should a magazine for men be censored? I can't help but think all your previous have been so treated and feel that I have been imposed on by advertising to such a magazine. I do not use materials as we men will feel sure that Mrs. Grunsky are caring for our first issue.

Cleveland Heights, Ohio **W. J. BOWEN**

FUN WHILE IT LASTS

I enclose subscription order blank for *Esquire*, the excellent magazine I've looked over—and read—in a long while. Even if you shouldn't last as long as eight issues, it's worth \$2.00 to know that some guys are bright enough and brave enough to present such a delightful and amazing collection of lusty contemporaries.

Comments on the magazine, and I would like a copy each month instead of each quarter. Atlanta, Ga. **(MRS) MARY TOMPKINS**

KNOW ANY NICE JOINTS?

Cut out the smut and have a regular magazine—not for any place but a joint.

Cleveland, Ohio **(unsubscribable)**

SEE OVERLOOKED US

My very sincere compliments. I believe you have contributed to American journalism a truly vital and much needed publication—one which, judging from its first appearance, is destined to make history.

Of course you must realize that an unsurpassed medium you have for bringing to light articles and stories which otherwise would not be published. The crisp detail, the intimacy that pervades every page of the issue, the ease with which it is read, the writers and artists work of a more untrammeled, more original nature.

And your contributors! It is good that you appeal to an intelligent as well as to a mass-market audience. It is rather splendid to have made of this magazine for men something more than a typographical specimen. I can find criticism of all the material other than the extremely fine print used on those pages where material has been continued. There are certain omissions, however, in the way of material. Neither the drama nor the movie are given any space. You completely ignore world affairs. Ah, yes! And there's the Man West! How in the name of Venus did you happen to overlook her? What a gorgeous subject for one of your editor pages! That everything considered, it is a great journal. Again, my very sincere compliments.

Leighton, Ky. **BYRON H. PERRY**

Continued on page 14

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

Continued from page 12

YOU'RE IN FOR LIFE

You ask for criticism of your initial effort, and for the first time in my life I am complying with that kind of a request. I was much pleased with the magazine. I think you did splendidly in capturing the natural error of making Esquire a masculine Ladies' Home Journal—which God forbid! Heavy congratulations—and here is one reader you will have as long as you continue to produce anything half as good as Number 1.

Two criticisms:
First—The magazine is too heavy for pleasant reading. I believe you could find a paper stock with the finish and bulk that you need, but with much less clay loading, so that the weight of the finished magazine could be much less.

Second—the handling of jumps is abominable, and I just cut out two by a hair-line printer would tolerate it. For too many jumps in the first place. I can have them.

But I did enjoy the magazine, and wish it were a monthly.

Sincerely,
New York, N. Y. (REV.) JOHN W. LEWIN

TRY A CLOTHING STORE

Congratulations on your wonderful start to furnish the male public with a magazine, complete in every detail, and devoted exclusively to you. While riding to business Tuesday, I happened to read the advertisement in the New York Times. It appealed to me and I decided to buy a copy of Esquire. However, it was not so easy to do, as I could not buy a copy at the first three newsstands. I approached, but was successful at the fourth. The three had sold out their supply. To be perfectly frank with you, I did not retire until thirty-third Wednesday morning, having read the magazine from cover to cover. That is how much I enjoyed it. To sum up briefly, "it's swell!"

Very truly yours,
New York, N. Y. ESTE RAY PRUITT

PRaise FROM THE PRIPS

Your first edition of Esquire has earned quite a bit of comment among the fellows here at Choate, and all of it is very favorable, with a note of "why didn't someone think of it before?" It is a great magazine and in off to a great start. One of the only objections is that I don't think it will come out often enough!

Sincerely,
J. STEWART KELLGOS

Wallington, Conn.

BUT IT'S NOT FOR CHILDREN

The first number is very good, but I hope you had the requisite cartoons drawn to a minimum. The magazine has to be taken home to be thoroughly digested and to get good around children. Wishing you, I am,
Yours very truly,
Los Angeles, Cal. CARL G. GRIMES

MR. ADE, PLEASE NOTE

Dear Sir:
It was a pleasure to receive, this morning, my copy of Esquire, and a still greater one to read it, to enjoy—every all of it. First, the style, shape and type of paper are all good—don't change them. Second, the contents should certainly prove satisfactory to anyone at all reasonable in their demands—the notions found are certainly a pleasing cross-section of an American Who's-Who, even Fairbanks suits no better as a writer than any other. All of which is to say I like it. There is only one thing to which I can't subscribe—Mr. Ade's statement regarding pigs from dried corn. I find it hard to believe that he has left his childhood days so far in "the dead dead days" that the joy of a quarter of a pound of dried corn is beyond recall. Can he say truthfully, that he never helped slice them and spread them in the sun to dry—or never waited around the kitchen making a

pest of himself until Grandma took a fragrant example of the finished product from the oven? You ask him—I know the answer.
Very truly,
Blue Island, Illinois JAMES H. WADSWORTH

FISHERMAN, NOT SO CUTE

I'm a feminist—in an offensive sort of way—but you might have known that a magazine labeled deliberately for *Men* would bring you some of readers of the other sex.

I don't think your men need bouquets—they know their very high value—but I am moved to bow to Esquire. I do approve of your article "What A Married Man Should Know," but I don't believe it'll do much good. I don't think your fishermen, in its magazine, are very cute. (My opinions are definite.) I think your inspired artists of lovely legs have left themselves go and the fluff in pants and they've kept too many wandering husbands by their hearths on their cold nights.

Sincerely,
University, Virginia NANCY E. CURTIS

MR. DODSON, SEE PP. 98, 99

I wish to congratulate you and your staff for a swell job called Esquire. May it have a long and successful life. Its hatch was quite a happy event in my life. I have had the same idea for years but it never materialized.

Thanks again for giving the men a break—a magazine that isn't full of advertisements of girdles, corsets, soap-box, beauty clinic and hygienic treatment.

As for the boy of Esquire the ground makeup is O.K. It is easy to read—the size is right—never out of the way on your petates and keep the color in. You can never have enough of features. Now may I offer a suggestion or two.

Give the men who live in small towns (20 to 30 thousand) a break. Men who have far less income for their particular locality but who cannot afford for several months to keep up with the various styles in men's clothing.

You might help the men furnish their apartments—give them ideas about the furniture, rugs, drapes, pictures and the like.

Again thanks to Esquire.
Sincerely,
WILLIAM H. DODSON, JR.

Dayville, Va.

LADY, YOUR MET IS SAFE

My husband will not receive his copy for about a month as he is away at sea, and I am most impatient to see his new publication. It is to be telling the news, in this case I don't have to do so—I am already read, most thoroughly and enthusiastically. Congratulations and the most complete success with this new publication. It is great—interesting, cheerful and the colored illustrations are very attractive. If you do not find that a great many women are squabbling with their husbands, brothers and wife friends as to who shall read Esquire, then I believe my lot.

Please don't forget that we down here in mid-Pacific are just as interested, eager and alert for the same ideas along every line as our countrymen on the mainland. I am sure that your present fashions and fancies pertinent to this particular climate, environment and for inhabitants, please don't overlook your readers in the Paradise of the Pacific.

Again with all good wishes for the success of your enterprise, I am,
Yours truly,
Honolulu, Hawaii MRS. W. B. HOOKERSON

AT LEAST, WE'LL FLOURISH

All right, Esquire for its contents. I doubt if any such array of writers ever appeared in print in any one magazine at one time before. I sincerely hope you will not "fold up" like so many other

newsmen but will continue to flourish and prosper. Although I have only this first issue, I will certainly read Esquire if it does not continue.
Pittsburgh, Pa. HOWARD W. RUSCHA

MR. GROTH, PLEASE NOTE

May one who knows nothing about publishing be allowed to say a few words?
You say you are publishing a magazine for men. But what kind of men? These are the men who are over five thousand a year? Or for those who are only interested in sports, sailing, clothes, and smart costumes, being more or less like the Chicago Bear, having a good deal of nudity about them. This John Groth isn't so hot either way if he is your art director.

What are men as a class interested in? I would say, from several years observation, they are interested in the following subjects, listed in the order of their interest to the American male with some exceptions. Sports, women, the funnies, dirty stories, drinking, eating, betting on gambling, sex news, stock market speculation, etc., automobiles and travel, clothes, movies, the radio, the theatre, books, especially mystery stories and sex novels, music, art, and domestic furniture to a lesser degree or not at all. I forgot to put in dancing, women being the attraction and musical comedy with its exciting tangle of sex jokes and its nudity. Better men have a vivid interest in politics, other just to vote, a minor number have economic, sex life, I have not mentioned the interest in insects. I wish you success but also that the magazine goes better and that it covers a wider field of the average man's interests. The man who has at least a high school education with much experience of the better sort gruffed on that start.

Very truly yours,
Philadelphia, Pa. EDWIN A. HENRY

I recently read your first issue from cover to cover and am honestly sure that it is the number one American publication. Your art editor, John Groth, does better and that it covers a wider field of the average man's interests. The man who has at least a high school education with much experience of the better sort gruffed on that start.

Tucson, Arizona ROY C. PELLEN

WHAT ABOUT THE SECOND?

The first issue is so good it seems to me you are going to have a host of a hard time keeping up with it.
Forest Hills, L. I., N. Y. W. J. WELSH, JR.

TELL THIS TO THE MARINES

Thank God for our magazine that does not reek of lipstick, hair remover and sanitary appliances—
J. E. CARTWRIGHT
U. S. Air Corps, Langley Field, Va.

BINDING AND A BETTER NOW?

In the first issue of your magazine Esquire you asked for comments from subscribers. I like the magazine very, very much—no, everything about it. I am sure that you are the nucleus among the men in the land. On the other hand I am very much disappointed in the way Esquire is bound. It seems to me that such a good magazine should have its permanent value because of a poor binding. Mr. Groth held up for about three articles, and after that I had to finish Esquire by digging for a written word out of a book.

I expect to keep liking this magazine but I do want you to know that my reaction calls for a binding that will stand up under masculine treatment.
Yours very truly,
Huntville, Texas W. E. L.

ESQUIRE



Three Characters IN SEARCH OF A MAGAZINE THAT IS Unhindered BY THE OLD Taboos

WE HAVE a story by Langston Hughes, brilliant young Negro author whose work has appeared in some of the country's leading magazines. But this is the kind of story that no commercial magazine would touch with a ten-foot pole.

Now ESQUIRE is a commercial magazine—don't ever let anybody tell you different. And yet, ESQUIRE hates to fall into the old traps that have been worn so deep by the formula-type stories that comprise the bulk of the fiction in the so-called "slick paper" magazines.

This is a man's magazine. It isn't edited for the junior miss. It isn't dedicated to the dissemination of sweetness and light. It is addressed to an adult male audience, and feels that its stories ought, therefore, to be allowed to depart from the beaten track.

The story in question is briefly sketched in the synopsis at the left. How about it? We'd like to print it. And we think, if you'll lay aside your old prejudices for five minutes, that you'll enjoy reading it. There ought to be one magazine in America in which a man can read stories like this. But it's entirely up to you. Tell us what you want ESQUIRE to be.

ESQUIRE's distribution is now completely national. If the years out proper the nays in thirty-six of the forty-eight states (or in that proportion, if all states are not heard from) then this story will appear in an early issue of ESQUIRE, and will be followed by others that are similarly at sixes and sevens with the usual run of magazine fiction. Address the Editor of ESQUIRE, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago.

January, 1934

BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., despite the fact that some of you still won't believe it, writes his own story. There are three when we wish he didn't. If he had a nice convenient ghost writer in New York, Mr. Little "Yokel, Yaked, Little Sir," scheduled for this issue, would be among those present. As it is, his man had to be mailed from London and had not arrived up to the time of going to press with this issue. It will appear in the February number. Mr. Fairbanks is our most widely and vividly discussed contributor.

To begin consideration of the content of this issue with the front cover, Stan Herman, who made the models of Diorama and his dog, is a young man who came into Manhattan art circles by way of Hartford and Newark, where he worked on newspapers. While still a student, he discovered that he was doomed to caricature. Try as he would, he could never delete the now notorious Herman turn from his efforts at academic portraiture. Casual acquaintances, with what he cannot help but regard as questionable praise, have told him that his least distorted creation is the accompanying sketch of himself.

Alexandre Millarand is, among the many men who have held the post of President of the French Republic, one of the very few who have tried to make it mean more than titular leadership by a series of rights and powers as the least of the nation. He began his career with the study of law. He was soon appointed to the Court of Appeals and became, successively a deputy in the national legislature, Minister of Commerce, Minister of War, Prime Minister, and President.

Owen Johnson, having been decorated Chevalier de la Legion d'Honneur, ought to be beyond all possible suspicion of being anti-French. He is a member of the National Institute of Arts and Letters. He has written plays, short stories, magazine articles and novels. One of the best known, among the latter, was "Children of Divorce," which was filmed. He was born in New York and educated at Yale.

Ernest Hemingway is in Paris.

John Dos Passos has returned from Spain, where he made the drawing accompanying the Hemingway Spanish letter. He is at work on two books, one a politico-economic book on Spain, the other a novel which is a sequel to "The End Parade" and "1919." The biography of Speedy Taylor, in this issue, forms a part of the material to be included in the novel.

John Groat is in Mexico, to do a portfolio of drawings which will appear in an early issue of Esquire.

He becomes a trifle wistful when they explain with high-level candor, "What an excellent likeness!" The curtain of the Joe Cook show, "Fiddly Your Horse," on which he collaborated with Russell Patterson, features one hundred fifty of his caricatures of chronic first nighters. He has also been doing work for the new Moley-Lator weekly publication, "Today."

Paul Morand is a member of the Quai d'Orsay, the French foreign office. His father was French, his mother Russian, and he was educated in England. Having been around the world many times, he is a true cosmopolitan, but remains a devoted Frenchman. He is the author of a number of books, but the best known is still the famous "Open All Night," written about fifteen years ago.

Westbrook Pegler is the sports reporter who writes literature. Until recently he was under exclusive contract to the Chicago Tribune, although he has lived in the east for a number of years. He now writes for the Scripps-Howard newspapers, and will write as often as we can permit him to, for Esquire.

Emil Ludwig is the famous biographer of Hitler and Napoleon. He was born in Breslau in North Germany in 1881 and, although he had been

writing plays from the age of fifteen, he had brought his biographical portraits which have made his fame until the age of thirty. He detests the historical novel, on the ground that it perverts both history and fiction. His biographies read like novels, but his aim is to make them of absolute documentary veracity, yet to have the documentation like so much plumbing. He likes Wagner but not Potsdam; Europe but not Asia. When Hitler came into power, Ludwig's books were burned and he has since lived the life of an exile.

Frederick Van Ryn is the co-author of that historical novel "The Evil Empress" by the late Grand Duke Alexander, which is now being serialized in The Redbook. He has the distinction of having written for publication in five different countries in four different languages (Russian, German, French, English and the United States).

George Ade is best known for his falsetto slang and for short humorous pieces, but he has written many plays, including the "Salton of Sulu," "The College Widow," "The Red Southerner," "Mame Corington," and "Notitia." He was born at Kintland, Indiana, in 1869.

Gilbert Seldes will be a regular contributor to Esquire, covering that field which he looked out at his own ten years ago, with the publication of "The Seven Lively Arts."

Dwight Fiske is currently performing his highly individual specialty act at the Mayfair Yacht Club in New York.

Montague Glass was born in England, of Jewish parentage, in 1877. His article in this issue was incorrectly classified on our cover, through force of habit, we suppose, as humor. As will be apparent upon even a cursory glance, it is something more than that.



PAUL C. KELER

Paul C. Keler is nationally known as a writer on finance and economics and is the author of a syndicated feature known as Jellyfingers. He travels about the world a good deal and writes, between times, at his large farm in Ohio. When he is in New York he shares the night life but is an able guide to all the rest of the way foreign restaurants and centers with which few New Yorkers are familiar.

Mr. Kelly is a first-class dog lover. He says that his chief amusements are training dogs, learning sleight of hand tricks and studying the characteristics of his fellow men. He is at present working on a series of articles for Esquire.

Jack Dempsey is still in the boxing game, in the dual capacity of referee and promoter. His long tenure of the heavyweight title dated from 1915 to 1920.

Robert Buckner was the subject of a comprehensive biographical note in the first issue of Esquire. His story in this issue, "Little Angie and the Davis Cup," was written last April, when he was first plays for this magazine were getting under way, and was intended for the first issue. In the

BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

1848

interim, the unthinkable happened, the British victory at the Roland Garros Stadium making something of a bum out of Buckner's story. And, on the rebound from the first surprise of that news, he hastily substituted "Stonewall and Ivy." It was not for nothing, however, that the many author spent some years of his young life in Edinburgh. Upon thinking things over, he inserted two words which made the story as good as new. They were "in 1852."

Thomas Burke has long been famous for his stories of the out of the way places in London, chiefly the Limehouse section. A native Londoner orphaned when very young, his early childhood was spent with an uncle in the London district of Poplar, visited by Chinamen and other foreigners. He spent the years between the age of nine and thirteen in an orphan asylum—"four years of unspeakable humiliation, oppression, and spiritual mortification." From his early years he remembers vividly his friendship with Qing Lee, the Chinese philosopher who figured in his "Limehouse Nights." Beginning to write at sixteen, he got a job in the office of a literary agent at nineteen and submitted some of his work to his employer. He has been writing continually, and with notable success, ever since.

Iris S. Cobb was born at Paducah, Kentucky in 1870 and at nineteen edited the Paducah Daily News. You may have forgotten that he was a correspondent for The Saturday Evening Post during the war, and you may never have known what the middle "S" stood for, Shrewsbury.

William Steig, whose drawing "Whip-poor-will" in the first issue, seems to have puzzled everybody except his korens and friends of mine, has obliged us with something new and obvious for this issue, and he'll be pretty damn mad if he gets any letters asking for an explanation, or a diagram, of its point.



HOWARD BARR

Howard Barr, whose off-putting "At the Walkabout" was one of the most popular new features of the first issue, both from Philadelphia, a mining town just outside of Pittsburgh. He went to art school at Carnegie Tech and then moved to New York. He has illustrated five books, among them the Lavright edition of Balzac's "Physiology of Marriage."

André Maurois is the subject, as often as anybody, of that favorite French critical crack about "seeing the mouse of Anatole France." He is chiefly noteworthy, to American readers, for having accomplished the seemingly next-to-impossible in making best sellers of the biographies of poets. Accurate historic biographies in the form of romances are his forte. His newest book is "Edward VII."

ESQUIRES

WHETHER making steeplechase history, or piloting some great business, or winning their laurels in exploits of war, they play the game and take the barriers as they come.

In the details of their homes and their dress, they make no compromise with quality. Since 1848, Skinner's Silks and Satins have enriched the garments of up-to-the-minute Americans.

William Skinner & Sons, New York

"LOOK FOR THE NAME IN THE SELVAGE"

SKINNER'S LININGS

Cocktail Hour Around The World

A toast to the youth of the grape
and the health of Mother Earth.
in an armchair tour of the world

by PAUL MORAND



STARDUST in the heavens, above oceans and frontiers, I should like to be the Almighty so that I might contemplate the entire universe. At one stroke I could enjoy all the promises of happiness, all the pleasures, all the travelers' tales, all the lures of the steamship companies. Just as philosophers instantaneously conceive the "totality of time," so Satan, exercising an ancient prerogative, reserves to himself the privilege of ubiquity. The inhabitant of this earth who has gone over the planet many times may call himself a citizen of the world; he alone can follow these noble examples. Is he not himself a demi-god of space, a kind of demon in action? Once he is at home (that is, granting his life has a center and that he has a house somewhere where he can rest awhile), he can enjoy in solitude certain sentimental and geographical pleasures, just like an antique magician. The fastest aeroplane, the most erratic rocket, the most extravagant millionaire could never cover quite the same distance as he can in thought. All the continents he has covered, one by one, all the races he has successively encountered, can be evoked by him, glass in hand, as he pleases. He holds the globe between the palms of his hands, as even the most insignificant kings boast of doing; with a smile he can twist his globe around, regretfully, indifferently, "I was there and such-and-such a thing happened." Nights, light-houses, moons, the sighs of women, the odor of fruit, the snail of various drinks whirled around in his memory, like stars around the sun. Each memory projects a charming light upon those delightful and moving things, a light which retrieves them from oblivion. It is the melody of the world, played by a lonely musician, played only to himself, outside of Time and Space.

"Now," he will say to himself, "it is twelve forty-five." Downtown Manhattan, the beautiful skyscraper escapements tower

above the Atlantic. On the top floor of the bank buildings the presidents and vice-presidents are opening their libraries, which consist solely of the books of hooks: "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," or Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico." Behind this bookish screen are rows of bottles; rye, gin, and port, with glasses and shakers. "A quick one, before we face the storms of Wall Street."

Now let us go to Cuba, approximately the same longitude. In the hall of the Sevilla Hotel, rattled like a sieve by the machine-guns of the insurgents, they are drinking the cloudy juice of pineapples and limes, mixed with rum. Further on, at Kingston, Jamaica, sitting back in their swiveling chairs, at the edge of the swimming pool, the expensive winter visitors, all dressed up in white linen, are drinking white rum with a sprinkling of cinnamon, in order to stimulate their appetites for lunch. Further on, in Lima, at the same hour, not far from the cathedral, as they come out of Mass, the business men are drinking an *aguardiente* at the hotel bar, and in the hills the Indian harls laughing-water down his throat.

At the same moment in Paris, it is a quarter past five in the afternoon. At the Ritz, "Garden side, the cars are stopping and the sexes are separating: to the right the ladies' bar, to the left the gentlemen's bar. Francis, the tleman, who like Caligula, already knows whether Mr. Alfred Savoir's play will be a hit and who are the real people in M. Bourdieu's new comedy. He knows them all and Paris has no secrets for him. Brunches and gin fizzes accumulate on the mahogany tables and dominate the piles of saucers like watchmen in their towers. It is still a little too early for men to drink (life in Paris is later than in New York), so the American women, raising their veils, enjoy the rich, fruity fragrance of some sweet Mediterranean wine, in order to pull themselves together after the exhausting labor of trying on a new dress, of a short walk, or of kilometers of painted masterpieces in museums.

Drinking is most charming on the shores of the Mediterranean. There the vines are headier than elsewhere. Beneath the plane-trees of Provence, the plums of Monte Carlo, or in Cadix or Palermo, vermouth with its grassy taste, white anisette, absinthes colored by the smoky opal of a vine, are a better preliminary for happy people who eat lightly before sleeping than the Anglo-Saxon cocktails and the harsh Nordic brandies.

In St. James's Street, London, it is the hour: pale sherry and dark sherry, drawn from little Spanish caskets, accompanied by squares of Chester cheese and tiny sausages into which a little wooden pick is stuck. In

the swaggar clubs the gentlemen consume these and religiously unfold the evening paper. Although sherry is a Spanish wine, it is still possible to say: "Buy British," because Spanish wines are an English colony, Glénatons of the grape! Old Crusted Port, and Amontillado, are drunk sitting on barrels, as the boatmen of the Thames drank their sack in the days of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson.

At six in the evening London has already had much more to drink than Paris: whiskey, brandy, gin, ale, flow from the freshly opened bars, at the hour when it is legal to sell liquor. In the lounge bars lukewarm and sticky beer is drunk by workmen with muffers around their necks, in the saloon bars whiskey is drunk by white-collared gentlemen, even if their collars are made of celluloid. London swallows everything brutally. Drinking is a pleasure in itself; it is not a prelude to other pleasures, not a stimulant like port wine in bachelor flats, with shaded lights and incense burning, in voluptuous Paris.

An hour later in Berlin. In Hans Vaterland the tzigane orchestra, in embroidered shirts, emerges from its rustic cabin and approaches the Rhine valley. This journey is made by a lift, because there are only two floors between these two countries. In this monstrous beer and sausage cavern, at any hour, from noon till midnight, white wine sparkles in colored glasses and beer overflows the earthenware steins. It is after six o'clock; the movies are opening and the Kurfürstendamm is seized in an orgy of electric light. From now on this solace is the exclusive privilege of Aryan throats; the Semite and nomadic tribes may not participate. Berlin drinks. 800,000,000 litres of beer have been consumed, here as brown as the brown shirts. As if this amount of liquid were not enough, Berlin has one other drink: as an appetizer a long and spluttering speech on the radio by der Führer.

If it were possible to make a movie of this lyrical period, in human activity, when the entire human race is simultaneously engaged in seeking oblivion in alcohol and fermented liquors, one would have to show a series of flushes. If clever camera work one might show a river of beer flowing over Germany and then being transformed into a real, huge liquid force: the Nile.

Then the screen would show: "Seventy-fifteen, Luvon." The pink sunlight falls behind the Valley of the Kings and on the terraces of the Imperial. Young American girls leap out of the water onto the bank, from a flat dahlia, which is anchored for the night amongst the barques with their triangular sails. Darkness falls quickly; it is

Continued on page 148



WET MILLENNIUM by MARGARET BOURKE-WHITE

ARE WRESTLERS PEOPLE?

One of the thinkers of our time pokes a probe into the libido of wrestler and worm

by WESTBROOK PEGLER



"Why'ncha take a aspirin?"

OPEN, as I have sat at the ringside, watching great, hairy lumps of living meat spunk, throttle and wring one another, it has occurred to me to wonder whether wrestlers love and are loved and whether they really suffer. Or are they, like the fishworm, incapable of emotion and insensible to pain?

Perhaps I am wrong in assuming that the fishworm has neither sentiments nor senses but I do assume as much because it spurs my conscience on those rare occasions—the last one was in 1926—when I string him on the hook. I did have a twinge of misgiving some time ago when I read in a sporting-goods catalog of a device for luring the fishworm from his hole in the ground. This was an electrical apparatus, something like a tuning-fork, which, being jabbed in the ground near the worm-hole, uttered a faint moaning note and brought the male, or bull, worm charging out of the soil with his neck arched and his pulses pounding in his veins. It suggested that the fishworm might have depths after all and that we might all be mistaken in our easy belief that because he does not quack, bark or snarl, he doesn't know he is being ill-treated. Maybe he is just reticent. There are New Englanders like that but we call them canny.

It would be very unchristian, I think, to impose upon the most beautiful sentiment of all in any of God's creatures with the siren call of love to seduce him to his doom. This, moreover, is quite aside from the moral aspect of the matter. Sex is something which Nature has implanted in all of us and in its proper relation to life is a very beautiful thing. But I would call it most immoral to inflame the fishworm's passions by artificial means even though we did not string him on a hook but merely left him there, bothered, bewildered and breathing hard.

The wrestler is a strange organism. It has certain characteristics which must test the conviction of the most confirmed Fundamentalists, suggesting that way, "way back in some rocky cove all of us were wrestlers. It walks on its hind legs, it can be trained to speak and understand and Mr. Jack Curley, the promoter of wrestling shows, once had one in his herd which could cook a good dinner. However it cooked only one dinner for Mr. Curley.

He was entertaining a party of friends at his home in Great Neck, Long Island, that night and his wrestler had cooked pleasant for them. During the meal, Mr. Curley remarked to the lady sitting next him that his cook was a wrestler.

"Oh, I would like to see it," the lady said and Mr. Curley, clapping his hands, cried, "Wrestler! Come heren sie!"

That was Mr. Curley's way of addressing

this wrestler. It was a German. When he wanted the wrestler to go down-stairs he said, "Wrestler! How-staircase sie?" and when he wanted it to go up-stairs he said, "Wrestler! Up-staircase sie." The abtative, you know.

So when the lady said she would like to see the wrestler which had cooked the dinner, Mr. Curley clapped his hands and called, "Wrestler! Come heren sie!"

The kitchen door opened and the wrestler entered. It was wearing a pair of wool wrestling trunks and moccasins. Its hide and the fur on its chest were moist.

"Wrestler," said Mr. Curley, "dinner is very good tonight."

"Jah!" said the wrestler, puckering its face in an appreciative grin and blinking its knobby ears. "Fine. But boy it is hot in that kitchen. Look how the sweat runs off of me."

Many a night at the ringside I have heard laymen sitting in the forward rows explain to their ladies that the punishment which wrestlers inflict on one another really does not hurt them as they are used to it and cannot feel, anyway. This is of a piece with the assumption that the fishworm cannot feel. I am not sure that it is true.



The fishworm wiggles and squirms when it is put upon the hook and the wrestler trumpsie terribly whooshes and writhes when it is being twisted in the ring. This may only mean that some vague intuition, such as turtles possess, is telling the wrestler not to go over on its back. Yet the wrestler is so amenable to training that it is comparatively easy to teach it to recognize a signal and, in violation of a strong natural instinct, to roll over on its back momentarily after thirty or forty minutes of wrestling, while the referee gives its adversary a dip on the shoulder signifying that it has won the contest.

The word contest, of course, is merely a trade term. Most of the minor politicians who constitute the various prizefight commissions and supervise wrestling do not authorize its use in connection with wrestling

bouts. They insist upon calling them exhibitions and the newspaper boys who cover them call them mock-staircase sie! and refer to that thirty or forty minutes of action which precedes the fall as the squirm.

Wrestling is the one hazardous occupation in the sport department of journalism because wrestlers are vindictive in a dumb way and one never can tell when one of them will pick up another and throw it at a correspondent sitting at the ringside. Moreover, after one has seen a few squirms one has seen them all and consequently one is likely to doze off during that time when the wrestlers are putting on the squirm. One learns to gauge these cat-naps and come out of it just in time for the signal.

But the wrestler may resent this as an affront to its art and retaliate by heaving 250 pounds of moist and rather smelly weight, usually fourteen matter, into the journalist's lap. I have seen as many as six journalists mown down by one wrestler thrown in this manner and had a very exciting evening myself once when I made a mistake at the ringside.

One wrestler was sitting on top of another and the crowd concentration of a trick balloon untwisting a shoe-lass, was twisting a large, bare foot.

"Hey, wrestler!" I cried, in honest error, for they were badly tangled up, "you are twisting your own foot."

At that the wrestler let out a loud howl of "Ow-oo," thinking that if it was twisting its own foot it must be hurting itself, and let go. But it happened to be the other wrestler's foot after all and when the first one let go the other one jumped up.

This enraged the wrestler which had been twisting the foot and six times that evening it threw the other one at me with intent to inflict great bodily harm. Fortunately, though it had plenty of swift, its control was bad. So nothing happened to me, although the New York World-Telegram was hit twice and the New York Times's typesetter was smashed.

The fact that wrestlers utter sounds of apparent anguish does not necessarily prove that they really feel pain. They are trained to that, too. In former times they wrestled without sound effects and those were invariably wrestled in recent years by Mr. Curley who hired an expert in bird-calls and animal cries to instruct the members of his herd. At first the wrestlers made some ludicrous noises and one sometimes heard a wrestler twisting gayly when it was supposed to bleed piteously.

As to whether they love and are loved I just have no way of knowing. Maybe so, though. Hippopotamuses do.

Two Opposing Views of France

The professionally patriotic view of a Frenchman who is an ex-president of the Republic

by ALEXANDRE MILLERAND

"THERE quarters of the world's troubles and Germany became friends."

If that remark, made by an English statesman, were not true, it would deserve to be.

That the two great nations who have so often drawn up against each other should now on be at peace; that the hatred and distrust which for centuries have characterized their relations as neighbors should give place to friendship and confidence—what pledge could be more assuring for the peace of the world than that transformation?

To be sure, a will of forgetfulness would have to be drawn over memories still poignant. In less than fifty years, German in-

vasions have twice laid waste our provinces from the North and the East.

Devastations all the more difficult to tolerate and the longer to pardon because they were being carried through according to a well thought-out plan. What a monument to German warfare is that book entitled, "Manufacturing in the Occupied Districts of France!" In it, the Prussian Chief of Staff had carefully catalogued the destructions applied to various kinds of French industries and trades for the use of the German Chamber of Commerce, who, after the declaration of peace, might find there technical information permitting them to take the place of competitors cleverly reduced to helplessness.

But a trust of our national character is our swiftness of impressions. Our enemies call it feckleness. At any rate, our people do not know the meaning of the word *hate*.

Furthermore we have never refused to acknowledge the intellectual supremacy of Germany. The native hand of Goethe and of Beethoven charms us from more than one aspect.

In her joy at having regained the beloved Rhine, France might have snatched from her. France has never, at any time, cherished untoward malice against her enemies of yesterday.

The President of the Council of 1920 was assured of making clear the sentiments of Parliament and of public opinion when at the very moment the Treaty of Versailles was about to be applied he expressed the earnest hope that, in the plan of international understanding which had just closed hostilities, economic relations in their most active form should be resumed between France and Germany.

Moreover, there is no nation more passionately than our own—whom War has benefitted of 1,500,000 of her sons—who does not wish that the gates of the Temple of War might be forever shut.

France has furnished, and not tardily, unexceptionable testimony of her peaceful intentions.

Without waiting for the constitutional vote, in 1922, the French Government shortened the extent of military service to two years.

By the law of April 1, 1922 it was again reduced to 18 months. Today it is one year. The usable military force permanently in the Capital fell from 500,000 men in 1913 to 400,000 in 1921, to 163,000 in 1922—reduction, say, of 67% in comparison with 1913. A theoretical military force, moreover, corresponding to law, but which, in reality, has never reached that number.

What do these figures signify?

It is true that France was duped by the

hope that she was going to find facing her a new Germany. Without expecting of her any disavowal of her past, nor of the Governments that had led her to the altar, it was permitted to hope—some even published the assurance—that there was going to be a difference in kind between the Republican Government and the Hohenzollern rule. "But where are the smows of yesterday?" The President of the Empire is still the former Commander in Chief of the German Armies, although at this moment the Government has left the hands of army officers—but by a process comparable to the jump from frying pan to fire.

Well, if men have not changed, what shall we say of actions? Hardly had the Treaty of Versailles been signed than was opened a campaign, as fierce as it was held, against the just declaration of the responsibilities of the Central Empires, inscribed in Article 231 of the Treaty. There at the central point was the beginning of the attack.

All the important clauses of the Treaty one after the other, were about to be ruthlessly assailed. Both the repatriation and the military clauses. "These latter have been shamelessly violated. Where else was it a matter of military force or of armaments, none of the prescriptions imposed with a view to limiting them has been respected. The German Government denies it. That goes without saying, even though one puts under its very eyes irrefutable proofs supplied from its own budgets."

But if it denies it, it is for the purpose of drawing an immediate advantage from its attitude. Under the pretext that legislation has been imposed upon it, which it has not taken into account, arming itself with the clauses of the Treaty, whose spirit it has distorted to the smallest detail, it intends, after having armed itself, to disarm others!

This is the familiar argument of the quality of rights, which in the guise of equality, does nothing less than re-establish the Prussian military supremacy of before the War.

The corollaries of the argument, moreover, are not slow in arriving, and Pan-Germans find beyond their frontiers obliging agencies for executing them.

The Treaty of Versailles prescribes that on the right side of the Rhine at fifty kilometers from the river should extend a neutral zone within which it is forbidden to assemble troops, store supplies or construct fortifications. This is a prime and indispensable precaution, which cannot be maintained not only for France but for Belgium.

On the ground of the Equality of Rights they purpose over-riding that obligation unless a neutral zone with similar restrictions be created in Alsace.

Continued on page 130

As a Factor in Europe's Future

The attempt of an American, a student of European affairs, to approximate the world view

by OWEN JOHNSON

THE one outstanding perceptible fact today is the return of Great Britain to the political leadership of Europe. It has had to wait a long time and the waiting has hurt its pride and worn its nerves. But today, despite lingering native pessimism it is back in its ancient authority. The voice of Downing Street is the voice that will be listened to anxiously by new generations of diplomats. Great Britain has come back. It has returned, because primarily it has always had a world point of view and an enduring diplomatic tradition with the power to discipline itself to reticence and sobriety when the interests of the empire are at stake. It thinks nationally. The direct and obvious opportunity was the advent of Hitler. The fundamental cause was the failure of French diplomacy to avail itself of the opportunities offered.

The history of Europe since the war has been the continuous failure of France to organize the peace. Its power was undiminished. It had the alliances. It was for the first time independent of an industrially paralyzed England, which it dominated financially. Yet after fourteen years of opportunity it found itself isolated. American and British opinion was alienated. Italy was violently hostile. Germany swept by fanatic passion. In middle Europe, it is true, it held its influence but principally through the financing of doubtful and solvent states. It had Poland as a supporter, but linked with it the unsavory burden of the Polish corridor, which had negated the efforts of its pacific statesmen. It had come to this pass because through a series of shifting compromises it had fallen back on a purely defensive obstructive policy of trying to maintain an impossible status quo. During this period it can be truthfully said that French diplomacy was incapable of foreseeing what was coming, unable to cope with what was happening, and concentrated on removing the blunders which had been committed. *Espri de garage*.

The fundamental and enduring error went deeper than the details of the Versailles Treaty. It was the attempt to solve by opportunistic methods an historic problem that had to be treated by the application of new ideas. France at the peace conference was confronted by a choice between two schools of political thought; the militaristic and the humanitarian. The military party knew there was no possibility of dismembering Germany as it would have liked, isolated Prussia and setting up independent buffer states; but it insisted that the defensive frontier should be extended to the Rhine. This was Poch's advice; treat Germany as a perpetual threat, an enemy to be

kept in a state of military inferiority. The alternative was to help Germany solidify its republican tendencies, recover itself economically and by treating it as a friend to be trusted, to forestall the fact that the war had freed it as well as Europe from the tyranny of a Prussian militarism. Moderation and conciliation. The English way. Turn your enemies into loyal allies.

To crush Germany or to rehabilitate it? France did neither. It compromised and the compromise is all its failure. After fourteen years the dilemma is insistently present. It could not treat Germany according to the military necessities of its own security. Too many allies. Too many opposing interests. Allies are extremely useful in times of war; extremely disturbing when the fruits of victory have to be partitioned out. The result was exactly what French diplomacy had foreseen and dressed as far back as nineteen-fifteen. The weaker partner, Austria, was dismembered for the eventual gain of the stronger, Germany. To treat Germany as England treated the Boers was not then possible. Public opinion, public nerves and national traditions were not yet ready for such a gesture of far-sighted statesmanship. There was no excuse for a policy of revenge. 1920 was still close. An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth. Germany had annexed Alsace-Lorraine. Germany had imposed a staggering indemnity. If Germany had not done it, one could hope the vanquished would have paid the cost?

France decided on either logical policy, France directed its efforts to crushing Germany as much as possible economically. There was an obvious necessity for delaying Germany's industrial return until France could recover its own devastated industries. It imposed a war indemnity of such staggering proportions that it confidently believed its hereditary enemy would not recover in fifty years. It permitted two more blunders and for each it was considered directly responsible. It permitted Germany to be deprived of its colonies which might have served as an outlet to a growing population and so much have released the population pressure on the southern frontiers. It forgot the lesson of Alsace-Lorraine and permitted the creation of the Polish corridor, which has remained the one great obstacle to the later enlightened efforts of Briand and Stresemann to consolidate European peace on a Prussian German understanding. The result: German hatred abandoned England, concentrated on France. Rebirth of the racial idea and the rise of a new prophet, Hitler. Complete abandonment of the Franco-German rapprochement and a new strange dilemma for France. Failure to perceive that Ger-

many must be kept republican for its own interests is directly chargeable to France. It is directly responsible for the predicament in which it now finds itself.

The reasons for this failure are internal, in the present character of French diplomacy and in the ignorance of public opinion. The bureaucratic system which has devoured France economically has finally absorbed the once brilliant school of diplomats which resuscitated it after the catastrophe of 1870. Add to this the instability of ministries based on shifting parliamentary groups, where no clear majorities are obtainable; minorities that last a few months, a few weeks—a day.

Continued on page 129



THE FRIEND OF SPAIN

A Spanish Letter

by ERNEST HEMINGWAY

Letter before yesterday the writer of this before while looking through an open window at the red, fresh-water crayfish, the prawns, the hawks of Russian salad, the hotted goose-haricuts, the hams, the sausages, the trussed up red partridges ready for the grill, displayed in the window of the three-floor bar, restaurant and shall we say meeting place that the former readers of the old Casa Morán have opened in the Calle Arlaban in Madrid, saw an old friend standing at the bar and went in to greet him.

To accomplish this it was necessary to disengage one's self from the attentions of one beggar without hands who continually presented the stumps in competition with anything the window showed, while holding his pocket open with his elbow; one Gypsy mother who patted the writer on the back with one arm and gave her child to nurse with the other while urging that one he a good sport and buy the little fellow some solid food; two ambulatory saloons of neckwear who urged him to discard that old tie on the spot and put on something worthy; a seller of had fountain pens, a caricaturist who said it was all right to say the hell with caricatures but he had never known property let alone happiness and he had to draw caricatures for a living; meanwhile; and one old man, very little over five feet tall, with a bright red face and white mustache who put his arm around the writer and said, very thickly, that he was his pal.

Entering the bar and getting into conversation, I found there was something strange in the manner of the old friend. Where formerly, and in many places, he had tried to dissuade me from drinking this particular beverage he now urged me to have an absinthe. Just one. Why not have one?

No, I told him with some dignity. I was not like that now.

But what about our mutual friend so and so, he asked, mentioning someone we had never been able to agree on. He had always maintained this chap was a chaclatan and gruffer while I had upheld him as a really noble fellow souled with honor.

He's all right.

He's a good man, said my old Spanish friend. A good man with great inquietude of spirit.

By this time I knew there was something very wrong and thought it must be that my old friend was probably meeting someone in that bar that he would rather I did not see him meet; so I said that I must be off. I had tried to purchase a round but it seemed that everything there was paid for not only by my old friend but by a rather seely looking new friend who had been gored in

the neck and whose name I did not catch.

After three rounds in an uncomfortable atmosphere of mutual esteem and appreciation during which we made several engagements without actually naming a date, I left, very puzzled. I had finally succeeded in paying for a round and I hoped things might be getting back to a normal basis.

NEXT day I found out what it was all about. It was in the Sunday paper. My old friend had written an article entitled *Master Hemingway, Friend of Spain*. Now when you become known as a Friend of France it usually means that you are dead, the French would not commit themselves that far if you were alive, and that you have either spent much money for France, obtained much money for France, or simply sucked after certain people long enough to get the Legion of Honor. In the last case they call you a Friend of France in much smaller type.

A Friend of Soviet Russia is very different. It usually refers to a person who is getting, or expects to get, considerable from Soviet Russia. It may only be one who hopes to get much in or for his own country by the implanting of the system of Soviet Russia. But it is nothing like a Friend of France. A Friend of France is one who has given his all; or as near his all as he could be persuaded to give. They once said, or rather told us, every man has two countries; his own and France. That might be amended now to no man has three countries—his own, France and the poor house.

Now I do not know just what constitutes a Friend of Spain, but when they call you that it is time to lay off. Spain is a big country and it is now inhabited by two million politicians for any man to be a friend to all of it with impunity. The spectacle of its government is at present more comic than tragic; but the tragedy is very close.

THE country seems much more prosperous. There is much more money being paid to the army and navy than ever before; never travelled before; people go to ball fights who could not afford it before, and many people are swimming who never took a bath before.

A good deal more money is coming in in taxes than the royal establishment ever received, but now that money goes to the innumerable functionaries of the republic. These spread all over the country and while the peasants are as bad off as ever, the middle class is being taxed more than ever, and the rich certainly will be wiped out, although there is no sign of it yet; a great new bureaucracy is having more money than it ever had before and going in for much

comfort, many vacations and considerable style. Politics is still a lucrative profession and those in the factions on the outside promise to pay their debts as soon as they get their turn in power. So that a good business man might vote a man in as head of the government in order that he might pay his wine bill.

In Santander, one of the most unattractive towns in Spain, dusty, crowded, with a haphazard Basque architecture alternating with the host of the late Brighton school, but popularized as a watering place by the King going there for the summer because it was considered safer than San Sebastian, there was not a room to stay the night in any sort of a hotel.

San Sebastian, one of the very pleasantest places of Europe, was so crowded but with very different people. The crowd at Santander had gone there because the King had gone there. They were going to go to the seashore because, now, they had the money to. They did not seem to know whether they were having any fun or not. But they had been to the seashore. The people of San Sebastian knew what they had come for and were having a very good time.

BULL fighting, of course, has been in a bad way for a couple of hundred years and the first Sunday story that any newly arrived correspondent sends back to his paper from Madrid has always been that one about Bullfights on Wane as Pootball Sweeps Spain. This was first sent, I believe, by Washington Irving who was then writing for the, then, New York Sun under the pen name of Irvin S. Washington. It was a story I always liked to write myself because you finally got so you could do it quicker than most stories; but no one ever improved on Irvin S. Washington's original dispatch.

A sad thing happened, then, in connection with this story. A correspondent for the, then, New York Times on arriving in Madrid called his story instead of sending it by mail. The Times sent him into captivity, I believe, and refused to admit receiving any communications from him over a period of some years. I used to meet him wandering around and ask him how things were going.

"I simply don't hear from them," he said desperately.

"Do you write them?" I asked.

"Yes," he said.

"Do you call them?"

"As often as I like."

"Do you send them registered letters?"

"I hadn't thought of that," he said, blighting.

"Try it," I urged.

Later I promised to look them up if I ever



FESTIVAL IN MADRID by JOHN DOS PASSOS



AMBULANCE CALL



RENT DAY

BEHIND THE DRIVE

by JOHN GROTH

Chicago, with a body-long automobile drive like a necktie that hangs to the floor; the city the visitor sees, Chicago of the pineapple and the sub-machine gun; the city the newspapers see. Another Chicago, of village peasantry huddled behind hall doorways on Halsted Street, gleaning lumps of coal on Goose Island, living the honest and decent, if dirty, life of the poor in surroundings of squalor; the city that John Groth sees in these dry points, lithographs and sanguine drawings. The city that hides behind the drive, like dirty underwear behind a velvet gown.



HEALTH SERVICE



COAL GLEANERS



WEST BOUND CAR

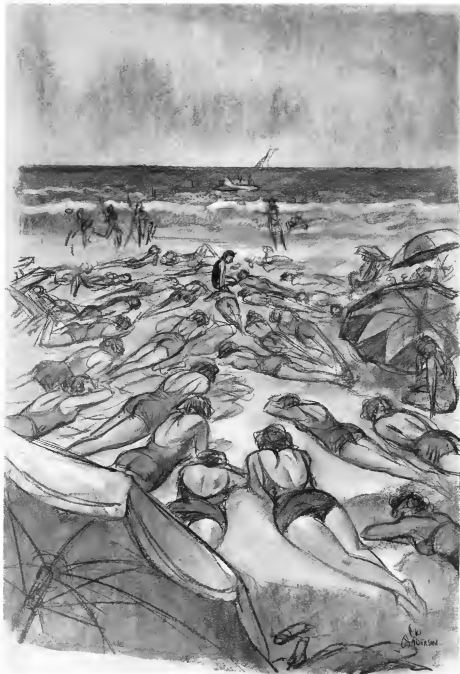


THE LOW DOWN

Don't Ride Your Congressman

A swift kick in the pants to the notion that America's politicians are dumber than Europe's statesmen

by FREDERICK VAN RYN



"Oh, you're different"

At ten o'clock of a cold and raw spring morning when Paris smelled of freshly haled bread, gasoline fumes and unemployed tango dancers, the telephone rang in the apartment of Jacques Stern, the celebrated leader of the party of Independent Republicans in the French Parliament and the present Minister of the Merchant Marine.

"The Chairman of the Association of Veterans of the Seven-Year War speaking," said the voice on the other end of the wire.

"Yes," beamed Monsieur Stern. About to run for reelection, he was clucking with tenderness toward any and all veterans.

"We are great admirers of yours," continued the voice, "and it is only natural that you should be our choice for the Honorary Chairmanship of the Association."

"I am deeply touched," began Monsieur Stern. "May I ask you . . . ?"

"About our membership? You will be interested to know, sir, that over 80,000 patriotic Frenchmen answer our roll-call. It strikes them as being distinctly unfair that while every privilege is given to the veterans of the World War, nothing at all has been done so far for the heroes who fought through the Seven-Year War."

"Impossible!" cried Monsieur Stern. "Do you mean to tell me that not even the usual begrudging pension is being paid to the members of your noble organization?"

"Not a centime, sir, and what is more, no politician is willing to help us. We are really in despair."

"Brace up," said Monsieur Stern. "Your troubles are over! Not later than tomorrow morning I will chastise the Minister of War from the floor of the Parliament and will bring this disgrace to an end."

"Will you risk it?"

"Risk it? Why, my friend, I'd gladly sacrifice my entire career for the sake of helping the old veterans."

"May we announce it to the newspapers that you have accepted the Chairmanship of our organization?"

"You certainly may."

"And will you attend the meeting of the Steering Committee this afternoon at five, on the third floor of No. 142, Rue Montmartre?"

"It'll be there. I am a good soldier."

And so it came to pass that at the stroke of five on April 17th, 1931, Monsieur Jacques Stern, then leader of the party of Independent Republicans in the French Parliament and now Minister of the Merchant Marine, rang the bell on the third floor of No. 142, Rue Montmartre, was met and cheered by some two scores of grateful veterans, was duly photographed and finally made a brilliant speech recorded by the sound cameras.



Two hours later, an "extra edition" of the communist newspaper "L'Humanité" appeared in the Boulevards. Its front page was decorated with a large photograph of Monsieur Jacques Stern. Its headline read:

"Stern Guarantees Full Pension To The Men Who Fought And Died In The Eighteenth Century."

It so happens that the Seven-Year War was fought in 1776-1793.

In his statement to the press—he did issue a statement—Monsieur Stern expressed his "thorough contempt" for this miserable communist frame-up and blamed the whole occurrence on the slight deafness. Believe it or not, he was thinking all alone that he was dealing with the veterans of 1870-1871 . . . It mattered not to him that his speech, recorded by the sound cameras, read as follows: "And when I look in your dear wrinkled faces, my friends, I seem to be hearing the canons of the Seven-Year War, I seem to be distinguishing the precious shadows of the seven unforgettable years of our history . . ."

By the next morning—April 18th, 1931—the Sterns' Rite became known on both sides of the Channel. They shrieked in the *Chambre des Députés* in Paris, none louder than the late Aristide Briand. They roared in Westminster in London, none louder than Lloyd-George. No one remembered in Paris that a few years previously, the self-same Aristide Briand had been caught in the act of transplanting Mesopotamia to Africa and referring to the proud Arabs as "our unfortunate brethren and slaves of the British slave-owners." And no one remembered in London that in the days of the Versailles

Conference the self-same Lloyd-George had congratulated the world on the victories of "that glorious Russian General Charkov" (the name of a large industrial city in south-eastern Russia, captured at that moment by the White Army). As for Washington, it is pleasant to report that with a peculiar inferiority complex toward their European colleagues.

Wherever it is that makes a gentleman from Idaho shy and uneasy in the presence of a gentleman from Lyons, both Pierre Laval and Edouard Herriot noticed it in the course of their recent missions to America.

"Il m'a paru gauche, timide et triste (he appeared to be awkward, afraid and sad)," exclaimed the then Prime Minister Laval, despatching to friends his meeting with Senator Borah.

"Quel drôle de type (what an odd type)," was Herriot's reaction to Secretary Hull.

And while in the case of Herriot, Captain Hull was really dealing with a man of considerable brilliance, there was no reason why any American politician, least of all Senator Borah, should have been "afraid" of Pierre Laval who is at best a Parisian counterpart of a Tammany ward-heeler. It surely did not take Borah long to recognize that not only was the French Prime Minister blissfully unaware of everything pertaining to international law but his knowledge of the pivotal facts of history and geography would have nettled him the lowest possible mark even with the most incontinent of American high school teachers. He insisted on calling the State of Idaho that "fabulously rich orchard on the Pacific" and he believed until the very end of the memorable meeting that the Senator belonged to "the party of Jefferson and Jackson." At that he fared rather well in comparison with Aristide Briand. The latter instructed his secretary (while both were attending the Naval Conference in Washington in 1921) not to accept any engagements for Sunday: "we shall take a day off and motor to Hollywood." "Naturally," the globe and the time-tables were produced, would Briand believe that some 3,000 miles separate the District of Columbia from the State of California. "It is never too late to learn," he said then, with the gesture of a great man who is always willing to admit his error.

No monograph on the ignorance of parliamentarians would be complete without a

Continued on page 148

WORDS AND FACES

Being excerpts from two songs,
one new and one old, as given
for Gilbert Sechausen's camera

by DWIGHT FISKE

(read from left to right)



Ida was just a little wayward
sturgeon



A badge on her shoulder said:
I WILL SHARE



She left home one beautiful
morning ...



Little Ida was only twelve ...



She drifted up the Gulf Stream with
the crowd ...



... and WHAT a crowd!!!



Ida was dying for an affair ...



... a couple of calls and we'll have
some FUN.



Downstairs was Tristan Wisenheit,
the octopus ...



Ida fainted and didn't know a
thing ...



My GOD, Ida, you've SHARED ...



ITS CAVIAR!!!



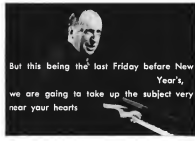
Now it all happened in a little country town.
The Women's Guild for the improvement of the
MIND AND SOUL were holding their annual
Friday afternoon
meeting.



Miss Mary Alden Thayer, the fifty-eight year
old President,
VIRGIN TO THE END ... arose and said
"GIRLS,
you remember last



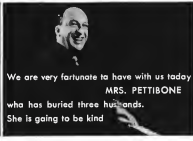
Friday we took up the subject of Manchuria
and the Lytton Report
and what we did with
our thumbs to those
wretched little Japanese.



But this being the last Friday before New
Year's,
we are going to take up the subject very
near your hearts



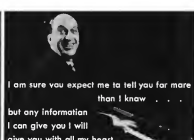
but very rarely mentioned in this thriving
but conservative community
SEX AND MARRIAGE.



We are very fortunate to have with us today
MRS. PETTIBONE
who has buried three husbands.
She is going to be kind



enough to tell us all she knows.
Ladies of the Guild,
and your distinguished President,
Miss Mary Alden Thayer,



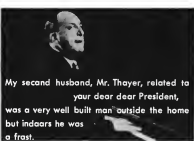
I am sure you expect me to tell you far more
than I know ...
but any information
I can give you I will
give you with all my heart.



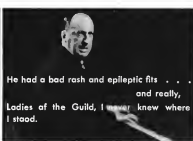
As you all know, my first husband
MR. BROWN,
had a club foot and
was paralyzed in one leg.
All I can say



about our MARRIAGE RELATIONS ...
they were
LOUSY ...



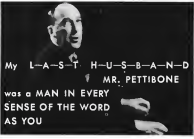
My second husband, Mr. Thayer, related to
your dear dear President,
was a very well built man outside the home
but indoors he was
a frisk.



He had a bad rash and epileptic fits ...
and really,
Ladies of the Guild, I never knew where
I stood.



It was frightening so I buried him with
nothing but a burp ...
but NOW I am going
to tell you something ...



My L-A-S-T H-U-S-B-A-N-D
MR. PETTIBONE
was a MAN IN EVERY
SENSE OF THE WORD
AS YOU



ALL KNOW TOO GODDAM WELL.

BY SPECIAL PERMISSION OF
THE CHRISTIAN PRESS, NEW
YORK CITY, U. S. A.

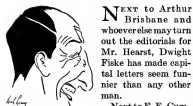
January, 1934

ESQUIRE

BEDTIME STORY TELLER

Dwight Fiske of the septic words and antiseptic smile, in a thumbnail word-sketch

by ARNOLD GINGRICH



Next to Arthur Brisbane and wherever may turn out the editorials for Mr. Hearst, Dwight Fiske has made capital letters seem funnier than any other man.

Next to E. E. Cummings, Dwight Fiske has extracted more humor from typographic effects than anybody else.

And next to nobody, Dwight Fiske is the best fumigator of foul air that ever breathed in dirt and breathed it out, still dirty, but attractive. He can and does get by with worse than murder.

Possibly all of this has been said before. One can't read everything. But a few things haven't been said. And there are a few that will stand repetition.

He was born in Providence, just long enough ago. And even then, he couldn't BEAR it.

He tried to prevail upon his mother to do something about it. She did. She married again. And what HE got out of that was a chance to grow up in BOSTON.

You see, since before it starts, the life story turns and squirms and twists itself into that ancient mold out of which has been stamped the biographies of all the great artists. They all grow up on a diet of practically nobody but the INSTITUTION.

He got his at school in Boston and at college in Cambridge. There he felt, after only two years, that he had his quote. He felt, in anticipation of the vague musings of his own immortal Ibs, that there must be more to life than business and banking and brokerage. Father-teacher was a partner in Lee, Higginson, and SPERIN.

Skip the messy interval of pleadings and adjournment of chisel and cupellation, and let it suffice to find the lad in Paris, eternal shuttlesome to the battlements of Boston.

It is the city of light. The epithet is obviously incomplete. Some complete it as "the city of light hearts." But more as light heads. And most, of light pockets. Of these was Dwight Fiske.

He didn't go to Paris to raise hell. He got his stoop shoulders from leaning over a key-board, not from punching into patrol wagons. But he did get fumes arched from tiptoeing past landladies, late at night, when were sitting up to ask him to leave next morning.

He was serious in everything, but most of all in his music. He wrote a symphony. That is not surprising. He even got it performed.

That is hardly more so. But he didn't get any more out of it. Least surprising of all.

And it looked, for a long time, as if that sort of thing would go on forever. His fingertips were calloused, his hair was getting longer, and the seat of his pants was shiny. You can get awfully hungry just sitting around.

Things, as he would phrase it today, were not TOO GOOD. All that he can say about them is . . . they were LOUST.

He owes none of his success, but a large part of his luck, to two women. Neither was that traditional helpmeet of best friend and several critic fame. Because one was Marie Dressler. And the other was Tallulah Bankhead.

But before that, even, there was The Man from San Francisco. The Man was giving a party in his Paris apartment. And the guest list read like a roster of the arts. But nobody would play or sing. Mme. Quelque had forgotten her music. M. Chose was indisposed. In a corner eating sandwiches sat Dwight Fiske. Leaving the sandwiches, he diffidently offered to play. That shows how much he wanted to.

Next morning, the landlady knocked on his door and Dwight, of old habit, put on his hat and started packing his bag before bothering to answer. But she handed him a note and a check for a HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS. The note said, "This is because you were the only one who was DECENT enough to try to keep my party from being a BUST."

The money lasted two years, or long enough for Marie Dressler to hear Dwight do a parlor trick. He would sit at the piano and talk, to a running accompaniment of his own, about someone in the room, the point being to see how close the subject of this piano-portrait could be identified.

Marie Dressler thought that trick was too good to be wasted on parlor, and in her characteristic bustling way bullied him into preparing something for public performance, promising or threatening that she would have the performance arranged before he would have anything prepared.

Out of that performance came a job as accompanist, with a chance to do one group of his own, on a Pond's tour of the American Hinterland. So were another two years shot to hell. Among others, the Rotarians of Albuquerque were not panicked. There Dwight and his partner were introduced by the chairman for the day as "two of the funniest fellows in the world." The sold citizens who comprised the audience were impressed, if confused, for did they not know, to a man, that the two funniest fellows in

the world were a guy named Gallagher and another named Shamus! Anyway, the rousing send-off proved to be a wet firecracker, for though the two entertainers strove manfully, both together and in turn, to live up to the terms of the introduction, they came panting through to the very end of their repertory without raising so much as a chuckle. Dripping with the effort, they brought their program to a painful close, and the citizenry began stalking out in eloquent silence, only to be arrested by the chairman with, "Hey, wait, don't go. It's going to be funny."

The women of Albuquerque were among the last to admit that they found Dwight's humor unfunny. Others have failed to appreciate it since, but since 1927 people— that is, people—have been afraid to admit it, for fear of being thought, on the one hand, Puritanical, or on the other, not quite bright.

Bankhead put him over in London. But she didn't want to listen to him, when friends brought him to play for her. Just couldn't be bothered. She was the toast of London, and every Tom, Dick and Harry was trying to take advantage of her position and influence, and in defense she was being pretty Nausea. Finally she agreed to listen, but only for a moment. She sat enthralled. And when he left, she enjoined him to commit to memory the number of her house on Firm Street, for he would be coming there often. That was tantamount to a promise that he would play before everybody who was anybody in the smart world of London. And it was a matter of days before Dwight Fiske was the one-man entertainment staff of the smartest night club in London.

He has a face that looks like the score-board of a popularity contest between Al Smith and Jimmy Dumas.

He can't remember when he couldn't play the piano. He feels he must have learned to play as he learned to talk. And that's as good a way as any to explain why his peculiar art-form defies imitation.

His music is 50% of the success of his entertainment vehicle. His antiseptic smile, which takes the edge off dirty words, is another 10%, and his acting is another 10%. The acting is almost entirely false. He shrewdly eases gestures, both on and off of the keyboard.

Vincent Lopez heard him one night and got a great idea. He would let Dwight sing (or talk—he renders his lyrics the way a poet recites—the never cantabiles) and he, Lopez, would accompany him with his band. Until someone offers to be the vaudeville partner



DWIGHT FISKE AND THE SOUL OF IDA by P. SIDLE

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CAN'T WE BE FRIENDS?

A mild discussion, at least in intent, of the Jewish question, particularly of intermarriage

by MONTAGUE GLASS



"Take Joyce, take Ezra, take Gertrude Stein—let's take another drink"

SOME years ago, there appeared a number of apologies in the magazines, of what might be called the *why-I-am-not* sort. Bishops wrote articles called *Why I Am a Methodist* or *Why I Am Episcopalian*, politicians made lame explanations entitled *Why I Am a Democrat* or *Why I Am a Republican*, economists at the current magazine rate of two cents a word, dictated five thousand words of justification, entitled *Why I Am a Socialist* or *Why I Am a Bi-Metallist* and there were even rabbis who followed the example set by all the others. These rabbinical articles were of course called *Why I Am a Hebrew* or *Why I Am a Jew*, but there the matter seemed to end, because nobody succeeded in writing an article entitled: *Why I Have Red Hair* or *Why I Have a High Tenor Voice*.

The red heads and the tenors seemed to take it for granted that people would attribute red hair or a high tenor voice to an accident of birth, and I do not therefore conceive it necessary or pertinent to give any reason whatever for *Why I Am a Jew*. I was born that way, and can explain it on no other ground. This seems to me to be not only a reasonable explanation, but an inoffensive one, too, and accordingly, I shall not be at all surprised if several hundred clerical gentlemen and laymen who were also born that way, will leap to the defense of their birthright, if one can call it that, and start all over again with articles, explaining not only "Why I Am a Jew," but also accusing me of cowardice, anti-Semitism, grand larceny and manslaughter.

To me, however, there seems nothing of cowardice in recognizing things as they are. In fact, like the man with the red hair, the Jew with his Jewishness ought to regard an accident of birth purely as an accident and not as a theme for an apologetic essay or for an article pointing out how many talented people have red hair. Thus I have recently been given a book in two volumes by André Spire called *Quelques Juifs de Dem-Juifs*, in which Mr. Spire instances the number of talented Frenchmen, and even Frenchmen of great genius who have been Jews or half-Jews. Among them he mentions Marcel Proust, which was news to me, but Mr. Spire in addition to this Jewish anxiety to put his best Jewish foot forward, speaks also with a French realism. He says:

Certains Français avaient entrepris de réduire certains autres Français à la condition de citoyens de seconde classe.

This means of course, that certain Frenchmen have undertaken to reduce certain other Frenchmen to the position of citizens of the second class, and one might add, certain Americans have done the same thing,

but to my mind, it is quite impossible to argue the reducers into promoting these alleged second class citizens to the first class, by reminding them of what marvelous mathematicians, violinists, writers, lawyers and doctors this alleged second class has produced. In fact it is almost enough to argue these reducers into kicking the alleged second class citizens into the stove by way of quite natural spitefulness. The Greek people, you will remember, ostracized Aristides because they were tired of hearing him called "The Just." They probably wouldn't let him into their golf clubs, summer hotels and Greek letter fraternities either. He was too "blame" just for them, and was also, doubtlessly fond of music, devoted to his family and of the highest probity in a business deal. We American citizens who are considered to be of the second class by our fellow citizens, who in turn consider themselves to be of the first class, need not dwell on this state of affairs. We are too well acquainted with it.

Before going on to consider what might be a remedy, let me mention Harry Leon Wilson's account of a set which was half a wild cat. It belonged to *Cousins Epher*, in Wilson's *Mr. Pettigill* stories, and on a neighboring ranch, the other set kept what *Cousins Epher* called a flock of beagies. Wilson said that the beagies and the half-wildest were victims of a common mistake. The beagies thought the wild set was a rabid set and the wild set thought the beagies were rabbits. You will see by this citation of an authority, that I am not at all a serious person, as the French say. I'm just saying what I think, and plenty of you will say that I don't think enough. But what I do think in my small way, is that when my class of citizens leave off thinking they are of the first class and that the other class, much larger in size, is of the second class, it will be a good start toward causing the other class to surrender its claims to superiority.

Occasionally, I live in a house in Pasadena, that gem of the Foothills with its profusion of snow clad peaks, palm trees and tinkle signals, and within recent years, a synagogue has been founded there. What then would be more natural for the well-meaning minister of that synagogue than to call on me and ask me to become a member—especially as I have been married for twenty-five years to a lady whose maiden name was Patterson and who does not belong to such patriotic societies as the Mayflower Descendants, the Daughters of the American Revolution and the Colonial Dames, because she too knows that her eligibility is an accident of birth, and besides, she might meet friends and relations

whom she has fortunately not seen for years. I may say too that the question of religion has never arisen between us, for the whole idea of our married life. Her faith belongs to the Dutch Reformed Church, and that too, she conspires to be something which can't be helped such as the red hair and high tenor voice above mentioned.

Now then, let's get back to the minister of this congregation who wanted me to become a member. By sheer chance, I suppose, he had red hair, and his clothing, far from being clerical, was of a fashionable taut, light in texture and color, with a four in hand tie of a sober striped design. All in all, I took him to be a gentleman who had called to interest me in nothing more religious than a real estate development or in some other gold brick which might possibly be made of fourteen carat gold, but he began immediately to acquaint me with the object of his visit by asking me out of hand: "Mr. Glass, are you proud of being a Jew?"

As I said before, there was nothing about the gentleman to indicate his religion. He spoke the English language of the Pacific Coast, in common usage among Presbyterians, motion picture directors, paying tellers and school teachers, and perhaps had I known that he was a minister of that congregation, I might have slapped my chest and by way of behaving as a host ought to behave, I would have affirmed that he was indeed proud to be a Jew and then offered him a cigar. But unless one is promoting something for gain, the instinct among people in California and the rest of America is to tell the truth, and therefore I said that I was neither proud nor ashamed of being a Jew. I did not at the time say anything about red hair, or about a high tenor voice, because for the next five minutes I never had a chance, for my visitor instantly slapped his chest and avowed that he was proud of being a Jew. He justified his pride by mentioning a lot of my friends in the motion picture industry, and Hollywood which is fourteen miles from Pasadena as the crow flies, but who wants to be a crow?

I do not apprehend that these motion picture experts, all of them brilliant people, display their remarkable talents for the purpose of glorifying Jews generally, nor do I believe that a certain Christian sect should be proud of itself because Notre Dame University is so good at football, but I had no opportunity to tell him so because he immediately followed up this alleged argument by saying that he was proud of being a Jew because he was a minister of the only monotheistic religion in Pasadena—or perhaps he said the world.

BAER'S BEST CRITIC

An expert opinion of Max Baer, and of all the heavyweights in general, as told to Paul Jones

by JACK DEMPSEY



"I only hope this Hollywood business doesn't ruin him entirely"—J. Dempsey

IN MY OPINION, there are very few good heavyweights at the present time, Baer and Carners being practically the only two worth taking the trouble to write about.

I'll say more about Max Baer later on. For the present, let's take them as they come, beginning with the champion, Carners.

A good many sports writers would have you think that Carners is a stupid stumblebum. Don't believe it. He isn't any Einstein. I'll admit, but he has an average share of intelligence, and the best proof of that is the tremendous improvement he has shown since he first came to this country.

You might say that any man would improve who had an equal number of fights under his belt, and I'll go along with you on that, provided that he has enough intelligence to be capable of learning by experience.

In any line of work, a man, if he has a fair mind, ought to get better and better, as he goes on. If he's really stupid, he won't even stand still. He'll get worse and worse. You've seen it and so have I.

Stop and think a minute of all the White Hopes, the big, husky farm boys, some of them with a better physical equipment than Primo has. You can't even remember their names, can you? They had plenty of fights, but they never learned anything, and they never got anywhere. That's why I say that Carners made a pretty fair head on him, or he'd still be in an Italian circus.

Carners has learned a lot. He is not a great fighter, and I doubt if he ever will be, but he is a good fighter, and perhaps, next to Baer, the best in the market today.

For one thing, his tremendous size and strength make him a hard opponent for any medium-sized challenger, or rather I should say, for anybody of normal proportions. After the bout in which he took the championship away from Sharkey, you heard a lot about the terrific force of his blows, just as you did after the unfortunate match which resulted in the death of Ernie Schaaf. Personally, I don't take any stock in those stories. I still don't believe he can punch.

I think Ernie Schaaf's death was a direct result of his poor physical condition at the time of the Carners fight, and an indirect result of the punishment he took in the previous match with Max Baer.

His defeat of Sharkey looked impressive at the time, but since then, the go's record makes it look like he would be a set-up for anybody. Levinsky beat him in Chicago, and Loughran trimmed him in Philadelphia, and they're both second-raters. I hate to say that about Tommy Loughran, who was one of the greatest bouncers in the history of the game, as a light-heavyweight, but it's the truth, as I see it.

Still, there you are. Carners is a pretty good fighter, even if he can't hit. Who is going to beat him?

First of all, we have a couple of ex-champions still around, Schmeling and Sharkey. Rule Schmeling out, if you haven't completely forgotten him already. Max was too nice a boy to make a first-class fighter. It just wasn't in the wood. Fighting was a business proposition entirely with Schmeling, much as it was to Gene Tunney, the big difference between them being that Schmeling lacked Tunney's cleverness. Gene was really good. Schmeling wasn't. He was lucky to come along when the best of the heavyweights were none too good.

Sharkey was once a fair fighter, but too much of an in-and-outer to deserve the championship. Rule him out. He seems to be all washed up, and probably nobody realizes it better than Jack himself, after his last three bouts, against Carners, Levinsky and Loughran.

I don't think we can expect anything from the ex-champions. As for Loughran, in my opinion, he is on the down-grade. In the days when he was light-heavyweight champion, there wasn't a better boxer in the business; although he never had a punch, it was a treat to watch him work. His record over the past two years has been such that I consider him definitely a second-rater. An in-and-out performance is all right when you're a corner, but when you're around the top, it's a bad sign.

No much for Loughran. Levinsky doesn't rate any consideration for the title. He's a big strong young fellow, who is able to absorb an amazing amount of punishment. He can hit, but no fighter that knows his business would allow Levinsky to get a good shot at him, as the Kingfish is only a wild puncher. To see him fight is something like watching Babe Ruth strike out.

Now we come to Max Baer, in my opinion the best man in the ring today.

Baer can box, he can hit hard, and he can take it to a pretty undesirable degree. He has everything, but—so far he hasn't developed the proper mentality.

I don't mean he's stupid. Far from it. I mean he has no mental balance, and absolutely no self-control. That's not unusual in fighters. It's true of about fifty per cent of them, and it explains why so few of them get anything out of the game.

To train properly for a big fight requires about six weeks of hard, grueling, dull toil. Nobody likes it, but it's something you have to go through with if you want to go into the ring at the peak of condition. It requires self-control, and that's just what Baer hasn't.

If he could keep himself in check, even for

the short space of six weeks, enough to prepare for a fight, I don't think there would be any question about his being one of the greatest fighters of all time. If he fights Carners in the next six months, I personally do not believe he would have the slightest trouble in defeating him, except as a reigning champion of the world. After that there's no telling what will happen, unless Max decides to settle down.

It all depends upon how much strength he has left in him.

Even when he gets into the ring with an opponent, it seems impossible to make Max take things seriously.

When I was fighting, I had just one idea in my head, as long as I was inside the ropes with another boxer, and that was to finish him off as quickly as possible, or get finished off myself. That's what people come to see, and I think I gave them what they wanted. That's why I can't understand Baer's attitude.

He is very likable, very warm-hearted, very affectionate, and maybe that's the reason he doesn't like to finish an opponent who is at his mercy. As soon as he finds himself in this situation, he begins to clown and pose around the ring like an actor. If he really realized it, the best favor you can do a beaten man is to knock him out quickly and get it over with. You'll get both better off, and the crowd gets its money's worth.

Here's an instance of what I mean. In the Baer-Paulino fight, which I refereed, he lost the decision to the Basque, simply on account of his clowning in the ring. He should have won hands down, if he'd tended strictly to business. The same thing happened in his fight with Schmeling, only not quite as bad. He didn't lose, but he fooled around enough to make those of us who were interested in him pretty uncomfortable.

I guess he's a natural actor. That would explain why he is so much better in the movie than as a boxer. The same thing happens to be. But the ring is no place for acting.

Only hope this Hollywood business doesn't ruin him entirely. Just recently I've discovered that I find out that he's sober for any length of time.

That's about sums up the list of heavy-weight possibilities, and like I said, Carners, the champion, and Max Baer are the only big boys worth talking about at the present time.

Paste this prediction in your hat. If Baer fights Primo in the next six months, if he trains properly and doesn't start clowning and posing, he'll have a new heavy-weight champion.

And I'll go further than that. Unless I miss my guess, the peak of condition. It may be one of the greatest fighters of all time. I think he'll come through.

Little Augie and the Davis Cup

A humorous short story of the foibles and fervors of the French when honor is at stake

by ROBERT H. BUCKNER



"They say he writes better when he's that way"

EVERY Sunday afternoon from three until five o'clock throughout the summer of '32, Monsieur Bondlader, Frank Beals and myself, played tennis at the Peugeot factory. The courts, which are on the roof, command a grand view of the Seine, the Île des Cygnes and the Eiffel Tower. Here even on the sultriest day in August there was a light breeze from the Bois, and after our game the three of us would sit in the shade of the toy pavilion, talking and rattling the ice in the tall glasses.

In most matters we three were as different

as sunrise, noon and evening, but we did have in common a love for tennis. Beals, of course, had been born to the game, and played it with the most discouraging skill and nonchalance. For years he had served at Auteuil as an official in the Davis Cup matches, and he knew everything and everybody connected with the sport, for sooner or later all the international players dropped into his famous bar in the Rue Casaglionne, where he presided as the undisputed umpire for two grumpy negro waiters, Slew-foot and Sam, whom he had rescued from a stranded

jazz-band.

Our companion, M. August Felix Xupery Bondlader (*Little Augie to Beals*), was short and fat, with a mustache far less mature than his wife's. Really, he resembled nothing on earth so closely as one of the butter-balls from his own kitchen, to which a faint strand of hair had become accidentally attached. He had, so far as we could ever discover, only two passions in life—food and tennis. The first he had inherited naturally from a Lyonnaise father, and the second he had acquired recently from myself and Beals.



In his zeal he had once attempted to combine the two in a most amazing dish of his own invention, which consisted of boiled potatoes served upon a network of spaghetti in an oval platter, and which he called *potommes de l'ère au tennis*.

As you know, every good Frenchman must have some definite objective for his years of retirement, and the twin goals of Monsieur Bondillier's life were, to perfect the cuisine of his next little hotel in the Rue d'Anjou, and to become a member of the exclusive sporting set at the Pistolet Club. He said as much often, brightly and frankly.

Frank Beals and I spoke only a fair French and *Little Aspie's* English consisted of only six words—*yes, so sorry and come back again*—so that we depended largely on our conversations upon the odd pictures we drew on the backs of envelopes and passed around amid shouts of laughter. It was one of these pictures (and I still have it), idly sketched by Beals on a Sunday that August, which began the whole farce; a business man, before it was over, had upset the

sacred sanctum of the Pistolet Club more than anything since the Dreyfus Affair.

This drawing, like all of them, was an extraordinary creation. It depicted a huge bowl, the two handles of which were clutched by naked men with feathers in their hair. Frank told me later that he had meant them to represent the Spirits of Lafayette and Light Wines, but unfortunately he gave another explanation at the time. At any rate, Bondillier took the envelope, turned it around and gazed at it for a while with an uncertain smile.

"Ah, c'est une salade Americaine, n'est ce pas?" he asked.

I took a look, hitched up my verbs and vowels and hazarded a guess. "No, that's no salad bowl," I replied. "Why, it's that old hunk bucket, The Davis Cup!"

This meant practically nothing to M. Bondillier. So far as he knew, tennis was a game which Beals and I might have invented. We proceeded to explain about the Cup, and suggested to him that he accompany us to Autteuil to watch the final-round matches

between France and America.

Little Aspie's round face flushed with sudden pleasure. But why not? He would go with us, his very good friends. We would take a lunch perhaps, and make it an occasion, a *petit*! So the French were the champions of the tennis? That was interesting, indeed a great honor. And this salad bowl, it was *there*, eh? Service for the service, wasn't it? And Bondillier chuckled at his pun. He retrieved the drawing and looked at it again with an enlightened expression which was shadowed however by a single flicker of uncertainty. The two gentlemen, he inquired, pointing with a stubby finger, they were without doubt his messieurs Davis, no?

I said I hardly thought so, and looked across at Frank. The peculiar glint of French gleam in his eyes and in the arched eyebrow gave me a sudden cold sweat, for I knew that look of old, and what it meant. Before I could stop him he had pulled his chair closer to Bondillier and reached for the drawing. He looked all around us suspiciously.

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WHY I BOUGHT LAND

One who has been accused of being crazy on this subject rises to ask "who's crazy now?"

by FRED C. KELLY

FOR several years, I feel sure, a number of my friends have wondered if I'm not a little crazy on the subject of land. I have been buying land ever since I could scribble together a little money until now I have nearly a square mile of Ohio woodland and meadow—far more land than I really need, particularly as I am not a farmer and own no live stock except two dogs. Frequently, especially at tax-paying time, I wish I had less land. But if I have too much it is because I did not know what else to do.

For a long time now, it has been evident that values of all stocks and bonds, goods of every kind, even of gold itself, were uncertain. I have seen people lose fortunes invested in corporations for no trivial reason, as introduction of a new system of book-keeping. Actual value of whatever the company owned was just the same as before, but earning earnings—and, consequently, market prices of the stock—were changed by a different method of honestly recording certain sets of numbers! Surely anybody will agree that it is not quite the same of prudence to place one's savings where too exposed to sudden spells of evaporation entirely beyond one's control. Yet that is what most of us did. After I had sat by and watched money disappear from little paper bags, it occurred to me it might be much wiser to turn my modest savings into a form that neither moths, rust, nor bankers could corrupt.

I already had a little land, and on walking over it, became convinced that it was exactly the same as any I had before. Moreover, there was no reason to think it would not produce just as much food as ever. True, this food could not be exchanged for as many tokens called dollars as might have been done at one time; but then the primary purpose of food, from my own personal point of view, is not to eat but to eat it. I am passionately fond of food and assume there must be other people who feel about food much as I do. Hence, I have been buying land which not only won't evaporate but will provide goods to sustain life, must have permanent value.

The more I thought along this line, the more it seemed wise to take what little money I had and invest it in land rather than leave it to the care of those wise men who handle investment trusts, trust funds, stock market pools, or by other means devote themselves to performing miracles with other people's savings.

I thought, too, of France where, even during severe depressions, I had never seen many breadlines. Perhaps this was because eighty per cent of the sensible French people live on farms—many of them small farms,

but large enough to provide a family with food during periods of unemployment. I wondered: If every American family that owned a few acres of a good little ten-acre farm, but subscribed for an investment service or consulted their banker, and bought stocks or bonds instead than land—would the bread-line be so long?

I was inclined to buy more land. But the still, small voice of the tempter whispered in my ear: "You played the stock market for several years during the boom and took out more than you put in. Why not keep your funds liquid to take advantage of future buying opportunities in stocks?"

To which I replied: "Yes, but I came out a little ahead only because I chased the lucky. Nobody can tell where I chased to be sure. I've been buying land ever since I could scribble together a little money until now I have nearly a square mile of Ohio woodland and meadow—far more land than I really need, particularly as I am not a farmer and own no live stock except two dogs. Frequently, especially at tax-paying time, I wish I had less land. But if I have too much it is because I did not know what else to do."

During these years since that Wall Street Halloween party of October, 1929, when stocks first began their series of crashes, we have had plenty of evidence that the entire world is out of gear—abnormal. Why try to apply ordinary rules to a world in chaos? Shrewd economists and statisticians capable of preparing *pie-in-the-sky* lines that look like prophetic charts on large sheets of paper long ago found that certain conditions suggest the onset of a downward market. But since '29 we have had three sets of falling markets one after another. In other words, game rules of the game have been broken. Undoubtedly, undated stocks were as low as they could go and ready to turn up, they started to go down again just as much as they had before—until they went through this lit of phenomena three times. Trying to guess what to do in such a situation is certainly not a suitable avocation for a man partly Scotch and trying to hang on to what little he has contrived to save. No, I prefer land!

But I had been to have written two books dealing with psychology of the stock market, I have received within the last few weeks several hundred letters from persons who wish to know how to take advantage of what (as this is written) seems to be an old-fashioned rising market. Few of these people mentioned any special equipment in the way of education, training, or background to enable them to succeed where the overwhelming majority fail. Most of them doubtless were without technical experience or capacity for close and prolonged study. They are a little like a young man who, asked if he could play the violin, said: "I don't know—never tried it." Almost anybody is highly optimistic about his own abilities to think he can make money by playing the stock market—since carefully compiled figures from brokers' records indicate that less than three

out of each one hundred who attempt it ever win.

Of course the explanation for this hope of finding a well paid, unskilled, simple job, the almost universal belief in luck. Even the person who pretends to be entirely free from superstition nevertheless has no belief in luck that he would admit. An average person on seeing a funeral procession, doesn't worry much over the suggestion that he himself may some day be the chief figure in a similar parade. He thinks his own end is still so far off that it doesn't much matter now. Even though your insurance company says you have an expectancy of only seventeen years more, you are secretly convinced that the insurance company has greatly underestimated your longevity and that you are easily good for another forty years! Nearly every man thinks he himself is likely to be especially blessed and come out of any situation a little better than most of his fellows.

There is no gaining that if anyone had bought stocks last March, even if he picked them at random, he had a fair chance to double, triple, or even quadruple his money during the few weeks following. If he had the luck to buy certain stocks he might have made \$15 for every dollar invested. But no one so much as me could see them then. Even if a person did chance to buy at the exact low point and promptly made a fortune, it is doubtful if this would do him much good. Being normal, he would believe in the repetition of whatever phenomena he has most recently been observing. That is, having seen the market rise, he now becomes convinced that it will keep right on rising. He buys more stocks with his winnings, for the purpose of gaining still more profits. Once again he may chance to meet good fortune. But if so, he becomes just that much more daring. When a guess is finally wrong—as it is some day must be—he will lose far more than he would have lost in the beginning, because his faith in the upturn of the market, as well as his faith in his own judgment, has led him into deeper water.

So great is this tendency of most people to lose their money that I am inclined to believe the whole method of charging interest should be reversed. Not long ago a woman came to me with a small sum of money to invest and she wished I would take \$10,000 from her and use it to play the stock

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John Gorman

THE WATCHER

A grim tale of mean streets in Limehouse, of a burglar shaken by the sense of being watched

by THOMAS BURKE



"I suppose I'll have to marry him now"

THIS dingy little shop, a general store, stood at the corner of two dim streets of Limehouse, far away from the main road. It stood alone in a world of little houses, and its air was forlorn and dejected. It was closed now, and its blinds were down, but even when it was open, it looked little less forlorn. It seemed to have no self-respect; to be only perfunctorily a shop, and the people who kept it clearly didn't care whether they kept a shop or not.

That sort of shop in bright and busy surroundings is dismal enough, but this shop, set alone at a corner of a street that was gritty, ill-lit, and empty of people, seemed at the last gasp of depression. It was so ordinary, so much a replica of thousands of other lonely corner shops in dim streets, that it spread a slow stain of forbidding on the evening.

It even sent a touch of this forbidding to the shabby man who was approaching it. He was approaching it on definite and urgent business, and was anxious to reach it and get the business done; yet as he came nearer to it and saw its face, his step hesitated, and he regarded it with dislike. He was approaching it on a quest for money.

It is odd how much money can be found in poor streets. Thieves go for big houses, where there is little but marked jewelry and plate, when, if they only knew, many a house in a dim back street is as valuable as any of the big houses. The stuff is more easily to be got at, and it is in negotiable and untraceable form—silver, gold and Treasury notes. Stories of people who mistrust banks and keep all their money in their homes often appear in the news, and each known story may be taken to represent fifty unknown. One might say that in every poor street there is at least one house with a good hoard.

This little corner-shop had one, and the fact of it was not unknown. It was known to the shabby Mr. Roderick. He had known of it long ago, but until lately the knowledge had been knowledge only, with no personal meaning for him. The fact that they kept a large store of money in that place was merely an item of interest, like learning that the Browns had another baby. But now it was more than that. Roderick's circumstances had changed, and with them Roderick himself had changed. To the new Roderick that knowledge was an asset; it could be applied to his problems. The statement that knowledge is power is true, but only if you know how to apply one particular atom of your million atoms of knowledge to a particular occasion.

Roderick had done so. In the thrall of a particular occasion he had suddenly netted

out of the pool of his mind the particular atom of knowledge which could lift the thrall. He wanted, urgently, to cross the sea, and it was while searching for the means of the journey that recollection came to him of the little shop he had known so many years, and its secret bank of which, by accident, he had become aware.

He had not seen it for six months, but a quiet visit the day before had told him that it was still kept in the same haphazard way



by the same haphazard people. And a little quiet watching this evening had assured him that they still followed their weekly custom of going out in a group every Wednesday evening. He had watched them go, and had counted them. He knew their usual time for returning, and felt that he was safe in assuming that they would keep to it. It was a time that gave him leisure for the job in hand. He could go out without a rush. He didn't feel like rushing in. It might be more difficult than he thought. He didn't like the looks of the place, somehow; seemed to be something "wrong" with it, though he knew it was all right.

He sent a glance up the dark street each way; then shook his shoulders, slipped out of

the doorway that had sheltered him, and slipped over a wall to the back entrance.

And then he was there, working at a window. He worked swiftly; he was familiar with the windows of that district. He was also familiar with the back entrance, and many a time in the past he had stood up at that door and talked to members of the family. Within less than a minute the window was open, and he was slipping through it. All his movements suggested something

Once inside the house he stood stock still. He knew how to stand still, so still that all his nerves were at rest, his muscles motionless, and his breathing imperceptible to anybody within two feet of him. He stood like this while he counted up to a hundred. Then he began to move across the room to the door. Had you been there, you would not have seen him move. You might have seen him at one spot of the room, and then at another spot; but you would not have seen him move. The darkness was no barrier; he knew this room; he went across it in three shots.

The stock room, the little room behind the shop, was the room he was after. He had across a section of the passage, and reached it. There was a door to open, but he dared not risk a light in the passage. He turned his head aside, and looked nothing, and used his fingers on the handle. He put all his being into those fingers, and they turned the handle with the swiftest of sounds. And then pushed the door quarter inch by quarter inch, until there was sufficient space for him to pass from one darkness to a deeper darkness.

He was in the stock room. Here, he switched on the electric torch, holding it close to the floor. He glanced round the room. It was much as when he had last seen it; piled with wooden crates, biscuit tins, cardboard boxes and packing straw. He looked heavily at the daisied fireplace, and noticed that none of the crates covered or obstructed it. He could get at it without risking the noise of moving anything.

He crept across the floor and turned the torch into the chimney. He ran his fingers over the bricks of the right-hand second; they touched a certain brick his breath ran into softly. The hiding place was well in use. He turned the torch upon that brick, and with delicate fingers began to edge it out. The movement produced no sound, and he made no sound in entering the place; the empty house was enveloped in a web of silence. Yet, when the brick was halfway out, his hand dropped, he switched off the torch, his easy body stiffened like a cat's, and he shot round and forced the door.

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THE MORAL LEOPARD

Only a fisherman can appreciate
the enormity of one crime which is
beyond arson, mayhem or murder

by IRVIN S. COBB

THIS is Fred Prime speaking. That's the way those station announcers on the radio love to start off, so I'm doing it. During the off-seasons for gunning or fishing, us fellows back here in the sticks with nothing much else to do, do a lot of listening-in on the radio and last winter we got the habit amongst ourselves of trying to talk like one of those broadcaster boys. Instead of, *for instance*, saying: "Say, fellows, listen," or something like that, the fellow that was fixing to spring something on you would hawk his throat and say: "This is Billiam Jones speaking," and he'd sure get a laugh especially if his imitation was any good. So I'm starting off that way myself on account of what I'm fixing to tell about with regards to old Major Israel P. Slocum summer before last, and his niece Miss Gracie Slocum, which that was her name then before her marriage, and the two young fellows that were courting her, and old Sitting Bull.

The only thing I'm doing is, I'm changing the names around a little bit so as to fool people who might know some of these parties. All but Sitting Bull. I'm leaving him in just like he was because he was only just a speckled trout, but still and all may be in this case it's hardly reasonable to call him only just a speckled trout when he was the biggest trout ever taken out of the club waters here and weighed six pound, nine ounces, on the club scales an hour after he was caught and had had a chance to dry out considerable and lose weight. I've heard of bigger ones and read of bigger ones being caught up there in Canada and Maine and places like that, but all the time I've been guiding for a living he's the champion one of all the speckled trout that I've seen myself with my own eyes, for instance. I claim that's some trout, six pound, nine ounces.

There were several reasons why he had this name of old Sitting Bull, which practically everybody up there knew, but I'll use to call him by that name. He was the

of the pool where he hung out—that big pool down below the foot of the long stair-step rapids in Steamboat Creek. The members call that pool by the name of the Maiden's Bath, but us regulars generally call it Peggleg's Hole, on account of an old trapper named Peggleg Harper, that used to trap around there before the club bought up the whole preserve, getting drunk on white muld one Christmas Eve and falling in and coming mighty near drowning.

Well, no matter what you was a mind to

as the next one if it hasn't been spoiled by timbering or a power-dam or a burn-over or a blow-down or something. Or if it hasn't been spoiled by too many people. Sometimes I think they're the worst when it comes to wrecking the woods—people are. A herd of deer and a slew of other wild things could live in one stretch of woods ten thousand years and never damage anything, not so as you'd notice it. But one Sunday picnic party can leave more old banana peels and pickle-barts and empty tin cans and Sunday sup-



call it by, that certainly was one mighty swell scope for any trout to hang out in. There was a whaling great big boulder, a boulder as big as a smokehouse, with enough green moss on it to bed down a steer, that stood right in the deepest place; and a solid network of logs and driftwood stretching down towards it; and a yellow gravel bar making out across the shallows at the next bend below and all that swift white water on up above; and on both sides the banks were high and steep with plenty of trees, mostly white birches and balm-willows sticking out over the hole and making it plenty dark and full of deep shadows. And looning up in behind, old Sourwood Mountain himself. I'm not much good at putting down how wild places and wild things look to a fellow that was raised amongst them and has lived amongst them all his life, but I claim I sure can appreciate a slightly view as well

plements and mess and stuff and truck and things scattered around over the face of the earth than the winds and the rains and the dead leaves can cover up the next fifteen years.

Here's another funny thing I've noticed about people: You take a green hand, specially an educated one from the city, and likely he can use up a power of swell language telling about how beautiful the mountains and the woods and all are, but if the deer flies are thick or the skinkers pester him or maybe it's raining hard, I notice he ain't so liable to hang around there much. He'll do his swell talking after he's back at the clubhouse and has got a few drinks tuckered away inside of him. Speaking of that, I remember a nice little fellow that was a poet by trade that was up here with us one year as a guest. He certainly was a precise one to suffer outdoors. He got sunburnt till he looked like a



"Late again!"

big chief of the Square-tail tribe, all right. He was smarter than all get-out; you just naturally couldn't fool him. He had the brightest red to his fins you ever saw and the brightest red spots down his sides, the same as war-paint. And he certainly was the boss

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FORGIVE ME, IRENE

A masterful short story
concerning two people in Paris,
with counterparts the world over

by ANDRE MAUROIS



"Hello, Manny darling, thanks for getting me the part of the virgin in that picture"

"I'm happy to be going out with you this evening," she said. "This has been a hard week. So much hard work and so many disappointments . . . but now you are here nothing else matters . . . let us go to see a good picture."

"Don't think," he said sulkily, "that you can drag me to the movies this evening."

"Too bad," she said. "I was looking forward to a real good picture with you . . . but it really doesn't matter. I know of a new place in Montparnasse where some Martinis are doing a wonderful dance . . ."

"Oh, no," he said emphatically, "no disco music, please, Irene . . . I'm fed up with it."

"Then what would you like to do?"

"You know very well," he said. "Dine in a quiet little restaurant, talk, take you home, stretch out on a couch and dream."

"No," she said, equally emphatic. "I should say not. You are much too selfish, my dear . . . You seem quite surprised? It's because no one ever tells you the truth . . . as one . . . you have become accustomed to your slaves, and your favorite more than the others . . . if you feel like dreaming, they must watch you dream. If you feel like dancing, they must dance. If you have written four lines they must listen to them. If you feel like being amused, they must become Scheherazades . . . Again I say no, my dear! There will be at least one woman in the world who will not give in to your whims." She stopped, then continued in a gentle voice:

"What a shame, Bernard. I was so happy thinking I would see you . . . I thought you

would help me forget my troubles, and you come thinking of no one but yourself. Go now and don't come back until you have learned you must consider others also."

• • •

Far into the night, Bernard lay tossing. Irene was right. He was a beast. Not only was he deceiving and forsaking Alice, gentle, faithful, resigned Alice, but he was deceiving her without ever having loved her. Why was he like that? Why this need of conquest and domination? Why this inability "to consider others also"? Thinking over his past, he revived a youth beset with difficulties and unapproachable women. There was revenge in his egotism, timidity in his cynicism. This was not very noble.

"Noble?" he thought. "I'm falling into platitudes. One must be hard. In love, he who doesn't devour, is devoured. All the same, it must be a relief, now and then, to give in, to be the weak one, to seek one's happiness in someone else's happiness."

One after the other, with longer and longer absences between them, the last one put back to their garages . . . To seek his happiness in someone else's happiness? Couldn't he do this? Why was he condemned to crusty? Haven't every man the right at any time to begin his life over again? And could he, for this new role, find a better partner than Irene? Irene, so touching in her only evening gown, her mended stockings, her shabby coat. Irene, so beautiful and so poor. So generous in her poverty. How often had he found her helping Russian student refugees, poorer than she, who without her would have died of hunger. She worked six days a week in a shop, she who, before the Revolution,

had been reared as a child of royal birth. She never spoke of it . . . Irene . . . how could he have bargained with her over the simple pleasures of an evening?

The last noisy bus passed, rattling the window panes. No sound would now break up the stillness of the night. Worn out, Bernard sought sleep. Suddenly a great peace came over him. He had made a resolution. He would consecrate himself to Irene's happiness. He would become her tender, kind, yielding friend. Yes, yielding. This decision soothed him so that he slept almost immediately.

• • •

He was still very happy when he awakened in the morning. He got up and sang as he dressed, a thing he hadn't done since he was a boy. "This evening," he thought, "I will go to see Irene to beg her forgiveness."

As he knotted his tie, the telephone rang. "Hello!" said the singing voice of Irene. "Is that you, Bernard? I had to tell you I couldn't sleep. I was very unhappy because of the way I treated you last evening . . . you must forgive me . . . I don't know what I had . . ."

"No, not you, it is I," he said. "All night, Irene, I swore to change . . ."

"Nonsense," she said, "above all don't you change . . . your whims, your demands, your being so like a spoiled child. Bernard, there are exactly the things one loves in you. It is so nice to have a man who compels one to make sacrifices . . . I wanted to tell you that I'm free tonight and that I will not make any plans . . . we will do just as you like."

As he hung up, Bernard gloomily shook his head.



Man With a Watch in His Hand

Speedy Taylor, first priest of that industrial religion which holds that Production is holy

by JOHN DOS PASSOS



"Sometimes I think I'll have one just for the hell of it"

FREDERICK WINGLOW TAYLOR (they called him Speedy Taylor in the shop) was born in Germantown, Pennsylvania, in the year of Buchanan's election. His people were of Quaker origin, respected citizens in a neat tree-shaded mid-Nineteenth-century town. They had no doubt as to the rules of conduct. His father was a lawyer, his mother the daughter of a New Bedford whaling captain, an educated opinionated woman who knew languages, was a great reader of Emerson, belonged to the Unitarian church and the Browning Society. She taught cleanliness, discipline and a humorous way of talking. She was a fervent abolitionist and believed in democratic manners; in her housekeeping she was a martinet and drove the servants right from dawn till dark. She laid down the rules of conduct for her family: self-respect, self-reliance, self-control, and a cold long head for figures.

But she wanted them to appreciate The Finer Things, good music, European culture (the nobler side of it); she took her boys abroad for three years on the Continent, showed them cathedrals, grand opera, Roman pediments, the Old Masters under their brown varnish in their great frames of tarnished gilt.

Later Fred Taylor was impatient of these Wasted years, stamped out of the room when people talked about culture and The Finer Things; he was a testy youngster, fond of singing and practical jokes and a great hand at rigging up contraptions and devices. He hated going to school in France and in Germany, all his life after he hated the Germans, along with politicians, preservers, snobs and Standard Oil.

At Exeter he was head of his class and captain of the baseball team, the first man to pitch overhead. When umpires complained that overhead pitching wasn't in the rules of the game, he answered drily that it got results. He was a crackerjack tennis player. In 1881, with his friend Clark, he won the National Doubles Championship. He used a spoon-shaped racket of his own design.

All his life he suffered from sleeplessness. As a boy he had nightmares, going to bed was horrible for him; he thought the nightmare came from sleeping on his back, and made himself a leather harness with wooden pegs that stuck into his flesh whenever he turned over. When he was grown he slept in a chair or in bed in a sitting position propped up with a pillow.

Years later in his Manual of Scientific Management he wrote: *I have found it necessary almost invariably to talk but little to men,*

but to go ahead and make them do what I wanted them to do, and this implies the experience of knowing how, by hook or crook, to get men to do what at the time they do not wish to do.

At school he broke down from overwork, his eyes went back on him. The doctor suggested manual labor. So instead of going to Harvard he went into the machine shop of a small pump-manufacturing concern, owned

Pennsylvania was getting rich off iron and coal. When he was twenty-two, Fred Taylor went to work at the Midvale Iron Works. He had to take a clerical job, but he hated that and went to work with a shovel. At last he got them to put him on a lathe, he was a good machinist, he worked ten hours a day and in the evenings followed an engineering course at Stevens.

In six years he rose from machinist's helper to keeper of toolerits to gaugeness to foreman to master mechanic in charge of repairs to chief draughtsman and director of research to chief engineer of the Midvale plant.

At first he was a machinist with the other machinists in the shop. Fred Taylor cursed and joked and worked with the rest of them, advised on the job went they did. Mustn't give the boss more than his money's worth. But when he got to be foreman he was on the management's side of the fence, gathering in on the point of those on the

management's side of all the great mass of traditional knowledge which in the past has been the heads of the workmen and in the physical skill and knack of the workmen. He couldn't stand to see an idle lathe or an idle man.

Production went to his head and thrilled his nerves instead of being a dull job on Saturday night. He never loafed and he'd be damned if anybody else would. Production was as itched under his skin. He had never a doubt as to the rules of conduct. It was bred in his bones to bide idleness and waste.

He lost his friends in the shop; they called him nigger driver. He was a small man with a short temper and a nasty tongue. No machinist, nor anybody from the office for that matter, ever stood up to him. His havings-out made them feel like yellow dogs.

He was sensitive, friendly, bitterly resentful. Later he wrote: *I was a young man in years but I give you my word I was a great deal older than I am now, what with the worry, nervousness and contemplation of the whole damn thing. It's a horrid life for any man to*

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by a friend of the family's, to learn the trade of patternmaker and machinist. He learned to handle a lathe and to dress and case like a workman. He hated manual work, but he couldn't be idle and it was better than talk about The Finer Things.

Fred Taylor never smoked (tobacco or drunk liquor or used tea or coffee; he couldn't understand why his fellow mechanics wanted to go on sprees and get drunk and raise Cain Saturday nights. He lived at home, when he wasn't reading technical books he'd take part in amateur theatricals or step up to the piano in the evening and sing a good tenor in *A Warrior Bold* or *A Spanish Cavalier*; life in Germantown was easy, comfortable, dignified, the well-to-do families of Pennsylvania were beginning to get rich off iron and coal.

He served his first year's apprenticeship in the machine shop without pay; the next two years he made a dollar and a half a week; the last year two dollars.

THE CAPTAIN'S STORY

**A girl alone in an open boat
on the English Channel, battle
between a smuggler and a sloop**

by S. B. H. HURST

SOUNDING in the fog. The chill damp dripping from the sails of the becalmed barque Kenyon. A sailor on the forecastle head pumping the old fashioned fog horn. A weird noise. Ships feeling their way like blind things, with hardly steerage way in that calm. Fishing boats near-by, the voices of the fishermen floating unceasingly in the thick. The English Channel at its worst!

Fog, fog.
Captain Prideau stood on the poop, talking to the second mate.
"When I was a young feller, mister, trying to learn to be a sailor!" He laughed. "They told me yarns about worse fogs than this. The tales old sailors told us boys! About as bad as boys from sea told their mothers! About rivers of rum and mountains of sugar . . . And the mothers, God bless them, believed the boys—until the boys told the truth: about flying fish . . . Then they were chided. For the Good Book says that all men are liars—especially sailors. How well I remember it. The sea was a remarkable place when I was a boy. I went to sea in 1845 . . . Mothers know better now. But to come back to the fog. The sea is getting mistier now. No more pirates, or smugglers laughing at the navy. For smuggling was a respectable occupation in those days, what with even the parsons willing to trade with them and the nobility too."

The second mate looked at his superior in a startled way. This sort of yarn from Captain Prideau was something he had never heard before. For the Captain was always close lipped. Never said a word, unless to give an order . . .

"I was talking about fogs. I was young, and coming up the Channel like we are now, and an old boatwain telling me that the fogs were not thick like they were when he was young."

"That old bo's'n telling me: 'When I was your age and in the Navy we got into a fight with the Frogs, and the fog was so thick that our cannon balls just whizzed and dropt, like they had hit a sand bank.'"

"I mind I laughed at the old fellow. It was just such a night as this, and we were in just this same position. Just about becalmed like we are now. The same old Channel . . . And then, of a sudden, we heard a hailing—out to starboard of us."

The Old Man paused, then continued. There was a catch in his voice, as if he was trying to hide the emotion of memory.

"Mister, how different the sea was then. We were an old wooden brig, all tar and dead-eyes, as the saying goes, maybe five hundred tons. Pump her out every four hours. Well, as I was saying we heard a hailing. A voice out in the fog, tired, like."

"Ship ahoy!"

"A voice out of the fog. It sounded un-

The Old Man paused again, then went on.

"Even today, mister, in this good iron ship, voices in the fog give you a creepy feeling up and down the back—don't they?"

"Sort of, sir," answered the second mate.

"Well, then, imagine that voice coming out of the cold drip, hailing us. It was the tone of the voice that made our men shiver."

Ghosts were real in those days, mister, and sailors had consciences, and a lot on them they wanted to forget.

"Ship ahoy!"

"Even our tough old skipper's voice wasn't exactly what it usually was when he shouted back."

"Stop hollering and come alongside, if ye want to. What are you, anyway?"

"The voice did not answer. The only sound was the rolling of our old brig—just the windless sails flapping and the rigging trying to talk, like it does when the wet changes its tactics."

"This of course made things worse. Every man aboard of us believed in ghosts, and there we were getting no more answer than if we had hailed a ghost. But the Old Man would not let down, even if his stomach was flopping a bit. He daren't let down, with all hands depending on him. He shouted."

"Who'll tell me you out there?"

"There was no answer, and our men came aft, pleading . . ."

"Don't hail it again, please, sir. For the love of Mary let it rest in peace. Some poor drowned soul out yonder. Let it rest, sir!"

"Our skipper was too tough. He was not afraid of God, man or Devil. He laughed at the men, but his laugh was a bit strained."

"Have some common sense, men," he said.

"An old sailor spoke up."

"Beggin' yer pardon, sir, but don't hail THAT again. Let it be."

"Our Old Man laughed again. But it wasn't a normal laugh. Yes, mister, there was the crowd at there, just about on their knees, scared sick. What a voice in the fog could do, and did do. And I guess that it was just about the scariest in the crew—if comparisons were possible. And then, when the Old Man became silent, after telling the crew to have sense—the ship's dog started to howl! That made it hell. Men knelt on the deck and prayed. Then it came again."

"Ship ahoy!"

"Paint and weary, like something dead or dying. Our Old Man did not answer. It may



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"Ship ahoy!"

"Paint and weary, like something dead or dying. Our Old Man did not answer. It may

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"Leave out the double chin—it isn't part of the real essential me!"

THERE are butlers and butlers; and then again there is Stoner, who begins where the others leave off and leaves off where the others begin.

To those whose conception of the ideal butler is derived from drawing-room comedies Stoner is a disappointment. To those who like their butlers human he is a treasure and a revelation. His divergences from type are so many and various it is

hard to know where to begin. Hippocrasian, for instance, completely belies his calling. No successful barber ever lacks discernment, and he is no exception. He is cold, like those of medicine and the law, can be sealed only with the aid of personality. But Stoner's is not the usual cold, the cold of the lawyer, the doctor, the moral cleric or of Mr. Gladstone. His is more of a sort of heather-mixing distinction. He has obviously at some time in his life been a member of the "Glee Club," for his face that comes from laughing. He has eyes that twinkle and a very unbarberlike nose and chin. His whole outline is rather like that of a young man who has been having been poured molten into his dress suit; rather his looks as if it had been thrown at him from a slight distance and had somewhat cooled before he had been put on, a really abysmal—only enough so to be sometimes taken for the master of the house. The general impression you get is of a man who has lived a full life and is now a fifth year member of the firm of the firm, I suppose—but the exuberance of youth still clings to him and makes him seem a little more than a little more than a walk; and he never employs that pompous,

gliding motion that brings on Meadows with the tea in the second act. His movements are quick—almost convulsive—and

he gets from place to place at a jog trot, sometimes even with little skips and hops. He obviously lacks dignity, which one would think was the prime necessity in a butler. But he has instead a quality which would alone set him completely above the race. That is his love adores butling and he does it.

apart from the rest of his race. That is his enthusiasm for his job. He adores butlin' and doesn't care who knows it.

When Stoner opens the door to you, he welcomes you almost literally with open arms. You are so obviously the one person in the world he wants to see that you wonder how he could stand it until you came.

"Come along in, sir! What will you have?"



A glass of sherry? A cigarette? The evening paper? You'll find that chair very comfortable. I'll tell Mrs. Milton you're here. She'll be down in a *moment*." The way he says "in a moment" makes you know that your hostess is going to share his happy enthusiasm. You feel that he will go bounding up, three steps at a time, burst in on her with loud hurrahs, crying "Guess who's downstairs!"—and that she will probably slide down the bannister, to get to you the quicker.

Should all the family be out when you call, he has a slight spasm of gloom as he tells you. In some subtle manner he conveys, too, a minute, unspoken rebuke.

to the abject ones. "They really have no business to be out when you come calling," he seems to say.

Should it be your first visit to the house, he greets you with even a little extra charm. With his edge of character and seldom makes mistakes. But he made a fearful blunder once. Mr. Milton was ecstatically summoned to descend and talk to a Mr. Smith. He found a well-dressed little man in the drawing-room, sitting in his chair, smoking one of his cigars and drinking some of his sherry. But the man was a stranger. He was Mr. Morecock, the railway police inspector. He had been so politely when Mr. Milton entered and handed him a large, blue piece of paper. Stoner has never entirely got over this. Now, if you watch him closely as he greets a newcomer, you will notice that just for an instant his benign expression vanishes and he looks sharply downwards to the pockets, estimating their contents.

Stoner and his wife, who is the cook, have been with the Miltons for eight years. Soon after their arrival, he presented himself before Mrs. Milton and said they must have a kitchen-maid. She did not think there was enough work to make such a thing necessary.

"Oh, it's not the work," said Stoner, "it's the messages."

Mrs. Milton did not understand. He explained. He told her they had been married for sixteen years, for the last nine of which they had not been on speaking terms. He was naturally asked why they didn't separate. He replied (so I am told) that they had tried it and had missed not speaking to each other. Some idea of Stoner's charm may be gained from the fact that it never even entered Mrs. Milton's head to get a less involved couple. She at once got

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WHISKEY FOR MY JOHNNY

How an ill wind blew good luck
for every man aboard, when the
sea chanties fell on deaf ears

by CAPTAIN GEORGE H. GRANT

THIS "Norman Monarch" was a wallowing old tub scarcely justifying the proud name that she bore upon the bluff bows. She was outward bound, deep laden with a cargo of coal for Iquique in Chile.

Off the Argentine, and south of the River Plate, the wind came away from the west-south-west with a great weight behind it. The vessel was well swung down, for it was Christmas Eve and the mate had been heard to say that he was going to make it a holiday from the darning of the following day. There would be no "dry-pulling," no swabbing of decks, nor polishing of brass.

The sailorman worked with a will, a song on their lips, on the forward well to put extra lashings on the hatches against the assault of heavy seas, to stretch life-lines fore and aft, until the chief steward whispered to the cook that the "old man" had told him that there would be no grog for the men on the morrow. The cook passed the word around, as cooks have done ever since Noah set out on his eventful voyage, and the sailorman commenced to growl, to lay down on the job, until the forecastle bulkheads darkened under the profanity that polluted the air.

A conference was called to decide on the best way to soften the heart of the "old man." The forecastle knew that it would be a tough job for the captain was mean and loved liquor only next to himself. He was the son of a parson, had a brother a parson which, the forecastle declared, was enough to condemn any man.

Old Davy, the lamp-trimmer, wise to the ways of the sea and men, was the sage of the forecastle. He thought for a while, drew on his gnarled cutty, then outlined a scheme. The night came in blustering and wet with the spray driving across the lurching vessel in a drenching stream. It was my first voyage upon the sea and my body-and-soul lashings had come a-drift until, at any moment, I expected to take leave of my innards. I clung to the rails on the lee side the bridge and held on, my teeth tight together.

When the midnight bells were struck I saw, by the aid of the lantern light, a parson from the partly screened ports, the sailorman gather on the bridge deck. It was the change of the watch with all hands on deck. The second mate came over beside me. He had heard about the scheme that was a-foot

and he was eager to see how it would work out. If all went well it would mean that the mates also would have run with their dinner.

The sailorman came on to the lower-bridge where the captain's quarters were. The deck crewed in oil-skins while the "black gang" huddled in their old coats and had sweat rags around their necks. The wind was now piping in the full tumult of the gale, but the sailorman paid not the slightest heed. They gathered around the captain's door and began to sing an old sea-song. Soon it was ereed and died away. They looked at each other, then one man bolder than his mates walked over and knocked on the door. A light went on within the

cabin. There was an almost imperceptible movement among the sailorman towards the ladder that led down to the deck below. There would have been a stampede had not the door swung open to reveal the captain standing in his pajamas.

"Merry Christmas, sir," the sailorman shouted in chorus.

"Merry Christmas, men, and mayst of them," the captain answered, and turned as if to shut the door. A dollop of spray had come swirling over the deck.

Old Davy raised his voice, and the sailorman took up the air, and joined him as he sang:

"Oh! Captain, sir! It's Christmas Day!
Whiskey! Johnny!
Oh! Captain, sir! It's Christmas Day!
Whiskey for my Johnny!"

The captain halted, turned back, and, by the flickering light of the bulkhead lamp, I thought I detected the flashings of a smile come over his face.

"All right, men," he said, pleasantly enough. "I was forgetting."

As he turned and went into the cabin to ring for the chief steward, the sailorman nudged each other, some slapped their thighs, others smacked their lips with anticipation. I forgot the nausea within me, and the second mate muttered encouragement to the men below.

The captain could be heard talking to the chief steward. It was some time before he

again appeared in the doorway. When he did there was a demi-john in his hand.

"Here, hoan," said he, holding it forth. "Here's some lime-juice . . . whack it out among the men. A Merry Christmas to you all."

The door slammed. The light was doused. The captain had returned to his bunk.

The sailorman stood dumfounded, the spray and wind beating against their faces with icy touch. Someone swore . . . loud and blasphemously. The tension was relieved. A demi-john of lime-juice went flying through the mark into the sea to leeward.

Old Davy raised his voice:

"The 'old man' sure is a son of a gun. Blow, boys, blow!"

He's gone an' drunk up all the rum.

Blow, hoys, bully boys, blow!"

The sailorman laughed, lurched away to their quarters, and the ship was still except for the wild ravings of the gale.

At daylight there was a heavy sea piling up from the region of the Horn which made the old tub fill herself to the hullmark rail. In the early hours she had been "bore to" but, even at that, she was making dirty weather of the storm.

I had gone below at eight bells in the grave-yard watch but the violent rolling and the frightsome noises within the vessel fighting for her life had kept me awake . . . and there was that sea-sickness gnawing at my innards. It was with relief I heard the chief

mate yell as he hastened along the deck outside my cabin:

"All hands on deck! Up an' out of it! All hands on deck!"

I scrambled into my sodden clothes, then tumbled out on deck in answer to the call. The sailorman were mustering aloft the lower bridge. Around their oil-skins they were lashing rope-yarns to keep them from catching the wind. I sensed that there was dirty work ahead and did likewise.

The chief mate came down from the bridge, beckoned to us, swung around the lee of the forward house, and down on to the forward well. We were after him. The deck was a turmoil of surging water that heaped over the bulwark rail, caught us roughly, and took the feet from under us. But the life-lines were in our hands! More water tumbled on board . . . smothered us. Feet by foot we fought our way into the lee of the forecastle-head. There for a breather

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"Men, too?"

THE BRIDEGROOM

Of a wedding breakfast that was changed from a joy feast to a double hell by one word

by MORLEY CALLAGHAN

THIS early morning church wedding was quiet and simple. Arthur Henderson, the groom, was waiting for his bride by the altar rail and when he turned quickly to see her coming up the aisle on her brother's arm, nearly everybody in the church, including even some who expected to attend the wedding breakfast, thought him too old for her. Dorothy, the bride, was a round-eyed hand-some girl with an oval face, a few little dark ringlets curling out from her small grey hat and a winful, frightened expression in her eyes that all the women thought quite charming. Altar lights, shining on the small bulb spot on Henderson's head and on his shell rimmed glasses, seemed also to make the little tufts of grey hair at his temples all the more conspicuous. They knelt down together. A spotless white prayer book was clasped tight in Dorothy's hands. Henderson felt himself coloring from his neck to his hair as he always did when feeling a strong emotion.

A plump, very dark priest came down to the communion rail and began to mutter the Latin prayer. Henderson was so dazed by the muttering that he could only stare at Dorothy's white prayer book and think it was white and spotless like her pure, eager face and soon he felt utterly in awe that his eyes filled with tears. The first strong morning sunlight was filtering through the stained glass windows and tipping the side of the priest's broad head. Soon they knew they were married.

At the church door there was the first burst of laughter and shouting. Two young, beaming girls, Dorothy's sisters, ran forward in the brilliant sunlight and began to throw rice as the bride and groom and the best man and the bridesmaid ducked into the waiting taxi to drive to the apartment for the breakfast. Arthur was sitting beside Dorothy and when he noticed how timid and uneasy she had become, he himself, felt as shy as she was unable to speak. But he was so extraordinarily happy that he couldn't help whispering at last, "Here we are. Just imagine. It's just like a dream." For seven years he had loved patiently and had just seen Dorothy fancy herself in love with one young fellow after another. It had been almost like watching her grow up. People, wondering why he waited, used to say she kept him at hand for her own amusement when she couldn't get anyone else, and as he thought of this now, he smiled with a deep contentment.

The wedding breakfast in the crowded apartment quickly became a jolly celebration. So much free enthusiasm and burning good nature delighted Henderson who had never thought his marriage would make anybody hilarious. He walked from one room to another, bowing modestly, shaking hands



and feeling a rare warm joy in the human companionship that a shy lonely man like himself had suddenly encountered. From time to time he glanced at Dorothy and for a while he thought she was going to keep her sweet timidity all morning, but gradually he noticed her grow vivid with excitement and soon she was gayer than he had ever seen her before.

When they sat down to eat Henderson had to make a little speech. As soon as he got up everybody began to sing that he was a jolly good fellow. The blood rushed to Henderson's face and he shook his head shyly from side to side. He felt helpless to express his delight. But he was very grateful in his remarks, for he remembered that there were at least two men in the room who had been in love with Dorothy and he didn't want to appear too triumphant. Everybody kept on drinking wine. Dorothy's gay girl friends shrieked with laughter, their faces flushed and eager from drinking. Someone turned on the radio, low dance music could be heard, and they all got up from the table.

In one room a bunch of fellows, some of them friends of Henderson since college days, were drinking beer and telling ribald stories. With his usual apologetic diffidence, Henderson joined this group and they welcomed him by putting him on the back and telling him all the shy jokes they thought appropriate to a wedding. Whenever he caught sight of Dorothy these jokes made him feel uncomfortable. Two of the fellows who had been in love with Dorothy were there with him drinking beer, and Henderson all of a sudden realized that his own triumph, instead of making these men feel humiliated, only made them more jolly and agreeable. When they were all red faced from drinking, one of the men, Macgregor, a fair, full faced fellow with

a handsome forehead, who only a few months ago had seemed to be the one most likely to have Dorothy's love, said to Henderson with a kind of mocking leer, "You're a relentless dog, aren't you old boy?" Macgregor, who sober was anxious to have fine manners and was always praising other people for their good manners, but when he was drunk he was very nasty.

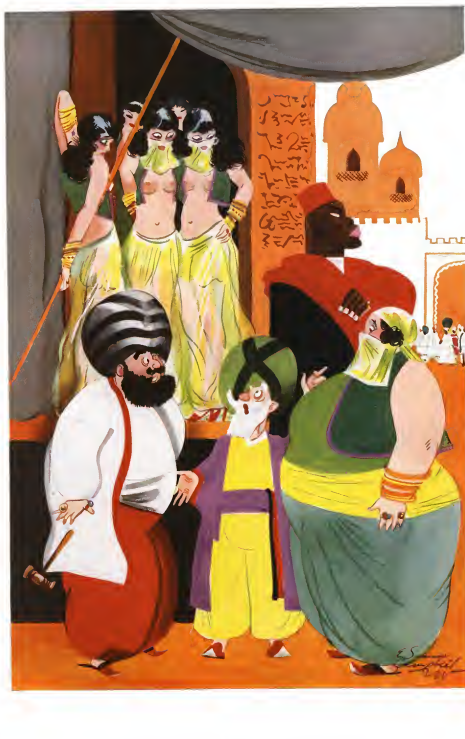
"I suppose I am relentless," Henderson said good naturedly.

"You sure are, old socks," he said. "You kept right after her. You wouldn't be put off the scent by any of us, and then, presto, just like that, she marries you. You lucky guy. Yes, suddenly, just like that." He smirked and whispered, "You'll like her."

Macgregor had been drinking, but the shy, intimate grin on his face so upset Henderson that he drank two glasses of beer rapidly. He was suddenly full of doubt. He felt much older and a bit tired. He walked away but the expression on Macgregor's face was still shocking him.

He began to follow Dorothy slowly around the room, but of course he never had a chance to be alone with her, and all the time he was pondering a question that had never occurred to him before. "Why did she marry me so suddenly?" It was sudden. Noise and laughter and the howling chorus of song and the faint, half heard music on the radio began to irritate him. Always a few feet away from him was Dorothy who was now warm with wine and the pleasure that came from being teased by everyone. Her laughing, high colored young face was always ahead of him, as if he could never quite reach it. Finally it became a desperate necessity that he should speak to her, even though he was afraid. He kept saying to himself, "Dorothy knows my whole life. There's nothing about me that I haven't told her. Why have I never asked her about herself?" But all the time he was ashamed of these questions in his head. The hilarious, coarse jokes, the good wishes and the back clapping soon began to fill him with a cold despair. He only followed Dorothy, his eyes on her young full neck, or her little dark curls, and when he saw people noticing him, he smiled with a kind of apologetic patience as if to say that anyone would understand that a fellow like himself would be anxious about such a young bride even when she was always in sight of him. Then the sounds of clinking glasses and the bursts of girls' laughter suddenly became very sweet to him as if he would never hear it again because he did not rightfully belong there.

He saw Dorothy go into the kitchen and he hurried after her and closed the door. Standing by the table, looking over the



"What would you give me on a trade in?"

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ESQUIRE

January, 1934



"You'll get used to it, they're all that way at first"



"I wanna see this 'advice to the lovelorn' who's been telling my dame how to handle me"

HAIR RAISING ADVENTURES

The mustache as an index to character, as evidenced by the evolution of Old Hank to Henry

by ROY SULLIVAN



"Don't mind Egbert, he's anti-Xmas"



WHETHER one raises a mustache or stands on the sidelines and observes others thus engaged, there inevitably comes a time when one realizes mustaches have a psychological effect upon their owners. As one goes into the subject deeply, he becomes discriminating, even fastidious, often developing an artistic appreciation of the beautiful, which shudders at the carelessly done mustache, and sets its wearer down as a slovenly person, incapable of rising to great heights in any trade or profession.

Those truths became obvious to this observer early in life, as a weekly patron of the drama. It was patent then that a man's outlook, his dealings with his fellowman; indeed his very thoughts, ambitions and acts were dictated by the type of facial impediments that he presented to the world. For example, the villain wore a heavy, black mustache, well-oiled and turned up at the ends. Hence, all men with such mustaches were villains. The kindly father of the heroine wore 'em scraggly; therefore, all men with scraggly mustaches were kindly men, hard pushed to find money for the mortgage.

The theater was consistent in upholding this theory for years. The matter of mustaches was regarded by both producers and patrons as a sacred trust. It became apparent that life, therefore, was a vivid record of mustaches working for or against the beautiful heroine and the handsome, clean-shaven hero.

And then came the unkind awakening, and the world went crazy.

A play called *The James Boys* in Missouri came to town.

The man whose entrance the gallery had cheered turned out to be the coward who shot down James. Shot him in the back, like the craven he was! The gallery could not be blamed. Heroes had always been clean-shaven. The producer had betrayed his trust, and cheeks burned for weeks in that town.

Doubtless there comes such moments of bewilderment into the lives of all scientists. In that chill hour when the results of patient years of toil and calculation seem on the verge of tottering, the student needs a strong arm to lean upon, to help him regain his confidence in his fellowmen.

This critic will never forget the strong arm that was extended so helpfully in that dark hour. This man seemed to embody all the worth-while attributes the most exacting of seekers after truth could demand. He was known as Hank to his intimates, and Henry to such of the world as crossed his path casually. He was boss hostler at the

City Livery Stable, and he had the most perfect mustache the observer ever seen—a broad statement, but it stands.

This magnificent mustache floated out straight from the part, with a suggestion of undulation achieved with admirable restraint. The whole effect was carried out triumphantly in a rich, even roan coloring, and measured eleven inches from tip to tip.

As it may be surmised, this work of art was not the result of a few fevered hours of intense inspiration, but was accomplished after days and weeks, even months, of the most painstaking effort. He confessed one day to us that there was a time when his mustache had looked the touch of the finished artist; had, in fact, resembled a paper-hanger's brush. But in those days, he was not a boss hostler, but only a worker in a bird cage factory. It was while employed there that he conceived the idea of a departure in mustache culture, and to prove the way success follows those who look after their personal appearance, it was not long before he had been promoted to the perch department. This promotion did not make the man arrogant; as a matter of fact, he had no pride in the bird cage trade, and his lack of enthusiasm apparently showed in his work, for he was fired. But a man of his type cannot be held down. It was no time at all before he went to work for the livery stable, and became boss hostler.

If you wanted to know anything—anything at all—you just asked Hank. He could tell you how to make ink, what kind of people live on the moon, or what is wrong with the country, and what "they" ought to do about it. His mustache caught and held the attention of those who beheld it. A perfect understanding seemed to exist between it and Hank. He had a way of pulling on it when he needed words to phrase an argument, and it never failed him. When this critic recalls the masterful Hank of those days, and the Hank of today, he shudders at what a mustache can do to a man!

The chase, subtle at first, began the day Hank found a discarded doll's curling iron in the alley back of the stable. We saw him when he picked it up; saw his mustache tremble like sensitive antennae, and saw a faraway look come into his eyes.

He was secretive at first, but after a while he came out in the open and admitted he was using that doll's curling iron on his mustache. It was as though he were in the grip of some strong drug. His hands trembled at times, and his whole being seemed to cry out for that toy curling iron; and although it was summer, he would fire up the stove in the harness room, impatiently

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Stringing the Bridge Racket

Suggesting that something more than skill comes into play when the contract cranks get together

by **LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE**



"No coffee, dear, it might keep me awake"

Some years ago, being afflicted with the itch to play good Bridge, I joined the Knickerbocker Whist Club of New York, which then numbered amongst its members another novelist I knew and one or two newspaper men. One night, shortly after my election, I found myself alone in the dining-room with one of the club cranks, a lachrymose body with over-grown ad-cards, eyes like oysters on the half-shell and an insane grin that was apparently chronic. I was too modest a beginner at the game ever to have cut in at a table where he was playing, so our acquaintance was of the nodding order only. After the waiter had marched off with my order the silence was unbroken for several minutes. Then, without warning, the expert left off his taciturn munching to observe in a rasping drawl: "I wonder what it is makes authors think they want to play this game."

Thus put on the spot, and at a loss to guess whether the ace was being deliberately rude or was merely a born boor, I concluded that a response in kind would not be amiss: "I suppose it must be because authors don't realize that playing Bridge is a rite sacred to those who haven't brains enough to do anything else."

A blank stare was succeeded by a patient smirk, apparently reflecting the thought that a more author couldn't be expected to grasp that, when it came down to cases, there were no brains worth mentioning outside the skulls of professional Bridge players.

I didn't believe that then, and as time went on and rubbing elbows with experts lent my own some polish, I saw no reason to revise my first opinion. It is the sum of my observation that Bridge cranks as a class have their being in "a world outside the one you know, to which for curiousness 'I'll can't compare'—where all perspectives are awry and no law runs that the card-dumb know, and where the stranger, whatever his consequence in other spheres, rates never better than a cheery thruster, to be put up with only when there's no one else about to make a fourth and even then accorded the welcome of a poor relation on a rainy Sunday. The indigents, passionate individualists all, each by his own account a better player than any other and ready to fill till vituperation drips up in defense of his pretensions, stand shoulder-to-shoulder none the less, an implacable phalanx, against the upstart. In their weird realm enthusiasm of the ego is endemic and its manifestations indescribably naive.

I well remember hearing one of the Covenish Club cranks—best known as John Dark—announce one day to the waiting woman player of the same club: "I've been thinking

it over, Madge, and figured out that Auction is a much more scientific game than Contract."

"Yes!" the lady in some surprise replied. "How do you make that out?"

"Why, it's plain on the face of it. Look: I play much better Auction than you do, but you can put it all over me at Contract. It just stands to reason Auction is more scientific than Contract."

I sat one afternoon in the same club, waiting for a friend, with Dark nearly all one big ache to ventilate some grievances. I meanly refrained from asking about it, but the entrance of Mr. Lenz presently afforded Dark an outlet.

"Listen, Sidney: You know Milton Work. I want to tell you what he thinks to me last week—"

Mr. Lenz, with his narrow head cocked one way, his brother the other, and that permanent grin of his, remonstrated: "Last week? But I thought Work was on a lecture tour!"

"He is. That's how this happened. I got a letter this morning. Milt lectured in Santa Barbara last week; and my poor old mother, who lives there, went to hear him. After the lecture there was a reception, and when her turn came she said: 'I am especially glad to meet you, Mr. Work, because I believe you know my son, John Dark, in New York.' And Milt said: 'Dark? Dark? Oh yes—the man with the pretty wife.' 'What do you think of that, Sidney? Did you ever hear anything to beat it?' Dark shook with rage like a reed in the wind. 'If it's the last act of my life,' he swore, 'I'm going to get even with that—'"

The characterization that followed was unfit for publication except across the footlights of the modern American theatre.

Some years ago a self-elected expert, then unknown to fame, addressed a letter to the School of Philosophy (I think it's called) at Yale, generously offering to grant it gratis the custody of his 3-year-old daughter for a term of years, that it might profit by studying the mental development of a child of the most brilliant man of his time. He was simply disgusted with Yale when the offer was politely refused, and cited the insult to his family as just one more proof of the

low stage of educational progress in America. Conceit that flaunts such wanton bluntness is the source of more sharp practice at card tables than people dream of. Too many first-flight cardmen, whose names as household words, have no income other than the money they win in play and the receipts—as a rule heavily exaggerated by rumor—from occasional writings on the

game and such lessons as they may give beginners. On the other hand, the ladder of professional Bridge as a racket, and the huge profits it has paid at least one of its engineers, has undermined the morals of too many young men who can't see any real future for themselves in white-collar drudgery or why they, too, shouldn't go in for a better-than-average

proficiency at a parlor pastime. The majority of them, although they unknown, don't take to the headlines; and they do nothing from day to day except haunt the open cardrooms of our bigger cities and strap their games on the ducks (Bridge for dules) while waiting for a chance to muscle into the grand racket.

In these public rooms—where, though they pass as clubs, nobody with a dollar for his card-fest needs an introduction—the budding expert usually figures as what is known as a "house player," as distinguished from the "chiselers," who are on hand simply to trim the line for bed-and-breakfast money, but who are expected to pay their own losses. That is to say, the so-called club barks the house-ty's game, finding it pays to lose to him. The stranger who happens into any of these "clubs" looking for a quiet game will always find a house-fies waiting to make up a table with him—the sharpest of sharp players, who know one another's ways as the last card dealt and from whom he may look for no quarter.

It inevitably results, from this practice of looking to one's Bridge for one's living, that both classes, the giants and the pygmies, will at a pinch, in tournament as well as in everyday stake games, resort to tactics that are to put it mildly, questionable.

There's no more sportsmanship in Expert

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THE ILLUSION OF SPEED

A very graphic demonstration of the principles of design through which vehicles are, or seem, fast

by ALEXIS de SAKHNOFFSKY

ONLY a few years ago speed, streamlining, air resistance were only vague notions referred to in connection with special racing vehicles. As an engineer, amateur racing driver and speed lover, the writer studied them in Europe and followed their progress closely, but now that the public has become aero-dynamic conscious we want to review the different aspects of this very up-to-date question.

The competition of manufacturers has created a demand for higher speeds and the engineers had to find other ways of obtaining extra miles besides increasing the size of motors (which would affect economy) or decrease the weight. The logical answer was better shapes, overcoming air resistance, but one realizes that these stream lined shapes have no effect whatever on acceleration at low speeds and their influence becomes felt only at speeds of—say over fifty miles an hour. Therefore as soon as those speeds became cruising speeds the question of shapes became of primary interest.

The importance of air resistance can be best illustrated by a test which we made in August, 1929 with a medium priced car over a measured mile. After having covered the distance at top speed and carefully checked the time, we had the head lamps removed and went over the course again. The increase in top speed was four miles and those were only two nine-inch head lamps. From a purely sales angle we have another interesting picture. Why does speed alone sell a car? Besides price, these major factors influence the sale—comfort, beauty and performance. One will readily admit that comfort alone will not sell a car—therefore we have to examine only beauty and performance. And what is beauty in a car if not a combination of lines suggesting speed? And what is performance if not a combination of acceleration plus high top speed? In other words, it is speed itself plus lines which suggest it that attract the eyes and create the desire of possession. One does not go without the other. Speedy vehicles must look fast and it has become an artist-engineer's task to create an ensemble which looks as fast as it is.

In studying the different tricks by which one gets that speedy effect we can start with the fastest vehicle on earth, the Schneider Cup seaplane, capable of over four hundred miles an hour, and see what we can borrow to suggest on slow vehicles the trim silhouette composed of lines imposed by requirements of air resistance. Beautiful as a whole, it is stiff in certain details, and by smoothing the lines and emphasizing certain features we arrive at the graceful outlines shown on the first page. The suggestion of speed is

composed, besides lines of psychological factors and optical illusions—thus we realize that faster motion requires safety in operation and safety therefore becomes a suggestion of speed—example—at high speed one has to be able to see instantaneously the speed on the speedometer—therefore the larger the speedometer the faster the car seems to us, whilst all tricky other than logical round shapes for the speedometer suggest a hot-upt speed vehicle.

By comparing the different vehicles from the truck to the fastest airplane, we note that the truck has an almost vertical steering column—plane almost horizontal, with all the intermediate angles used on slow, fairly fast or real fast vehicles. Another lesson, the acute the angle of this steering column the faster seems to be the vehicle. And do not think that these items have not been capitalized on by shrewd manufacturers who realized the "eye-appeal" of a fast-moving vehicle. Included into such items could be thin rim, large diameter steering wheels and artificially long hoods often housing an under-sized small engine, etc., etc.

For many years in Europe the writer's job was to design special cars in which he used all the gadgets developed by racing practices, and his specialty became de luxe racing cars. Generally on fast chassis with bodies looking like a refined edition of an actual racing type, but designed to be used for races, those cars were built for those conscious of mechanical beauty. Such cars are practically non-existent in the United States, and an illustration of this thought is pictured on the first page. Derived from a seaplane design it probably would lack in the ideal power-weight ratio but will look faster than an actual stripped racing car. And just visualize in it the instrument board pictured above it with over-size speedometer dominating the tapered dashboard because using only the section of dials needed. Moulded entirely out of pale blue glass with red-painted, slender pointers. And a bright accent in the plated leather rail around the cockpit, suggesting to our mind taut, bare forearms crowded out of the narrow body, rugged hands clutching the thin rim of the wheel. . . .

Two words describe the new science of getting those effects: Artistic streamlining, which is purely art and psychology, entirely independent of the results of the wind tunnel, or aero-dynamics. Still greater possibilities await us in motor boats and hydroplanes. Here the hating public is entirely uneducated as to what is beauty and is satisfied with the old-fashioned solution. When one comes to realize that people who buy speed boats are those who own nice homes, a couple of antiques, good automobiles, yet con-

sider acceptable on the water hoxy, antiquated vehicles in which, as we've said, they rest their elbows on hard wood, the complete absence of progress is more than evident. Lack of competition, plus absence of artistic sense in designers in that line are responsible for it. How can buyers require more when they do not know there could be anything better? Besides, another purely scientific viewpoint seems to affect this whole question. Up to now designers of boats have been uniquely preoccupied by the science of hydrodynamics, or water resistance. They devised means to overcome it by lifting the boat off the water at speeds making it plane on the surface. But the total resistance is composed of water resistance against a portion of the hull under water and air resistance of the portion above, and though at low speeds water resistance is the dominating factor, at high speeds the proportion is reversed (when the boat is almost completely out of water), and the air resistance becomes much more important, and that is where they have all failed. All existing boats suggest by their sharp prow propulsions through water, but none have those pleasing stream-line outlines, all in curves and high-lights, which would enable them to overcome the resistance of the air. Still following our method, we picture on the second page a racing boat designed to these lines. Old schools of thought were good maybe up to speeds of one hundred m.p.h. but were exceeding those in the United States.

And the United States leaves hydro-dynamics for a while and see how aero-dynamics are going to affect the existing shapes. Some very shy attempts in that direction could be seen on the boat brought over by Scott Paine for the Harnsworth Trophy. Nevertheless, the thought is there and one cannot but feel that pure aero-dynamics and the size of motors only will help increase the speed. And whilst actual tests have to determine the most desirable shapes, we can suggest the new lines by emphasizing the wave effect in the prow as illustrated. Always anxious in our styling creations to suggest the purpose of the product, we believe in using feeling dear to the heart of the user, and we illustrate it here by designing an instrument board that departs from the automobile type board in using the true nautical type instruments in tapered copper sleeves, suggesting marine control rooms, ocean maps and that invigorating salt breeze. . . .

A Note On The Author

Born in Russia, educated in Switzerland, the Count Alexis de Sakhnoffsky has had a colorful life. Not exactly because he wanted it, but because in spite of his love for

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by
Alexis de Sakhnoffsky

TOP—Design for a sports seaplane based on the lines of the fastest vehicle on earth—the Schneider Cup type seaplane, capable of speeds over three miles a minute. Note the cockpit edged with a plated leather roll, the speed effect of the backward slope of the struts, the streamlining of the bulge on the sides, clearing the V banks of the cylinders. Also the shape of the stabilizer.

BOTTOM—De luxe racer designed on the above outlined lines. Note the stabilizer, proved necessary at speeds approaching 200 m. p. h., cockpit, fenders shaped like pinnas on the wheels of fast planes, streamlined lights and new front appearance.

CENTER TOP—Racing type instrument board for a car—deriving directly from planes and racing cars, including speedometer and tachometer (revolution counter) of the same size and other smaller gauges. Also effect of cockpit and plane type windshield.

CENTER BOTTOM—A new, new artistic design on the same principles, but showing how one can group and use only the portion of the dial which is really necessary. Made out of one piece moulded blue glass, edge-lighted.

BOTTOM—Haring type hydroplane embodying new features borrowed from planes and cars. Note the rounded prow, tapering on the sides towards the rear, cockpit and stabilizer.

TOP—High speed cruising hydroplane on similar lines showing a novel prow effect suggesting split wave outlines. Also side wings which could be lowered by regulators like sedan windows.

CENTER TOP—A speed boat instrument board in true marine fashion. The board itself set way back to clear the knees of the front compartment passengers. Goggle type instruments set at an angle at which one looks down on them as on large boats and cruisers and brought forward by means of copper sleeves.

CENTER BOTTOM—Details of the prow for the cruiser type above.



PHOTOGRAPH FOR ESQUIRE BY GILBERT SEDGWICK

THE COUNT ALEXIS de SAKHOFFSKY

Continued from page 72

travel, his hurried departure from Red Russia, which left him penniless, was not a pleasant journey. His hobby having always been fast automobiles, he studied automotive engineering in Switzerland. That was in 1920. For five years he was art director and designer for a custom body concern in Brussels, one of his creations being a mottled alumi-

num sports car for big game hunting, done to the order of the Prince de Ligne.

After competing as an amateur race driver in a number of continental meets, he began an intensive study of streamlining. This attracted the attention of American manufacturers and brought him to the United States, where he has done designing for a number of leading firms, his latest job being the

styling of the new 1934 Nash models. He has also designed speed boats, patented some striking designs for radios, and is working now on the beautifying of a variety of products—from beer barrels to fences, from fountain pens to gas stoves. As technical and mechanical fashion editor of *ESQUIRE*, his drawings will appear regularly in these pages.

THE SHOW-UP

Second of a series of poems
illuminating the darker side
of metropolitan life today

by JOSEPH AUSLANDER



"Peek-a-boo!"



Jesus fished men by the Lake Galilee,
And a right good fisher of men was He:
He baited his cord with a golden word
And yanked souls out of the sea;
Harlot and publican swarmed in his net,
Forgotten devils He could never forget:
"As to these ye give," He said, "you shall
live;
"As to these ye do, you do me."

Now Pilate fished men with a different bite:
A meek was his spear and his hook was hate;
He nailed his haul to a tree that was tall
And he sat him down to wait:
And the ravens stripped the skin from the
skull,
And the ravens dipped—and their beaks
dripped full:
They took the best and the dogs took the
rest—
Said Pilate: "Caesar is great."

And we fish for men as he fished them then—
Blue-coated, bull-throated, wolf-eyed fisher-
men:
We make daily catches from Nome to
Natchez
And we look them up in the pen
For the morning line-up, the morning show-up,
The stage all set as they lug Lefty Joe up
In a light white light that makes the rat
throw up—
And gag—and throw up again.

His face is dead set in a green silhouette
Against the white wall, and his hands are
dead wet;

Lines gash the wall's white to measure his
height;

The crime stage is craftily set:
A hundred soft-shoe men sit silent, alert;
The Inspector stares hard from his box at
the squirt:

"So you're in again, Lefty—and who was
the skirt?"—
And a laugh shoots up in a jet.

Here is gangsterdom's Who's Who, here

Is every racket and racketeer,
Queer fish scooped up in the dragnet's cup,
And fish that are worse than queer:
Poolroom and gypoint specialists,
Birds with needle dots down to their wrists,
Racketeer toots and plain down and outs,
And barons of dope and beer.

From his brass-railed pulpit Inspector
McGloone
Booms questions that lunge at the crisp
microphone:
The syllables bite through the roaring white
light
And sensor you clean to the bone:
He puns a report out: "Let's see, 1920
"Port Chester . . . Hold up . . . Sing Sing . . .
And that's plenty . . .
"We'll get this thing out of you! We'll sweat
this thing out of you!
"Maybe you think you're Capone!"

"Who's next?" And the next is a kid white
as chalk,
He hugs the bright wall, too wobbly to walk;
But he's game as he glowers at Law and the
Powers—

He won't squeal, he won't squeak
And in the "Gymnasium" jaded jeunesses,
Society sick with a capital S,
Gleams and glitters and gets brand new jitters
To "top off" a night in "Noo Yawk."

And so it goes merrily on: the barbed bite
Of Inspector McGloone, the wriggle and fight
Of the fish in the haul stretched out at the
wall.

The dragnet of one city night.
From mayhem to murder the music is played
The private rehearsal, the headlight parade,
The vaudeville of crime, show-up of our time,
Park Avenue's latest delight.

This is the show-up for the week:
Johnny the Wop and Pete the Greek,
(Try and make the bastards squeak)
Podak Lomski, Irish O'Neal
(Try and make these bastards squeal)—

Rubberhose them head and heel,
Hand them a nightstick's brisk shampoo,
Beat their lousy backsides blue
(Try and make this bunch come through).

Gunman, common, jailbird, thief,
Stooge and shyster, bigshot, chief,
When the city at its leisure
Turns to pimping, turns to pleasure,
Turns from time clocks, turns from chores
To the lights and crowds and whores
With night pounding at the doors.

One by one and two by two,
Nigger, white man, gentile, Jew,
Stepping in a smart reve:
On your toes—watch your right—
Etched and knifed in naked light,
Grinning through a glare that cuts
Holes into your eyes and guts,
Hot lights drip, hot lights die,
Hot lights scream and scratch your skin,
Pivot like a manikin,
Squat your stuff—Cohen, McQuade,
Rosen, Russell, Olsen, Slade,
Marching in the Crime Parade!

Jesus fished men by the Lake Galilee,
And a right good fisher of men was He;
He baited his cord with a golden word
And yanked souls out of the sea;
Harlot and publican swarmed in his net,
Forgotten devils He could never forget:
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rest—
Said Pilate: "Caesar is great."

CLUBS ARE TRUMPS

A survey of the exclusive clubs in America—those that wish they were and those that really are

by JOSEPH FAUS

As a preface to this thesis on the present-day exclusive clubs of the United States, it is relevant to say that, surprising as it may seem, William Shakespeare is the great granddaddy of such organizations.

The author of "As You Like It," "Merry Wives of Windsor," and so forth, says an unimpeachable reference, formed the first social club in known existence. He selected a place where he and his friends could go together and do exactly as they desired with no obstruction by the prying boi polloi or the Elizabethan equivalent of newspaper photographer and tabloid reporter.

It appears that Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Sir Walter Raleigh, Beaumont and Fletcher, and several others, were accustomed to meet at a certain corner on Fleet Street in old London town, there to exchange opinions about such important matters as the latest cruise of Sir Francis Drake, the assiduity of editors and the result of the croquet matches.

In time, however, the Bard of Avon was tried by passersby who persisted in stopping and assessing some of their own opinions. Perhaps, too, the sun was often excessively warm, and it is not altogether inhuman to think his feet tired anon. At any rate, he suggested that his group utilize a room at the nearby Mermaid Tavern as a private rendezvous—a suggestion that was unanimously approved by those present; and therefor the cronies congregated in this room at the Mermaid Tavern and, it is assumed, spit many a nasty invective and the same kind of bottles.

Ben Jonson, it is said to relate, had a disagreement with his chum William, whether regarding Basson's verse or how to play the home wicket, poetry, alas, will never know; and in a huff he withdrew to form a club of his own. He and his friends were soon juggling theories and tall glasses in a room at the Devil's Tavern, not far away, and thus came into existence the second social club.

The count is now in the millions. It is certainly natural that man, having

cornered his mark and mint, or being in strenuous process of said cornering, likes at times to retire to some sequestered place, where he is assured privacy, to read, talk and think, and to engage in his favorite recreation.

Because of this logical inclination there are now in existence in the United States many fine clubs whose membership rosters include only the wealthy and aristocratic—clubs the rotogravure sections are prone to refer to as exclusive.

The most accurate statistics available tell us there are approximately 900 exclusive clubs in this nation; and, in passing, it is interesting to note that almost four-fifths of this number are within the borders of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York, and the New England states.

An authority, however, informs the chronicler there are really not more than 25 clubs in the country that are exclusive in the strict sense of the word—clubs supported by members belonging to the *crème de la crème* of the country's social blackbuds, captains of industry, commerce, statesmen and arts.

"No matter how clever the angler," states this authority, after a cautious glance around, "no matter how astute the wirepulling, the newly rich or the flash celebrity can not crash the gates of these 25; nor with few exceptions have the stars of the screen, radio, sports and literary worlds entered save as professional entertainers or as seasonal guests. Something more than an overnight reputation, a high rating in Dunn's, and the ability to handle forks is required for membership. In fact, there are a few of these clubs on whose waiting lists are names, very famous names, that were placed there a score years ago; and the owners of the names are still hopefully and eagerly waiting for the privilege of paying dues and assessments."

Refusing to give his name and address to let us naively say, the corresponding secretaries of 475 exclusive clubs, this authority obligingly and unhesitatingly reveals 12 of the select group of 25. They are: The Crick, Locust Park, Long Island; Tuxedo Club,

Tuxedo, N. Y.; Piping Rock Club, Locust Valley, Long Island; Meadow Brook Club, Westbury, Long Island; Yeoman's Hall, Charleston, S. C.; Swimming Club, Bar Harbor, Maine; Jockyll Island Club, Brunswick, Ga.; Gulf Stream Club, Boynton, Florida; Burlingame Country Club, Burlingame, Cal.; Minkabala Country Club, Minneapolis, Minn.; Orontesia Club, Lake Forest, Ill.; and Towu and Country Club, St. Paul, Minn.

The above-named clubs, with three exceptions, are general in character and place no especial emphasis on any one sport or diversion. Other clubs throughout the country, also very distinctive in personnel, have been formed with the idea of but one diversion—such as golfing, hunting or yachting—in mind.

Of all the diversions of the wealthy folk, yachting seems to be the most popular. Outrigger sailing, even golf. In fact, despite the sluggish tendencies of the times (please to avoid a well-known word), it is said that numberless bright new hulls continue regularly to slide down the ways. For instance, there are more than 1000 pleasure yachts, the majority of whose owners are affiliated with maritime clubs, now operating from ports in the New England states alone; and in recent years, clubs, particularly among the children of the Croeseans, have been formed with the idea of racing such smaller craft as yachts, outboards, catboats, knockabouts, et cetera.

Robert Bennett Forbes, of Boston, and John C. Stevens, of New York, started the yacht racing furore back in 1850 by engaging in their historic scrum off Turpin's Cove. James Gordon Bennett, the elder, with his trans-Atlantic contests during the Civil War, was a prime zealot who gave sharp impetus to the hobby. In the 1870's and the 1880's there was as much interest in yacht racing as there is now in baseball and football. To quote a historian: "Papers were scanned with all eagerness; and the weekly events of the New York Yacht Club and the Atlantic Yacht Club



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ESQUIRE

January, 1954



ILLUSTRATED FOR ESQUIRE BY W. MURRAY JACKSON

THE LIVING ROOM OF AN APARTMENT FOR A BACHELOR

YOUR first reaction to these two drawings, which are two views of a living room for a bachelor apartment, may well be that familiar one that runs to the general effect of "It's nice, but what does it mean?" In other words, when and where are you apt to find an odd shaped room like this, with its two floor levels and its rounded corner like an inset section of a Norman turret? Almost never and nowhere, is the answer to that one. But the point of this design is that it portrays an unusual effect that may be obtained, without much fuss or trouble and without undue strain on the exchequer, by clever utilization of the plain oblong room shape that is afforded by nine out of ten flats that you look at. It may be done with one large room, or by taking out the dividing wall between two small ones. In either case, the whole left wall in the illustration at the left, is

simply a construction of beaver board and is "fired out" from the actual wall of the room at a distance of from six to eight feet, thus making a false wall behind which there is space for a bar, in the case of an apartment of a number of rooms, or for a small sleeping room, in the case of a one room apartment. The black wall space between the mirror and the room's circular corner entrance slides away, in response to the press of a push button, to afford access to the small room behind. The platform on which the piano stands is also a built up construction, being a false floor with one step. Lest this all sound very complicated and devious, we hasten to supply such reassurance as may be derived from the fact that the cost of the whole work, including construction and painting, furniture, rug, curtains and accessories, can run from as low as \$1500 to no higher



than \$2500, the spread between these two cost limits being ascribable almost entirely to the degree of elaborateness with which the idea is executed, and to the varying costs of the different kinds of materials that can be employed. The room as a whole is an interesting negation of the old theory, cherished chiefly by women, that men's tastes in interior decoration have advanced little, if at all, from the heyday of the Morris chair, mission furniture, and those odd pyrograph designs on boxes and leather table throws. The floor is finished with black "vaigorseme" and the rug is of black fur. The walls and ceiling are chalk white, with a narrow three inch fluted wood trim used for casing and base-board, which is black lined with white. The white line is glossy, but the black is a flat color. The bookcases and fireplace, shown in that end of the room depicted in the sketch at the right, have been kept very flat and an effect of added height and dignity has been

achieved through the careful relation of the proportions of the bookcases and the mantel. The circular niches with decorative sculptured heads form an interesting feature which serves to rescue the room's carefully calculated effect of simplicity from the danger of becoming too tedious plain. The color scheme, entirely in taste and expressive of the best spirit of modern decoration, is confined to midnight black, chalk white, and cherry red. It has a fresh newness in pleasing contrast to the proverbial "den" which has too long been regarded as a synonym for masy-colored rugs and the darker and heavier types of furniture. In the use of cherry red, there is a concession to the traditional, as red is supposed to be the color that is most intriguing to males, from the cradle to the grave. The curtains and the sofa are of cherry red velvet. The easy chair, to the left of the fireplace, is of white leather, while the seat of the side chair, adjoining the

desk, is of white and cherry red striped satin. The chaise longue is of heavy red satin corded in white, while the game table group, in the foreground of the view at the left, is worked out in white leather, using red nails for trim. This is the first of a series of rooms to be designed and presented in the pages of *ESQUIRE*, with the idea of affording the male, whose taste has been so long hooted at, suggestions for surroundings that are both masculine and civilized. Meanwhile, not to forget the married man, we offer designs on the following page for "gentlemen's" social tables." These, a modern adaptation of an eighteenth century English idea, are offered for the benefit of those whose wives may feel, and quite rightly too, that a home bar should no longer be permitted to give the house that speak-ency aspect which is now definitely dated as being part and parcel of the prohibition era. They are successors to the Bar, not substitute for it.

The Living Blood of the Grape

Study of the effect of Spirits upon the mind and emotions, and a primer of alcoholic beverages

by FERNAND KABUS



Upper left: A bleached mahogany English wine cooler converted into a dinner liquor table, of which the top, when raised on the telescoping center pedestal, becomes a server; the lower drum contains bottles and liquor glasses. When the top is lowered, the cooler can be slipped away under a buffet. Upper center: A bleached mahogany Sheraton mixing table and cabinet; the center part has a tambour front with a container for bottles; side doors arranged with compartment for glasses; the sliding mixing board has a glass top. Upper right: A Louis XVI fruitwood commode, of which the upper

section has a drop front that slides outward to create a place for mixing; the lower section arranged for bottles. Middle: A decorated modern black and white column with colored glass top; opens to reveal shelf and drawer provision for bottles and glasses. Lower left: Biedermeier fruitwood table; in use, the center part lifts up to form glass top mixing table and to reveal concealed drawer on either side; out of use, it is simply a console table. Lower right: A fruitwood Sheraton desk, of which the right section has bottle and glass storing space; the top is of glass.

VOX POPULI, "the people's voice," strongly expressed at the last American election, for the immediate restoration of the time-honored cult of Bacchus, the Roman deity of wine and—happily—prompted the newly elected Pontifex Maximus to announce on his accession to the Capitol (of Washington), *ubi et arbi*, in ancient Roman fashion: *Vine populi redolens*—(the will of the people shall be done). Accordingly he acted with a swiftness which amazed the world and started a tremendous "wet" boom in London, Paris and New York.

As a consequence, the whiskey distillers of Scotland and Ireland, the wine growers and liqueur manufacturers of France, Italy, Spain and Germany, the gin makers of England and Holland, have prepared whole shiploads of alcoholic beverages—in anticipation of an early repeal. Before this article goes to press, an imposing fleet of vessels filled with every variety of liquor and wines will, in all likelihood, be on the high seas en route for New York, Boston, Baltimore, New Orleans and San Francisco to enable the new worshippers of Bacchus to celebrate his triumphant re-entry in belting manner.

Faced with a jungle of unknown beverages which will soon arrive, the new disciple of alcohol will stand perplexed and—helpless. Neither will the distributor be any wiser. What does the American drinker want? Is it a Manhattan cocktail, a Gin with a dash of Angostura Bitters, a Sherry, a Port, a Malaga, a Scotch Highball, a Curacao, a Benedictine, a Chartreuse Verde, a Grand Marnier, a Cointreau, a Bouquet Rum, a Claret, Hook or Champagne?

As native sons of an alcoholic desert and as daughters of prohibition, *la jeunesse dorée Americaine*, do not know. From occasional visits to "reputable" speakeries, rare pilgrimages to smart night clubs and exciting rides to gay roadhouses, the occult worshippers of Bacchus may perhaps have got a kick or even a thrill, but no valuable instruction, much less an alcoholic education. To make things worse, the savage home concoctions of newly invented cocktails, usually prepared from domestic bottled whiskey, wild brandy or rum, synthetic gin, made across the river, have so perverted, in fact spoiled, the juvenile taste that when the real stuff finally appears on the horizon, it may not be appreciated, possibly not even recognized.

It is true: American youth lacks the most elementary education in alcohol. To express it in the forceful, singularly appropriate language of Old Shanghai bars, "the newly fledged sniffer has no natural knowledge, and the barmen no compass to steer the patron through alcoholic waters."

With the limited scope of our study it would be manifestly impossible to impart proper natural knowledge for extended alcoholic ventures. Nevertheless, as a first step we propose to furnish a reliable compass which will enable the liquor explorer to steer north or south, east or west, within the alcoholic ocean as the old barmen in Hongkong, Shanghai and Yokohama used to say in glorious pre-war days.

Before we enter upon the technical part of our fascinating study, and explain the features, characteristics and special uses of various drinks and beverages, a few remarks on the rôle which wine or liquor played in civilization, both ancient and modern, may prove useful and instructive.

In their zeal to purify America, the Dry apostles dwell only on the negative features of liquor, and greatly exaggerate its destructive influences. In their sweeping condemnations they fail to remember that the culture on which they stand was founded by Greeks who were wet all over; that the civilization in which they live and move and have their being was born in—Wine, sanctified by Christ Himself at the Last Supper. In their prejudice, the Prohibitionists lose sight of the constructive factors, the intrinsic virtues of alcohol and of the powerfully new chemical consumption of wine for instance, gives to the psychic or emotional side of human nature and the consequent stimulus on mental faculties—practical pleasures known and applied in remote antiquity.

Alcohol, in the form of wine, has stood the test and weight of more than thirty centuries and during all periods and ages of known civilization—glorified as the greatest gift of the gods by the most celebrated writers, poets, philosophers and scientists. Therefore, it may be advanced as an axiomatic truth that alcoholic freedom is a postulate of human development and social progress. Without the discovery of alcohol for human consumption, that is, without wine, the advance of civilization would have been very slow.

A careful study of history across the ages reveals the astounding fact that the "wet" nations or races always were the pioneers; they were the artistic, progressive and intellectual people. Music, art, architecture, literature, philosophical thought, military genius, technical and scientific achievements flourished best in wine growing countries and because—according to the ancient Greek interpretation—the fermented juices of the grape, wine, the primeval gift of Dionysus (Greek god of wine) suffuses human nature, beautes the mind and illumines the mind. Conversely, by history, we can demonstrate that alcoholic abstinence or prohibition, whether self-imposed or enforced, has proved

detrimental to human evolution and retarded its progress.

Long before Christ, the Romans had already established the maxim: "*Vinum parum sanguis est*"—"pure wine is blood." About sixteen centuries later during the Renaissance period a distinguished medical authority and philosopher of France declared: "*Vin pur est pur sang*"—"pure wine is genuine blood."

As blood is the sustaining part of the body and the most vital element of the human system, the ancient identification of wine with blood is highly instructive and significant.

This leads us to the consideration of the intrinsic value of liquor, its use, importance, and, *en raison d'être* in human life and development. For the demonstration of our theory we will take wine, as the oldest and, even today, the most popular alcoholic drink in Europe.

Wine, the "living blood of the grape", is the fermented juice of freshly gathered, ripe and perfectly sound grapes. In the form of grape juice it usually contains 80% water, 15% of grape sugar and 5% of acids (carbon dioxide). After fermentation, the percentage of water remains practically the same, but the grape sugar and the acids together have been transformed into alcohol, forming an entirely new chemical compound which causes different reactions on the stomach and the system. When the fermented juices are consumed, the acids digest the organic matter either with meals or taken simply as a drink, a large part immediately passes into the blood where the alcoholic constituents of wine, under the action of the blood heat, commence to volatilize (trying to escape). In their flight they are captured by the nerves which immediately conduct them to headquarters, the solar plexus, located at the back of the stomach. This is the great nerve center, at once the reception and the distribution station of the universal life forces and the seat of the subconscious mind, that is to say, the center of emotions, sensations, feelings, passions, habits and memory—the architect, builder and repairer of the physical body. The subconscious mind has a branch office—in the brain, the cerebellum, the seat of the brain located at the back of the head. The cerebellum is connected with the cerebrum, the seat of the intellect, the seat of the conscious and objective faculties. The volatilized constituents of alcohol, on entering the solar plexus, increase at once the voltage of the Thru nerve center. Through this stimulation, the wire connections between the solar plexus, the cerebellum and cerebrum are improved and extended; a more intensive course results; thoughts, emotions and sensations pass easily and freely; the stimulating

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COMMON SENSE MANNERS

An attempt to steer a middle course, for young males, between the two extremes of etiquette

by STUART HOWE

THERE'S nothing like a good wedding to settle the average man's social problems. Once you're married, odds of etiquette are best entrusted to your wife. She's apt to be right in most instances; and even when she's wrong it will do you no good to mention it. To the contrary.

For the bachelor, though, things are not so simple. The apparel casualties of modern society, the surface relaxation from the code of manners of another generation (a code which may appear to some of us to have been made up largely of illogical posturing), cannot always survive too literal a reading. Mother, it should be recalled, continues to know best; and you can never hope to retire another Pittsburgh Phil by laying even money that the girl friend won't confide in mother.

It has become increasingly difficult, then, to steer a middle course between the rigidities of Mrs. Post and the inconsistencies of Miss Moots, who informs her contemporaries in one breath that no girl friend swears and, in the next, outlines specific instructions for the handling of drinks. Good manners should, in a reasonable world, be based upon common sense. Originally they were, for it is well known that most matters of etiquette and social procedure were originated by men for their convenience and protection and for the protection of their women-folk. When, however, the more vicious crudities of civilization had been eliminated and man, in the press of weightier affairs, handed etiquette over to the women, it was only natural that most of the beautiful logic should have gone by the board. Which brings us again, without too swift a transition, to the present.

Perhaps the greatest advantage enjoyed by the youthful bachelor over his sister is that he is not obliged to come out. (I knew a man once who thought he had, even said so; but his is another and sadder story. We need not consider him here.) In a few of our more provincial cities it is true that the custom lingers of placing the eligible young sprig on the list for the junior assemblies, thus ensuring his introduction to suitable debutantes; and even in New York the Assemblies continue to exist. It is hard to believe, though, that anyone beyond the debutantes' mothers and, among the girls themselves, only a few of the more ingenious, take these things with much seriousness. The mothers are obliged to be serious, for it is no small task to get together under one roof a sufficient number of presentable and sober young men.

If it happens that you are a youthful bachelor, it is just as well to go to a few of these debutante things if only to learn once and for all the trouble and expense to which

women will go in achieving dullness. This knowledge cannot be gained too early in life. There are a few simple rules to observe in order to avoid a reputation for boorishness.

Answer your invitation promptly, in long-hand, and in the third person. Follow the phraseology used in the invitation and you can't go wrong. Wear tall; dinner jackets are out. If you can't buy tails, can't chisel them out of your family or can't borrow them, stay at home. Be sure to have a clean pair of white kid gloves; if you need them at all you'll need them badly. If the party includes dinner, turn up on time; it is not fashionable to be late. If the party is a large one and you are not known to your hostess, have someone present you at once or, failing that, introduce yourself and thank her for having asked you. Find your dinner partner and take her in to dinner, being careful to let the older people go in first. If, later, you are going on to a dance, it's up to you to get your dinner partner there, whether you like it or not, and to dance with her at least once. Don't get tight. Ordinarily there is not much liquor at these things, but you never know your luck. Don't give the appearance of shyness, no matter how shy you may feel. Remember that most of these young things are pretty dumb but that they've been carefully trained to make men talk. Talk then; but not about yourself, and avoid anything seamy. It is easy to impress people with your knowledge if you seek an audience with a low enough mental level, but erudition is not considered to be one of the social graces. This is not Versailles and you're no Voltaire. If you were, you'd probably spend a lot of time at home.

You are not obliged to take your dinner partner in to supper, although you may if you like and she is agreeable. It is not necessary for you to have a supper partner unless you want one, and the way to get her is by asking. Leave early, but not too early. You won't have to take anyone home from a coming out party, as debutantes are chaperoned, at least at these functions. In a large city you are not obliged to pay a party call unless you want to. The chances are that if you've behaved yourself, you'll have more invitations than you care to accept. Do not let this lead you to the conclusion that you are a social lion and that this is a man's world after all. If it were, there wouldn't be any coming out parties.

If you want to entertain a debutante, ask her to tea or to the theatre. Take her home afterward, unless you have both been asked to be to a large party. Play it safe and don't make any passes. There is a conspiracy among women to effect the belief that all men make passes upon the slightest provo-

cation—or upon none at all—and that they are up to no good. The fact that this is obviously untrue and that no one knows it as well as the women themselves, won't help you at all. You may have had many a hearty laugh over shogun weddings, yet it is surprising, in this sophisticated age, how many young men have been fainted into a pass only to find themselves engaged—or even married—before they could cover up. Women were the first courtier fighters; and they remain the best.

Even if you've plenty of money, don't send expensive presents to young girls. Nice girls won't be permitted to accept them; others will take them and you, too, unless your footwork is remarkable. If you are escorting a girl to a dance you may send her an orchid or two for her evening dress. Don't send corsages to be worn in the daytime. If asked for a weekend, candy or books are most acceptable. A book with plenty of snob-appeal is perhaps the best small gift. The less able the girl is to understand it, the more she'll be flattered. Wearing apparel and jewelry are out. Always write the hostess a read-and-butter letter upon the day of your return.

As the girl grows older your problem, paradoxically enough, becomes less complex and more expensive. You may take her to dinner and the theatre and on to a night club if your purse runs to it. With the passing prohibition it will again become possible to dine graciously at a hotel or a restaurant, although speakases are considered entirely respectable in most cities, always providing you exercise some discretion in making your selection. If you have your own apartment, you may ask her for cocktails or dinner, or both. Do not ask her alone unless your acquaintanceship is of some standing. It is annoying to be refused and even more provoking to be misinterpreted.

Conversely, it is almost never necessary for you to ask a girl if you may call on her, or having escorted her home, if you may stop in. If she wants you, she'll find some way of letting you know it; if not, you are wasting your time.

If you live alone or with another unmarried man, a cocktail party is perhaps the most satisfactory and the least expensive way of working off obligations. For some reason or other the more people you pack in the better time they seem to have. I have never known a comfortable cocktail party to be classed as a success. It is no longer necessary to serve bad liquor. You can have martinis for the experienced drinkers and a sweeter cocktail for others; canapés may be ordered from a caterer by the dozen, although it is always wise to insist upon plenty

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"My dear, we simply must scam!"

Esquire's Five-minute Shelf

Being the irreducible minimum
that you ought to know about
books to get by as a bright boy

by BURTON RASCOE

I HAVING once said in two moments of I, hilarity that Ernest Hemingway wrote as though he had so much hair on his chest that he had to do it up in curl-papers every night and that Dorothy Parker is the sort of woman who is always telling people things for her own good, happily repeated of my mischievous of the critical faculty and asked my guardian angel to whisk me over the head when he saw signs of aberrations like those coming upon me. But, just the same, there is a wee, tiny mite of truth in those undazzling epigrams. Hemingway, at times, is a little too consciously virile and hard-boiled. When he repeats words that are not in general literary circulation for the tenth or twelfth time, one begins to raise an eyebrow. We heard him the first time. And say what you will, Mrs. Parker's dumb and spiffy ladies can be as tiresome in Mrs. Parker's pages as they are wherever you meet them.

I have just read Hemingway's *Winter Take Nothing* (Scrivener, \$2.) and Mrs. Parker's *After Such Pleasures* (Viking, \$2.25) and I feel as though I had been wrung through a wringer. I think I should like to spend an evening now curled up with one of the Rollo books or with one of the Elsie Dimmore series. Unfortunately there is not in my house, where there are nearly eight thousand books jumbled everywhere except in the ice-box and kitchen range, one single novel of that pre-war taste of sweetness and light to take the taste out of my mouth. My children have been brought up in the post-war atmosphere and they wouldn't be caught reading a Rollo or Dimmore book for red apples. (I use that expression, horrified from Mrs. Parker, to show how indiscreet her phrasing can become. Mrs. Parker is in real life as Elsie Dimmoreish—combining the qualities, I think Alexander Woolf said, of Little Eva and Lady Maudslott—and there she is. One keeps on quoting her. Some have made a reputation of the sort one gets in New York by quoting things Mrs. Parker did not say.)

At their best Hemingway and Mrs. Parker have incisiveness, clarity, truth and observation, and humor. ("The Giant," the X-ray, and the Radio" in Hemingway's collection of short stories competes with Mrs. Parker's "Here We Are" in being among the best short stories produced in our time. Mrs. Parker's "Here We Are" would get my vote as the finest humorous story in implication that anybody has ever written. It is about a young middle western couple on their wedding trip; and it is mostly in dialogue, where, in the birds says one thing when she means something else.

Pity is usually lacking in Mrs. Parker's

stories; and it has become a cliché now among sophisticated writers to show no pity. But I think that this takes warmth and humanity out of literature. And I would turn from fiction so joy to a novel like *Peter Abeldard* by Helen Waddell (Henry Holt & Co., \$2.) which is a romance about the love of Heloise and Abeldard that has warmth, beauty and dignity; or to *Heart, Ye Sons* by Irving Fineman (Longmans, Green & Co., \$2.), which is a novel of Jewish struggle and suffering told with humility and calm; or to *Three Cities* by Shalom Asch (Putnam's, \$3.) which is an epochal story of three towns, St. Petersburg, Moscow, and Warsaw, by the greatest of writers in Yiddish. Any one of these three novels is of a character to restore faith in human living.

Gertrude Stein in her *Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas* (which is her own autobiography written as if it had been composed by her companion, Miss Toklas, of some thirty odd years) said of Hemingway that he was 90% Bahktist. He asked if he should call it to 80%, and she said "No." Miss Stein was in grievous error. She is 99.9-10% Bahktist, and Hemingway is, fortunately, Hemingway and doesn't seem to be pleasantly occupied in being so; but, at his best, he records life with an expert reportorial cleverness. I wish the war and life had not done so many things to him that he should find it necessary to put his virility so much on parade, because he is a genius.

Those who read Ursula Parrott's *Ex-Wife* will remember that, although it was a strip-show, Mrs. Parrott went about her self-exposure in such a disconcerting manner that she progressed to the ultimate revelation one was ready to hush down and cry. I should not have guessed from the irrelevant mundanity of that story that Mrs. Parrott would ever be able to write a novel so richly told. The novel is her latest book, *The Tumbler and the Shooting* (Longmans, \$2.50). It will be, I predict, widely read and discussed. The novel tells the story of three generations of Bostonians. The first were of immigrant Irish stock and they had difficulty in adjusting themselves to a community that was

primarily Protestant. But they had faith, fortitude and ambition and the family was established as one of consequence wherein romance was placed upon the bourgeois loyalties to family, health and home. The third generation was deflected from all these virtues by the annihilation of ideals that the world war brought about and hatched themselves to pieces in a wayward hopelessness. There is compassion in this novel and this is a quality which has so long been absent from the fiction of better educated younger writers that I think it will be welcomed.

If you want to read something that is completely cock-eyed I give you, *Inheritance, My Life and Hard Times* (Harpers, \$2.50) by James Thurber. While I was reading it there issued from me such hysterical shouts of laughter that the wife and kiddies came rushing into my study, exchanged looks of apprehension, and finally one of them (one of the kiddies, I mean: the one whose first name I can never remember because it is the same as my own) asked if he should call an alienist or merely get a cold towel for my head. Thurber's stuff is crazier than the things you read on the first page of newspapers. It is in the line of the Stephen Leacock, Donald Ogden Stewart, Robert Benchley, and Frank Sullivan type of dada humor; but we shall make no vicious comparisons, because each of these geniuses can stand on his own head without any help from any one. I think Mr. Thurber is a deep philosopher somewhere like Aristotle and Lewis Carroll; but to tell you why I think so would be to go into abstractions that would tire me out and I am terribly concerned about my health these days and very anxious to avoid fatigue. On the surface *My Life and Hard Times* is the autobiography of a neurotic, of the sort of fellow who hides himself under the pillow when he first wakes up in the morning and has told so much psychoanalysis that twelve of the latter have had nervous breakdowns. From the opening sentence of this ridiculous thing, "I was born in the year of the high-water mark of my youth in Columbus, Ohio, was the night the fed fell on father" to the concluding lines, "In Marquette, when the whistle blew for the tourists to get back on the ship, I had a quick, wild, lovely moment when I decided I wouldn't get back the ship. I did, though. And I found that somebody had stolen the pants to my dinner jacket." The reader is carried into a comical rather world that is exceedingly funny. All the morbid fears and compulsions, the anxieties and trepidations of the ordinary human being in these years when nerves are so much on edge, are woven in a fantastic burlesque of autobiographical literature. It is illustrated by

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HERE IS FASHION
GIVING SATURDAY'S
CHILDREN A BREAK



SATURDAY afternoon football games for the man whose week concludes on Saturday noon present a clothes problem. Since clothes that are subject to classification as typical spectator sports wear are apt to be a bit conspicuous around one's office, and the regular hallmarks of business wear are neither suitable nor comfortable for a cold afternoon in a stadium, some middle ground must be found. A practical solution lies in the selection of a town ulster of the type sketched. The collar, much larger than that of the usual overcoat for town wear, will turn up to keep out the wintry blasts. The lines of this coat adapt themselves very nicely to the use of a heavy yet soft fleecy fabric, which is particularly good when it carries either a large overplaid or a small check. The smartest thing about the coat, aside from the general excellence of its lines, is the flap

on the vest pocket. To keep the hands both warm and dry, yellow knitted string gloves with wool linings are the best of hand coverings. A heavier type of shoe that that commonly worn to business is both permissible and advisable with this outfit, but even if the usual street shoe is worn, ample protection is afforded by the lumberman's overshoe, sketched at the left, which has recently, and for no particular reason, acquired a halo of swank. Since galoshes have become so effeminate, he-men have been getting their feet both wet and cold by way of futile and silly protest. But the white musher overshoe ought to end that phase. You'll see a lot of the Tyrolean hats at the big games, and they're really better, for comfort at least, than the derby. A bright muffler, and a football rug of traditional Scottish plaid completes the list.



THE popularity of cold weather sports has increased so rapidly that the clothes necessary for these pursuits have become important enough to warrant consideration as part of the wardrobe of the average man. Since the spectators, in most instances, get an even worse break from the weather man than the participants, warm windproof garments are a necessity even if the only event in which you compete is the standing broad grin. The jackets are best when belted and may be made either of heavy tweed or of the light weight felt fabric which is both windproof and snowproof. Under these jackets a heavy sweater, a dark flannel shirt and a corduroy or heavy flannel waistcoat should be worn. The knicker breeches can be made of either of the jacket fabrics, but needn't—and some go so far as to say shouldn't—match in color. Keeping your feet

warm is more than half of the battle against the elements, and it is folly to attempt it with one pair of socks. It is equally foolish, however, to try to wear two pair, unless the footwear is built to accommodate that second thickness. Your feet will get colder, if pinched and cramped, with two pair of socks, than they will with one pair. A pair of heavy wool hose, of three quarter length, teamed up with a pair of wool ankle socks, makes the proper combination, ceased in stout well-laid ski boots—but the latter must fit or you'll be wretched. Knitted woolen gloves, a muffler (in which them bright colorings are to be encouraged) and a close fitting cap, either knitted or of fur, completes the kit. This one, as it happens, was sketched abroad, but all the items are standard in this country, and easily obtainable.

AN OUTFIT WHICH ALMOST YODELS IN ITS SWISS ACCENT

PARTLY CLOUDY TO CLOUDY

What a morning of duck-hunting can be . . . in the company of a big brother of sadistic bent

by JOHN RAMSEY

GUY rowed with quick, jerky strokes. Soon, Tom reflected, it will be light enough to see, daybreak and sunrise against a pink, cloudless sky. The orioles creaked in the dark, high above the sound of Guy's heavy rowing.

"You sure fixed them orioles nice," Guy said with sarcasm, scowling through the dark at his younger brother. "I'm sorry, Guy. I forgot to," Tom said. "Every damn duck within ten miles of here knows we're coming."

"I'm awfully sorry, Guy. I'll remember the next time."

A hell of a lot of good being sorry does right now," Guy said. "To hell with the next time! What about now, eh?"

Somewhere along the shore behind them a dog barked at the still darkness, five or six staccato barks, and then it was very quiet again. Guy quickened his strokes, fearing daylight.

"If those mallards aren't out there, I'll give you the worst beating you ever had," Guy said just above a whisper, breathing hard. Tom said nothing, knowing of no excuse.

"Yesterday morning I told you to grease the orioles," Guy said.

"Yes, I remember all right."

"Remember hell! You mean you forgot all right!"

Tom said nothing, tightening his grip on the two shotgunners across his thighs.

"If those ducks aren't gone by now, they must be stone deaf and paralyzed. That's all I've got to say," Guy said.

Shortly after sunset the night before, Tom had seen the flock of mallards land on the lake near Guy's blind. There must have been at least fifty in the flock and Tom ran back to the house to tell Guy about it. The two brothers walked down to the inlet and watched the ducks until it was too dark to see any more. Having made sure that the ducks would remain overnight on the lake, believing that they rarely flew in the dark, Guy decided to row into his blind before daybreak the next morning.

Watching Guy row, Tom felt of the water with his free hand. It was ice-cold but there was no ice on the lake and Tom tried to recall when the water had seemed colder. Christmas Day one year when he was a boy with a new pair of ice-skates his father had given him and he went through the thin ice in the middle of the lake and his father and Guy had thrown a rope to him and pulled him out. It had been colder then than it ever would be, Tom was certain. He remembered the whipping he got the next day when his father was convinced he hadn't contracted pneumonia.

Guy rested his oars, turning in the seat and looking for the gate to the blind. Spotting it, he began to pull hard on the right oar. Then he pulled on both oars for a short while and rested them again while the boat coasted into the blind.

"Well, here we are, Guy," Tom said. "Shut up!" Guy hissed, gently placing the oars in the boat.

"Do you see 'em?" Tom said as he handed one of the guns to Guy.

"For the love of God will you shut up, you fool!" Guy said.

"I'm sorry, Guy," Tom said. Guy broke his gun and put two shells in the barrels and slammed it shut again. Tom imitated him.

"There you go, being sorry again. Try being something else for a change. Try being your age. Try keeping your big mouth shut," Guy said. "I wonder why the hell I bring you along anyhow. You're no damn good to me. All you do is scare all the ducks away. Next time you come along with me will be on a snowy day in July."

Day was breaking. Guy stood up in the boat with his gun cradled in his arms, pointing at the brightening sky where the sun would rise. Afraid of angering Guy to any greater extent, Tom remained seated with his gun vertical between his knees.

"The sun will rise this morning at sixty-eight," Guy said with a knowing profundity. He had read it in the evening paper the night before. "What time is it now?"

Tom reached for his watch and held it before him face upward. The hands marked four-twenty. The watch had stopped.

"What's the matter now?" Guy said.

"My watch stopped. I forgot to wind it last night," Tom apologized.

"Hell!" Guy said. "You sure are a dandy to have along. You sure are a great one to depend on."

"Look and see if you can spot them, Guy," Tom said, trying to make Guy forget about what time it was. Guy refused to be distracted, saying:

"The law allows a man to begin shooting five minutes before sunrise. I suppose you're so damned smart you can stand up there and say, without a watch, 'Guy, it is now exactly five minutes before sunrise. Commence firing.'"

"What difference does it make? I don't see any ducks for you to commence firing at."

"No, of course you don't! Those lousy orioles you forgot to grease scared 'em all away long before we coasted into this blind."

"Maybe they're still here, somewhere?"

Look and see, Guy!"

"Look and see hell! There ain't a duck on the whole lake now."

"Maybe there is."

"All right, smart guy, look and see for yourself."

Cradling his gun in his arms, Tom rose and looked around the lake. The flock they had seen the night before was gone. Tom said down.

"You're right, Guy. I can't see a single duck on the lake."

A cold wind blew across the lake and Tom shivered as he watched the sun rise. Guy turned and faced northeast, his gun held ready to be raised to his shoulder. He lit a pipe with his free hand, puffing on it vigorously and stamping his feet on the floor of the boat. As the minutes passed, Tom became stiff and numb with the cold. His legs began to ache. He turned away from Guy and looked across the lake. Bill Brewer was leading his stock out of the barn, the only boy on the lake who owned an automobile and whose folks were quite well-to-do. It

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THE OLD PIRATE

Horse-trader, bandit, king, who
trusted no women and few men,
kept his secrets and his word

by PIERRE MILLE



"Mr. Gooch will now sing 'Trees'"



WE SAW him coming from afar. At first he seemed like a big blue sack stuffed with cotton, propped on a red sack lashed upon a small, gentle horse which ambled easily. For the old pirate had one thing in common with the late General

de Gallifet: A fierce saber blow had ripped his abdomen, and he had had himself stitched as best he could; but less intrepid than the Frenchman, he evidenced a preference for horses which have easy gaits.

When we were nearer, I saw distinctly that the red sack was a comfortable mattress spread on an Annamite saddle, and that the blue sack was in reality Luong-Tam-Ky himself. He rode with his knees very high, and whistled a French bugle call with surprising precision.

This remarkable rider alighted, greeted us with kindly gravity. He wore on his chest a French medal for life-saving, suspended from a troika ribbon and a handsome gold plaque badge of a native decoration. For the rest, he was dressed like a Chinese. His face was full, fleshy, strong and vulgar. Had he but showed a protruding chin, he would have been the exact portrait of the *Condottiere*, a painting hanging in the Louvre Museum, credited to Antonello de Messina:

Crested above the nose, two narrow, quick, deep-sunk eyes: The eyes of one who must see very clearly, quickly, very near and very far at the same time, to attack and defend himself; in fact, the face of a horse-trader becomes first bandit, then king. He was fifty-three years old at the time, and I have not heard of his death yet. Five foot six, solid body despite opium, alcohol and eighteen wounds. He will live a hundred years unless he is murdered. That is not likely, for he deems life worth living and takes good care of himself.

Luong-Tam-Ky has good reason to love life. At twenty he was a *maïon* in the hills, that is a two-footed beast of burden, one of the many who earn their daily rice carrying from Tonkin to China, from China to

Tonkin, bales of opium, cases of cartridges, weapons, bags of salt; but he was the son of a *maïon*, of a Chinese rebel. From childhood, he had lived in the shadow of the sword.

It is not surprising, therefore, that he quickly gave up the trade of coolie to become a soldier. He served under all flags, even ours, and was a bugler in the French service. That is why he whistles our calls so

perhaps also ravaged by our soldiers seeking him, he brought into his realm sixteen thousand peasants who pay him taxes and rent, who buy from him their tea, sugar, opium, for he has established for himself a commercial monopoly, who paid him market duties, ferry dues, a levy on cattle—and moreover, he collects two hundred and fifty francs each month from the Government of the Colony. He is a man who neglects nothing.

I was introduced to him according to the ritual. My name, translated into Chinese, means something like "pebble," followed by the figure 1000. That always makes me smile. But he asked immediately:

"And what is that man's trade? Soldier or civil service employee?"

He was informed that I was a newspaper reporter. He asked for further explanations. He was told: "Some one who goes about everywhere, and writes on paper what he has heard and seen."

Luong-Tam-Ky meditated a moment, then said:

"Here—such people—I cut off their heads!"

So that I did not smile long. He led me to the center of his capital, where, on an open space, a small table and a chair were ready in the shade of a handsome tree. He pushed kindness so far as to send for another chair, for me.

"You'll give me permission," he suggested through the interpreter, "to settle my affairs first."

I saw him collect, according to the size of the village, thirty, forty, and up to eighty bags of rice for taxes. I saw him rent out oxen, take in much cash, for he was a money-lender at the advantageous interest of twelve per cent a month. He made gifts also, gifts without hope of return, small sums: "Would a coin please you?"

There comes a poor chap, pale and nervous because he is hungry for opium and lacks money with which to purchase it. The king-merchant, fierce and



well. But he soon understood that it would be more profitable to turn bandit, smuggler and purveyor of women: The Chinese pay dearly for young Annamite girls.

Unfortunately for him, the late General Borgia-Desherdes caused him much trouble, and other Chinese stole his money, which he had buried somewhere in the hills. Hunted, wounded, he was forced to take refuge in caverns and to drink waters in which the feticus-snake Thung-Long spits venom, which causes, as you ought to know, malarial fever. He surrendered, but on his own terms. He was still so powerful that his conditions were accepted by the French. It was thus that he became king.

King of the regions of Dinh-Hoa and Van-Long, completely ravaged by him before,

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Preparing for Competitive Golf

If you are like ninety-eight out of every hundred, you must train the mind, not the muscles

by BOBBY JONES



"Well, why shouldn't I marry for money, tell me that?"

The question has been so often put to me, "What do you consider of greatest importance in preparing for an important tournament?" Indeed, I had asked myself that question, in one form or another, through the many years I played competitive golf. For I knew that there must be some "best way" to bring my game to the proper pitch for some important event; but I had not found it easy to come upon the right answer. I have, however, been able to reach the conclusion that the most important maxim to observe is "Don't play too much golf."

And I should like the word "play" to be understood here to include the worrying you do at night over those iron shots that will not go right, or the putts that won't go down.

The golf stroke requires to a high degree coordination of mind and muscle. But if your golfing muscles have been properly schooled and thoroughly drilled in what they have to do, you need fear nothing from them. It is the mind you must train. From the force of old habit your muscles will respond if the mind by conscious effort does not interfere.

How Watts Won

To help me illustrate my point, ask yourself a few questions. Which said trap are you more likely to go into, the one you don't see or the one you are afraid of? When are you more likely to hole a long putt—when you think you will, or when you know you won't? Don't you drive straighter when you are not consciously attempting to guide or steer the shot? You know the answer and the reason for all is that a conscious effort to control the stroke is usually attended with disastrous results.

It has always been my contention that the practice field is the proper and the only place where the player should attempt to mould or alter his method of hitting the ball. After the first tee is left behind, every faculty should be concentrated upon the result rather than upon the manner of execution. I think I can truthfully say that when I am playing my very best the direction of my conscious mind ceases when I step up to the ball and take my stance. I have then

determined upon the club I should use, I have selected my objective.

There remains only to allow the muscles to go through the motions they have made numerous times before. Call it habit, or the control of the subconscious mind or what you will, I am firmly convinced that this other man will play the shot for you if you

made the wisest decision of his golfing career.

He afterwards said to me, "I was so disgusted with myself and so sick over my play that I was ready to give up. When I went down into that trap I made my mind that I couldn't get any worse, so from there on I was just going to stand up and hit that ball for all I was worth and let it go where

it would." He did. He came out of the trap, holed a long putt to win that hole, and then won the next fourteen holes in succession. He continued to play magnificent golf in his succeeding matches and became the outstanding player of the tournament.

"Forget the Bankers"

This story is so well known that I have felt some hesitancy in repeating it. But it affords such an excellent illustration of my theory that I could not resist using it. What happened to Watts was that he simply eliminated from his mind all thought of what he was doing with the club.

He forgot about the bankers, dictators and traps. He saw only the flag and his ball. He knew what he wanted to do and did it. He told me himself that after that twelfth hole he never once gave a thought to his swing.

For my other illustration, I must be permitted to draw upon my personal experience. It was at Inwood, in 1923, in a play-off with Bobby Cruikshank for the National Open championship—an Inwood over the water to the last green which luckily brought up right and enabled me to win. It may sound foolish, but I have never been able to recall hitting that ball. I remember drawing the iron from the bag and that is all, until the ball hit the green. Now, I couldn't have been thinking of my stroke at that time.

This has all been said in support of my statement that a person should not play too much golf before a tournament. Practice and play all you like when you have no important matters. Cultivate and drill into yourself the proper strokes. But don't wear out your disposition and your love of the game just before the test comes, when you want to play well.

If you have the tournament instinct and
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will only let him. Any nervousness, indecision or fear of consequences will interfere with his work and your shot will be ruined. In the championship of 1925 at Oakmont, Watts Gunn, of Atlanta, afforded me, in addition to several uncomfortable moments, an excellent illustration of subconscious playing. Watts had come up for his first tournament of any great importance. He had qualified comfortably but not in brilliant style and had been drawn against Vincent Bradford in the first round. Watts having started badly, found himself three down going to the twelfth hole.

I have it from Watts himself just what had been troubling him and the remarkable way in which he pulled himself out of a seemingly hopeless maze of bad shots. Anxious to make a good showing, he had consciously attempted to steer every shot away from Oakmont's terrifying bankers.

The unusual result had been that he had been caught by a great many more than he had avowed. Playing his third shot at number twelve, Watts had again tried to control his shot, the ball lodging in a sand pit to the left of the green. And here Watts

TOYS FOR POOR RICHARD

Story of a crusty old bachelor
and of the one secret which he
finally felt the need to share

by HENRI DUVERNOIS



"They all got the same papa but one"



Richard Dawson was getting ready to go out. Not for that listless stroll to which he resigned himself every day for fifteen minutes — on one side of Park

Avenue, and languidly hack home on the other side. This afternoon he was setting forth on a real expedition. The announcement of his intention completely upset the new butler.

"What an idea," he confided to the cook. "At this time of day to have to go out and hunt a cab!"

"... a hansom cab," she reminded him. And then she went on to explain, with the superior smile of a cook.

"I've been in this place now for twelve years and every year on the day before Christmas, the master's done the same thing. Don't get all worked up about it, Jules; tomorrow he'll go back to his old rut again."

"Where the deuce will I ever find a hansom cab?"

"Over at the park in front of the Plaza, the hotel, you know."

Meanwhile, so much excitement was unnerving Dawson. As usual, his first move was to consult the thermometer; he shook his head dubiously. Next he huddled on his goggles. Then he examined carefully his heavy fur-lined overcoat. Finally he took a few measured steps into the sitting room, whose symmetrical bronze statues, glazed porcelain figures, and dull oil paintings in their heavy gold frames gave one the chill of a dentist's waiting-room.

Richard Dawson was a man of about sixty. His face wore the pitiful expression of those who no longer have reason to go on living; whose eyes cannot be made to light up either with pleasure from without or happiness from within. He lived alone in his drab apartment. Every once in a long time, he would treat himself to a gourmet's meal. And the next day he would go back to his customary frugal diet—and his medicine bottles. His sole aim in life was to fight off death as long as possible—just as though he had ever really lived. His equanim was as much a disease with him as any of his bodily illnesses, and made him as much to be pitied. Because he neglected his gray beard and skidded his worn-out eyes behind

thick, shiny glasses, the tenants in the cold, smart apartment house in which he lived spoke of him as The Bachelor. They attributed his seduction to some momentous piece of work in which he wished to bury himself. They were proud of this silent, mysterious, self-effacing presence in a house which was featured in the rotogravure sections of the Sunday newspapers as the home of financial geniuses, wealthy sportsmen and social celebrities.

Now this afternoon, while he was stand-



ing at the window watching for the butler to come hack, he heard the bell ring. A second later, the cook came in to him.

"Master Daw . . .

"I'm not giving anything . . ."

"It's not a beggar, it's a very stylish young man. He says to me, he says, that he came's Eason, and that he's your nephew, and that he'll come hack later, being as he's disturbing you now."

"Tell him to go to the devil!"

She went out. Listening, he heard a few words of explanation. The outside door shut. He continued to pace up and down the room, stopping from time to time to glance out of the window.

An hour later, he settled himself in the cab, with Jules sitting unsexily beside him. At a sober trot, they rolled down the avenue, then over to Fifth. Dawson looked out at the hurrying crowds, and said nothing, until they were below the Public Library. Once in that noisy centre, he began to get very nervous. What bewildering tooting and banging! What appalling confusion! A lumbering bus skidded toward them and he cried out in fear.

"It's the Christmas shopping crowds," Jules said, trying to soothe him. "The late Christmas shopping."

"Why in Heaven's name do they let these trucks drive here at this hour?" he almost screamed. "Look at this one; it'll be down upon us in a minute. . . . New York is a nightmare these days, nothing but a nightmare!"

"It's on account of the Christmas shopping," repeated Jules, whose conversational ability was limited. And wishing to change

the current of his master's thought, he went on.

"In one way, presents is very nice for both parties; those who give 'em and those who get 'em, seeing that if it gives pleasure to get 'em it gives pleasure to give 'em, when you have the means, that is. In a word, it all evens up."

Dawson's reply to this was a long sigh of relief, and "Thank Heaven, we're here. Follow me."

They had stopped in front of a great Herald Square department store. Clusters of electric lights blazed in the windows, and centered upon a droll elephant dancing with a gay little clown.

Dawson lingered outside and gazed a long time at this amusing spectacle. He seemed to be transformed by a kind of childish joy; he looked like all the other little boys, as he stood there in the crowd, talking to himself and pointing at the funny elephant, and the little clown.

Finally going inside, he led the way to an elevator and got off on a floor filled with toys and jammed with shoppers. A young woman made her way through the throng and came forward to greet the newly arrived customers.

"We've been looking for you all day, Mr. Dawson," she said cordially. "And what can we show you this year?"

"He's going to buy the first thing he sees and get out of this quick," Jules was thinking. For he knew there was nothing so dear to his master as silence. In his own home, puddings and double doors shielded him from every noise; and if his servants must

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THE GOLD FISH

Of a general who compared troop losses to breaking eggs for an omelet, but worried over his pets

by ROLAND DORGELES

A COMRADE had been watching at the entrance of the branch trench leading to the mine.

"Look out!" he warned us "they're coming back."

In an instant, everyone was under cover. Some vanished into the dugouts, others, changed into status of duty, stood straight out of the loopholes, frowning, and Landry, who had been hunting cooties between two snaps, cautiously re-fastened his greatcoat.

"Can't even be left alone at home," Lousteau complained. He had been filling a piece of aluminum, taken from a shell, into a ring.

The Staff officers who had gone in procession to visit the mine were returning, with a satisfied air. A tall chap, in light blue uniform, wearing a golden-broiled armband, took a certain interest in us as he passed by. He paused to look us over.

"Eh, they look healthy, these lads," he said, granting us the headlines shown gypsy children trotting behind the family van. "I bet you are well fed!"

"Yes, the grub our folks send us," grumbled some one.

The elegant group left, talking loudly.

"Really very picturesque, that mine. I hope my snaps come out well."

"When is the attack scheduled?"

"They'll defend themselves well, you know."

"Well, you can't make an omelet without breaking eggs."

We were the eggs. And as we cased for our shells, such talk did not make us smile.

The mine just visited by these gentlemen was the curiosity, the show place, of the sector. The general was proud of it, and, according to the Engineers who had dug it, it might be deemed a model of its type.

It was high, wide, solidly breasted, with a ventilator to renew the air and a pump to drain the water. Fifty yards beyond its entrance, the steps of the Germans could be easily overheard, and that never failed to give visitors a little thrill.

"Are those the Germans, really?" they would ask in a breathless voice. And they would stare at the ceiling in awe, never hav-

ing been so near the Boches.

People came to the mine as on a pilgrimage, General Headquarters sent, every morning, visitors of very high rank—at times civilians who, among us, appeared to be wearing disguises—and the supply service officers came to take photographs, so that we were left at peace only on days when it rained, or when there was a bombardment—the gentlemen did not like to be spattered.

However, although we had to be on the alert constantly, fearing the arrival of our coteries of sorting-out-finished guest, our strategic position at the entrance to the mine had minor advantages. We were given cigarettes to get us to talk—with unpublished details—our last attack, and we received a twenty snip pieces, when the gentlemen had been pleased. From time to time, we were photographed, in striking attitudes, like heroes ready for anything. Generally, Lousteau was selected for the snaps, because he looked like a trapper, at times Landry was chosen, because he was the dirtiest.

Everybody in the region knew of the mine, its exact location, its length; it was discussed in every café for five leagues around, and when we went down to the rear from the trenches, to rest, the peasants politely questioned us concerning it. Probably, the Germans themselves informed the units, replacing them at it, when they were relieved and sent to the quiet area.

It had been ready for six weeks, it had been about to be set off ten times, with companies massed for the attack, bags stuffed with grenades; but at the last minute, the time of the ceremony would be postponed, for the general desired to preserve his main attraction, and each regiment wished, without selfishness, that the next bunch would witness the explosion. We had become accustomed to this fling by curious visitors, but never had we seen as many as during the last three days. The mine, really, never was empty, and as Lousteau so justly said, "Nothing was missing, except the Boches."

And they came in their turn.

It was one morning around ten o'clock.

Naked in a large tub filled at the source, our new corporal, a classed young man, was taking a bath, and the men bringing up the meal, shocked by such behavior, insulted him as they tramped by.

"Hide yourself, homely!"

"He's doing it to show off!"

Landry was chuckling nastily, wiping out his mess-kit with an old piece of newspaper.

"He is—when he's hunting his cooties, he doesn't need such a big audience."

Our table was set: an old door, resting on four stakes. We had brought back also, from the village, unassorted dishes, knives, spoons and forks of plated metal, and a horrible porcelain pot which we had garnished with mistletoe. Thus we were so splendidly rigged out that the whole company envied us, hating an underhand intrigue and shamefully acquired favor as an explanation.

Seated on a crate, head thrown back, I was watching the patches of sunlight in the branches of an oak-tree. It was such a peaceful sector, where patrols went out without risks to run, where our existence seemed a prolonged excursion. A happy smile flowed on my lips, as I listened to the flying of grease in the pan. Lousteau was making fried potatoes in the lid of a mess-kit, and I felt my mouth watering in advance.

"Are you ready?" he called out from his kitchen.

In answer, a cold explosion thudded, not very far away, in the woods. Then a few shots, a few grenades. Before we quite understood, there was the sudden storm of battle, a fierce barrage, the crackling of fusillade—all that at once, like an ammunition dump blowing up.

The corporal fled naked, his shoes in one hand. Lousteau emerged from the kitchen, smeared with soot, shouting: "My rifle—where's my rifle?"

Some rushed to the loopholes, others ran aimlessly. Knocking on the parapet, the sergeant cried out: "Can't see nothing!"

Before us, between the French and German woods, the plain remained empty. But shells were bursting above the trenches and the steel balls fell through the branches like hail; larger shells panted over us, to explode on the second line trenches. Men questioned each other.

"What is it?"

"The Boches are attacking."

"Where?"

"Nobody knows—"

We saw our captain, running toward the noise. Already, a call was passed from squad to squad: "Strengthen-leavers!"

At this moment, we saw emerging from the branch trench, racing, cameras slung



CLUB CAR, COUNTRY CLUB—AND CORNER CIGAR STORE TOO

SCETCHED here is a lounge suit in an easy fitting double breasted model that is well adapted to the rough ventures that are the dominant note, at the moment, in men's suitings. What has it got to do with the corner cigar store? Nothing, we simply mention that in protest against the kind of fashion copy that (a) gives clothes such silly names as lounge suits and (b) suggests that you wouldn't dream of lounging anywhere but in a club car or country club—so we included the corner cigar store too, just to keep our fashion consciousness from getting too uppity. In fact, given more space, we might have added that you could wear this outfit to the poolroom, too. In that case, however, we couldn't refrain from adding that it would make you look as if you had better places to spend your time, lounging or otherwise. The point is,

clothes like these typify that particular phase of good grooming, fortunately very popular at the moment, which suggests that you don't give a hoot about your appearance, and that you have more important things on your mind. From the tapered crown hat to the red-dish brown brogue shoes—and not forgetting the rounded collar on the shirt—everything is in perfect keeping with this suit of herringbone tweed. Note the two alternatives in the method of wearing the hat. This is exactly opposite to the vogue of a few seasons back, when the turned up brim called for an unpinned crown, and the snap brim hat was always worn pinched. No reason for the change, except that, in each instance, the men who set the pace in these matters always went away from a thing the minute it begins to seem common. That, by the way, has a wider brim.



MEN'S evening clothes have changed very little, from season to season, but the little changes that have been brought about are very important. You realize this when you compare the attire of the two figures in this sketch. The older man is wearing an outfit which, while perfectly suitable for one of his years, is dated considerably, in comparison with the modish turnout of the younger man in the foreground. The latter figure can be taken as an exemplar for any understudy. (Oldermen ought, and probably will want to, wear a gardenia or white carnation in place of the clove red carnation which is affected by the younger element, but with this one exception, the outfit in the foreground is both correct and becoming for all men, including those well along in middle age.) The coat lapels are of dull silk. The trousers are full cut and, to give

the right effect, ought to hit you just a bit below your lowest ribs. The brief waistcoat comes down to the corners of the coat front, and shouldn't miss. If it fails to come down that far, the high waisted effect is over done, and if it comes down below that point, you'll be suspected of having rented the outfit. Don't pay any attention to roignure pictures of daisies in evening dress with underslung vests that protrude below the coat front—You've got to be a duke yourself to get away with that, and it's still wrong anyway. These waistcoats are usually backless—that is, with no back save a strap which is drawn in snugly to hold both shirt and waistcoat permanently in place. Oldsters may retain the high silk topper, but the collapsible open hat in dull grosgrain is preferred by younger men, and is considered smarter.

LITTLE TOUCHES ARE BIG THINGS IN EVENING KIT



SUNK WITHOUT TRACE

The fictionalized account of a secret agent's real adventures in the Occupied Zone in 1919

by P 173

AFTER a successful attack a certain amount of mopping up had to be done to consolidate the new position and to leave nobody behind you who might prove to be a menace. The same thing was true in the espionage and there the mopping up process was carried to the last extremity.

We had used a number of Alsatians in our service and to their credit it must be said that they were practically one hundred per cent loyal. An exceptional case arose occasionally and that had to be dealt with summarily. The case of K. is one in point.

In 1914 at the outbreak of the war, he had escaped across the border into France and had volunteered his services. He had done his military service in Germany as had a great many other Alsatians and Lorrainers who later became loyal French soldiers. Most of these volunteers were enrolled in the Foreign Legion for service in Africa—as a matter of precaution—but numbers of them saw service on the Western Front. K. served in Morocco for two years and was then brought back to France, having given ample proof of his courage and of his loyalty. The suggestion was made to him to enter the espionage which he at first refused but later accepted, presumably lured by the high rate of pay and the expense allowance.

During 1917 he was lauded behind the German lines on numerous occasions by our aviators and returned successfully each time, having accomplished his missions to the fullest extent and was twice secretly decorated. However, 1918 seemed to change matters. Two of our fliers did not return but K. succeeded in getting back to us via Switzerland. Several of our agents working on missions with him disappeared but K. seemed to have a charmed life. He always managed to come back to Paris with a whole skin. The information he brought back was always correct but hard luck seemed to overtake anybody who was assigned to act on it.

The last straw was in August, 1918. K. brought back information that a particular sector was being lightly held by the enemy, the reserves having been moved to counter-attack the British further north. When this news was transmitted to Headquarters, it was acted upon at once. An attack was ordered and an entire trench system was taken without much trouble.

It was a short-lived victory as the poor devils who won it were blown to bits as the entire sector had been mined. It was so obviously an ambush that when the details came to our Chief, he began to suspect K. of treachery. He assigned K. to several fake missions to try him out and had him trailed. When the Chief was sure of treachery, K. was in Geneva. The Chief ordered him back to Paris but K. must have smelled a mouse and beat it into Germany. The Chief lost all trace of him. Shortly thereafter the Armistice was signed.

I was serving on the General Staff at Mayence during the Occupation when the Chief walked into my office one day in May, 1919, in the role of a respectable business man. His disguise fooled me completely. An orderly brought me his card, which he waited, hat in hand, outside the railing. When he approached my desk, he said, "I'm afraid I've given you the wrong card," and fumbling in his wallet until the orderly left his side, he produced another with the notation—then written: "To P173. Show no surprise. I am P1." It was with great effort that I refrained from a start. Before I could say a word, he told me in a voice loud enough for all in the office to overhear that now that the war was over, he wanted to bring merchandise from Germany into France through the Occupied Zone. He wanted to hire representative. He

was establishing an office in the Hollander Hof. Could he have an hour of my time when I was at leisure—that evening perhaps? During the course of our evening rendezvous, he explained the real purpose of his visit to our area, which was a check up on stocks of munitions and war supplies still held in Germany. This he expected to do through the organization of an importing concern, dealing chiefly in chemicals, with headquarters at Mayence. He hoped by the liberality of his attitude on the subject, let's do business, etc.) and the generosity of his dealings to be approached with illicit transactions and thus gain access for his agents to the information he was after. He outlined to me the manner by which, in my official capacity, I should assist him. Incidentally, he told me how valuable K. might have proved to him now, had he not been a traitor. I had never heard of K. before and learned his complete story then. The Chief described him to me and asked me to seize him if I ever found him in the Zone. He sent me his measurements and a photograph a few days later on returning to Paris after his preliminary business arrangements had been made.

I was in Frankfurt on the first of June having lunch at the Carlton Hotel with the head of a firm from whom I was buying uniforms for the German army in the French Army when I was paged. A young woman who awaited me in the corridor addressed me in French and asked me to come to her.

I went to her room and found her earning a thousand francs. Attempted bribery was quite customary during those days of flux and transition, so instead of being indignant I asked how I was to earn them. She

explained that she wanted a pass to enter the Occupied Zone. I told her that it was not necessary to pay for that simple service. She needed merely make application at the French Mission in the hotel where we were, stating her reasons for wishing to circulate with her husband and submitting two photographs, one for the Mission and one for the records. Her reply

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THE MULLAH'S MIRACLE

The story, so old that it may seem new, of that indivisible herd that the mullah divided

by ALLEN GLASSER



"So you think you can play with fire and get away with it?"

WHEN Ali Mahomet came to the appointed end of his earthly sojourn and surrendered himself to the soft arms of heavenly hours, the sorrow of his three sons was great indeed. But after all a dead man is a dead man, and no amount of tears will bring him back again. But live camels are live camels—beasts as beautiful and noble as they are valuable. So, while Ali Mahomet's sons lamented his death, they were nevertheless anxious to enter into the possession of his camels.

A herd of seventeen camels had Ali Mahomet left to his three sons, and in his will he directed them to



"Why should I?" the eldest brother objected. "All I want is to obey our beloved father, and he left me one-half of the whole herd."

The argument grew hotter and hotter, and almost ended in a fist fight. But the eldest brother, mindful of his responsibility as the new head of the family, stopped the dispute.

"It doesn't behoove us to quarrel, brothers," he admonished sternly. "Let's go to Mullah Ibrahim. He is a holy man beloved of Allah. Let's tell him our problem and

brothers protested. "Certainly half a camel would be of no use to anybody, but you are getting the biggest share as it is. So take your eight camels and leave the half to us."

So somewhat ashamed and profoundly grateful, the three young Arabs took the Mullah's camel and went home with it. And now they had no difficulty dividing the herd of eighteen camels according to their father's will.

The eldest brother took half: that is, nine camels. The second brother, who was to get a third of the herd, took six camels. And the youngest took the ninth part, or two camels. The brothers were overjoyed, but ashamed as they were of having accepted the gift of a poor man, each took his camels and led them to his own shed in silence.

Suddenly the eldest brother stopped and exclaimed: "I'll be jiggered!" (Or whatever might be its equivalent in Arabic.)



divide the herd as follows: the eldest son was to receive half of the whole herd; the second son, one-third of the herd; and the third son, one-ninth of the herd.

The three young Arabs led the herd of camels into the courtyard and began to count. Here they were, the seventeen camels.

"Now then," the eldest brother said, "how many camels does each of us get?"

They began to calculate and after a while they exchanged agonized glances. The eldest brother looked at the other two and declared:

"Unless I've gone plumb crazy, one-half of seventeen makes eight and a half. We can't cut a camel in half."

"That's nothing," said the second brother. "For one-third of seventeen makes five and two-thirds, and it's even more difficult to divide a camel into thirds than into halves."

And the third brother said something that couldn't even be printed, for one-ninth of seventeen made just a mess.

"Oh, well," the eldest brother observed, "half a camel would be no good to anybody. Now my share is eight and a half camels. Suppose you let me have the other half; that is, nine camels. That'll be only six. Then you can divide the rest between you two."

"Fair? You call that fair?" the other two

abide by his decision.

The brothers agreed instantly. For Mullah Ibrahim was a just and holy man indeed, and rumors had it that he possessed the gift of clairvoyance, and had performed several miracles in his life.

To the Mullah they went and told him their trouble.

The Mullah remained for a while in silent contemplation. Finally he smiled and, stroking his beard, said:

"Children, far be it from me to criticize your late sire, but the fact is that it is impossible to divide a herd of seventeen camels as

he directed. I am a poor man and I have only one camel, but I'll give my only camel to you, and with eighteen camels you will have no difficulty in following your father's instructions."

At first the young men protested, but the old Mullah insisted that they take his camel.

"What's a camel?" he said. "Of course that camel was of great use to me, but my camel could render me

The other brothers

turned their heads at that ex-
clamation and saw to their he-
wilderment Mullah Ibrahim's
camel standing in the middle of
the courtyard.

"Who forgot to take a camel?" asked the eldest brother.

"I have my two," said the youngest.

"I have my six," said the second brother.

"And I have my nine," said the eldest brother. "So each of us has his camels; and yet, here is Mullah Ibrahim's camel left over."

The brothers began to count. They counted and counted; they read their father's will over and over again. The herd was to be divided into one-half, one-third and one-ninth. One-half of eighteen was nine; one-third of eighteen was six; one-ninth of eighteen was two. There could be no doubt that each had received his rightful share—and yet here was the Mullah's camel left to himself. Clearly a miracle had come to pass!

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"It's all up. We're lied," he said. "The story's all around that Sock-in-the-Wash and Lob-in-the-

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The first paper he read before the American Society of Mechanical Engineers was anything but a success, they said he was crazy. *I have found*, he wrote in 1909, *that any improvement is not only*

Just as we stepped through the south portal into the sun-flooded square, an elderly distinguished gentleman, dashing madly along with his white "official's" badge flapping at his shoulder, bumped full-force into August and spun him around until the lunch basket stood out at arm's length, like the airplane-swings at the fair.


Continued from page 55

It was the Taylor Plan:
At first glance most of us in fact will see only two parties to the transaction, the workmen and their employers. We overlook the third great party, the whole people, the consumers who buy the product of the first two, and who ultimately pay both the wages of the workmen and the profits of the employers: the American plan.

"What lumps?" he asked, with immense dignity. "You do not, by any chance, refer to my *pommes de terre*, or *spigoli*?"

11

In 1915 he went to the hospital in Philadelphia suffering from a breakdown.
All his life he'd had the habit of winding his watch every afternoon at four-thirty; on the afternoon of his fifty-ninth birthday, when the nurse went into his room to look at him a little after four-thirty, he was dead with his watch in his hand, wound.





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Submitted By: _____

DISCUSSION

THE MORAL LEOPARD

Continued from page 30

stable on fire, and he felt, if he walked a couple of miles, would blatter on him something substantial, and the poison-look nailed him at night and if it wasn't the poison-look it was the deer-dim killing him. He was only a rusty little fellow but it seemed like he deer-dim would kill a man that weighed more than two hundred pounds to come home on him. He says to me the day he was leaving, "Fred," he says, "if I live I've got back to the civilization, but you just wait for the grand poem I'm going to write about the joys of life in the glorious wilderness, because that's my main specialty and kind of expertise of me. But, strictly between ourselves, Fred," he says, "I've made up a little poem in my mind that expresses my true and personal feelings. Listen, Fred," he says, "it's short, only two lines, but it comes swelling and swelling right up from the bottom of my heart. Listen, Fred," he says:

"Oh, nature!"

"How I hate you!"

At joking aside, though, there sure was a lot of talk summer before last and a lot of gossip going on about Miss Gracie Sheum and those two young fellows she had on her string—you know, which one of them would she take and which one wouldn't she take, so on and so forth? Ordinary years, you take the club in the middle of the trout-ing season and nine-tenths of what-a'll you'll hear will be about how are they rising and what film are they taking best and whether the water's too high or too low or what. But this time, everybody had something else to think about on the advice—these three-corned love-business between her and the two of them. Mrs. Dr. Dorrery, who was up with the doctor, says to me one day that it did indeed provide a touch of heart-interest for the summer, then being her worst, old mixing time.

Well, certainly there wasn't a speck of doubt that what those two fellows had heard that were plumb interested, you might go as far as to say distracted. You didn't have to be in one of these professional mid-ecenders to tell that much.

It all started up good and hot as soon as this young Mr. Sandy Holt got here. He was one of our newest club members and, you take it as a general thing, new members come early and early and he had his first season or so. But he didn't get here till towards the middle of June and that first night at supper he had a next night scene from Miss Gracie at the same table, and, according to what the discerning eye that was watching that was told me afterwards, he couldn't rest for looking at that. That how sudden the lightning struck him.

Not that I'd blame him! Even so, he was kind of late getting into it because this other young fellow, Mr. Hugh Finnell, had already had the inside edge on him, that is, if there was any inside edge to it to begin with, it seemed the Mr. Finnell had been speaking her pretty steady all spring and maybe he even began then that at Nashville, Tennessee, where she lived at, and where he lately moved in from somewhere else. And Lord knows ever since they'd got to camp two weeks before, he'd been hanging around her way Gracie hung around. And by that time it had them'd come in here together and anybody could see that if he had his way which he, they'd be hanging out of here together and going together from then on, too.

Strictly speaking, the old Major was sort of responsible for him being here in the first place. The old Major had put him up for membership if he hadn't been voted on yet by the administration committee but had the regular visiting privileges for the time-being. It was a cliché he'd go through when his name did come up, him having the old Major behind him propelling him and pushing him, because Major Sheum came mighty near being the king-bee at this club more or less than the president any more.

Major Sheum was rising of severity but you'd never suspicion him of it, seeing how easy he was, wading through water or handling a canoe on one of the lakes or having a trout fly out across a lively place. And he sure was the great one for playing this here sporting game according to the rules and regulations. If I've heard him say it once, for instance, I've heard him saying it fifty times: "The black bass is a warlike-looking ruffian—ruffian and lusty, I grant you, but nevertheless a ruffian; and the croggie is merely something to gross a skilful wile, and the channel out of our Southern waters is

a pirate and a freebooter, although having undoubted merit when in a first state; but the speckled trout, nah, it is a gentleman and should ever be treated as such." I've heard him say it so frequent more which—let it be sliding into his mouth.

Well, he'd sure brought up Miss Gracie according to the same sentiment. She was an orphan and he was not only her uncle but her guardian as well, and had had the rearing of her. He did not know if I've ever seen a young female sportsman handle a light rod any sweeter than what she did. He'd been fishing with her to the river over here, and that's going some for a man or a woman, either. He'd been bringing her up here to the club with him ever since she was a very little piece with her hair down her back, and all the regular, including in follows the very spirit! image of a Victorian. She was just offered him, and he'd surge up and open his mouth and speak in a Woot Woot as a treat of boot-oots that that's how wise he was.

Well, long before this, the old members had given up trying to snail sitting Bull. They'd just near back and felt a lough when some new legions or six after him. They laughed louder than ever one 800-day morning when young Holt went down to Popple's Hole, full of hope, with the old Major and him and a new-fangled imitation blue-winged mackelotree in his fly-rod; and towards dinner-time came shaking back with his boots full of water and his rod rusted where he'd slipped on a round rock and set down to his neck in cold running water.

But, later, listen: Along about four o'clock that very same evening they laughed out of their mouths when young Finnell came snaking up the trail with a snail on his back, and you could see it a quarter of a mile off. He'd mackerel out all kind of snail and mackerel down to the Creek, and now, lo and behold, and doggone if he wasn't coming back with popple, old Sittin Bull slapping against his leg when he was in the willow arroyo. He was too long to go into his reel. So he had him on a stringer.

Well, nah, you could 's knowed all those people entertained with a feather!

That's right right after supper a still bigger sensation come off, only there wasn't so many in on the second one as there was in this first one—only just Major Sheum and Finnell and Gracie. And she didn't suspicion about my being in on it neither, seeing I was her strongest snail being in on it. She didn't suspicion about my being in on it when I could listen about the popple. The old Major dignified out on the porch with Miss Gracie and told her there to the far end where I was hiding behind them shrubbery, like I says. They was close to me I could 's put out my arm and mighty near touched the hair of her garments.

Now as snail both his and his shoulders and told her to look him in the face and he shook to her, speaking as serious as ever, he said anybody speak, that what he's about to say for her concern the ever-lasting happiness and his too. So she said him in the face and says to him to go ahead, she's listening.

He goes ahead to say that up to now he's kept his head and his tongue inside his jaws, leaving it for her to decide what young man was worth to marry with, but now, because she's the very apple of his eye and the dearest thing to him in all the world, he's bound to step in and warn her that he should take this young fellow Finnell, he'll never be able to forgive her for his doing day and either. He doesn't say that he's ever loved her, but he will and having all his money to somebody else, because Major Sheum is a gentleman through and through. In fact, he says to her he isn't threatening her, he's just telling her, she says that unless she's ever loved anybody else, she's maybe giving to make a mistake that'll turn on her own heart and his heart's ever so naturally.

Then she asks him just what does he mean by that? And he says to her that he's never loved the old men either from a certain party which he's got the record of, this young Finnell isn't hardly better to be chosen as a regular human being. That he's got the record of a cock-headed murderer inside him. That's his moral history, and he's got all his best the words he used—moral lesson. That if he had his just owners he'd be a scoundrel out-and-out.

Gracie, she's prepared to furnish her with the proof of what he's saying against this Finnell boy but for the time being he's asking her just to take his word



"We want something about 24" x 37 1/2"

PORTRAIT OF A BUTLER

Continued from page 58

a kitchen-maid. Stoner became radiant; and Mrs. Stoner, who resembles a large man of her own size before it is badly reminded exactly by the same. The kitchen-maid goes to like her role of lady's officer and to like the same quality situation periods. ("Ask Mrs. S. to make me a cup of tea." "Tell Mr. S. his tea is ready.")

About a year ago Mr. and Mrs. Stoner had a terrific fight. It lasted only about five minutes, but for weeks afterwards Stoner wore little bits of plaster here and there. Mrs. Stoner's party was apparently quite unaltered. He was profuse in his apologies and earnest in his promises that such a thing would never happen again, but "I broke my role and spoke to her," was all he ever offered by way of explanation.

He talks to everybody else, however, especially including the guests. The five minutes he spends in the room in the early morning are not up for the day. Not that he inflicts his conversation, but he will make a little and just respect your wishes. ("The guest is right, nine times out of ten," he once told me.) But as you lie, watching him happily reduce clothes to order, you see a man who is obviously bursting to talk. I myself always reply my faculties and length by asking about the weather. This is usually either "very English" (bad) or "german." Then we talk, perhaps, to the subject of cigarette lighters. For these Stoner, like all gentlemen, has a passion. He once brought up his own collection to show me—and the Metropolitan Museum could have been making him. But refractory lighters are his greatest joy. He fixed up one of mine that had never been known to light except in the shop where I bought it. He said it just needed "a little evening." On my next visit he he acquired after it tenderly. I told him about its unbroken record.

"Never miss an at, sir," He sounded quite disappointed, as if he realized now that he had done too good a job. "Well, I'll take her down and give her a new fix."

"I just put one in."

"I filled it yesterday."

"Oh, did you?" He seemed to be getting quite unhappy. "Never miss an at, sir." He looked the little wheel happy. There was an immediate smile and his face fell. "He did it several times, with, with varying success."

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It was during this same period of slipping that Stoner brought off his most historic feat. A little bird that had somehow lost itself had been discovered on the lawn and carried into the house. But refractory lighters are his greatest joy. He fixed up one of mine that had never been known to light except in the shop where I bought it. He said it just needed "a little evening." On my next visit he he acquired after it tenderly. I told him about its unbroken record.

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Striving Bridge Racket

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THIS kind of ready cash may be betrayed, upon occasion, by your features, but shouldn't, under any circumstances, be indicated by your dress. This is not spoken by way of preamble to a revival of that trite and tiresome and obviously untrue maxim that clothes make the man, but merely by way of reminding you that, as it is well known to hinder, it is also the attainment of business objectives. In business suits there are two types of construction, one the so-called lounge model which features ease of line and rougher fabrics, the other the sack jacket which is built along body tracing lines and is best adapted to the smoother cloths. With the present vogue for rough suitings, the lounge model is in the ascendant, and it is it, it is it, that the double breasted waistcoat which has been in total eclipse, at least for business wear, for several

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FORTY-SEVEN FIGHTS UP

Scenes from the Chicago boyhood of Barney Ross, leading up to the world's lightweight championship

by WAKEFIELD SPEARE



PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE B. GILBERT FOR ENR

THE LIGHTWEIGHT CHAMPION

Two years ago he wanted to quit the ring and get a job because he wasn't getting anywhere and was ashamed to live off his managers. . . . A year ago he had yet to meet a single top-notch opponent. . . . Today, after forty-seven fights, he has come through all opposition to wear the lightweight crown. . . . Three years from now he hopes to be in business with Marty and Duffy, his special pals. Gentlemen, we give you Barney Ross, a tough little guy from Chicago's back yard, who grew up to be a gentleman outside the ring.

A boy needs guts to get by in almost any neighborhood. But there are neighborhoods in Chicago where a boy, to get by, must be a man. One of these is the unmitigated terrain surrounding the corner of Bunker and Clinton Streets. It's back of the tracks, back of the yards, the Valley—well, it's one of the toughest in a city that is famous for its toughness. Kids graduate from the cradle, in this neighborhood, to inherit juvenile feuds that are as long lived as those of the Kentucky mountains. There is an eternal alliance between the Italians and Poles, augmented by a sprinkling of other Aryan nationalities under the general heading of Bobunks, which confronts the Jews in a never ending series of backyard battles. Boys graduate from these wars, upon attaining manhood. Some, having distinguished themselves as especially tough guys, obtain the opportunity to do post-graduate work, through membership in the Valley Gang—one of the front door entrances to Chicago gangsterdom. Some of the hunkies become laborers. The smarter ones rise as high as hookkeeping jobs and petty clerkship, but seldom make higher. It's what the social service workers call an underprivileged neighborhood.

On the corner of Bunker and Clinton, in 1915, the Rasofskys had a grocery store. Mama and Papa Rasofsky spent all their waking hours in the front part of the store. In the back part lived four little Rasofskys, Ben, Morrie, Barnett and Ida. Next door lived a Mr. Nala Morton, a man who was at that time very busily engaged in establishing himself as the dean of the rackets. He never lived to hear of Al Capone.

The Rasofskys met their children twice a week, Friday night and Saturday. The only real meals the family had together were on those two days. The rest of the time the kids ran wild, left to their own devices. Business completely engrossed the attention of their elders.

Barney Rasofsky, at the age of nine, enjoyed especial prestige among the kids of the neighborhood, being the only one whose father had a store. He used to swipe fruits and sweets to feed all his pals, with the natural result that he was generalissimo of the Jewish Army by unanimous acclamation. Poldners' wagons and carts were stored in the back yards, and made splendid barricades, behind which to wage war. Rocks and broken bottles were the favorite weapons. These gang fights began almost every day right after school, and the duration of hostilities was indeterminate, depending entirely upon how long it took to get some housewife sufficiently excited to send for the police.

A few years later, the Rasofskys had a chance to change locations, getting a bigger store several blocks away. Here, store and house were finally separated, but not by very far, because the house was on one side of the street, and the store on the other, directly opposite. With the move, Barnett Rasofsky left the Jewish Army to attend the Foster School, a public school where, for convenience sake, his name was altered to Barnett Rasof. But there the kids began calling him Barney.

There were glass doors in every room but one, at the Foster School. That one room, awesomely known to all the good little boys and girls as the Bad House, had a door of solid oak. Miss Barnes, a heroically proportioned woman of Amosian disposition armed with a special ruler that was a good quarter of an inch thick, ruled the Bad House, and her rule was a reign of terror. In one of the toughest schools in Chicago, where bad deportment was less the exception than the rule, you had to be powerful had to get yourself sent to the Bad House.

Yet there was no way for an eleven year old gang leader to avoid it, that is, with honor. If you were such a sissy as to make it unnecessary to sequester you in the Bad House, you were obviously much too nice to command any respect after school. Yet if you did find yourself in the Bad House, the odds were high that you would have no fight left in you whatever, by the end of the session. For in the room there was none of your soft stuff, like standing in the corner or staying after school and writing sentences five hundred times on the blackboard. That was not the method of the formidable Barnes. Crack wise to her and you would find yourself scrubbing the floor in two sprints. And if you got extra special tough about scrubbing the floor, why then, as soon as you were able, you washed the windows. Low. After a few weeks of this, the Bad House would be bad only by virtue of its fearful reputation, for the kids in it, being of that type who had long since established themselves among their fellows as bad eggs, would get wise enough to realize that there was no percentage in being hot for each other's benefit, and Miss Barnes would suddenly discover, after about the fourth week of the term, that her hand picked rogue's gallery of incorrigibles had suffered a sea-change into models of seamliness and propriety.

But after school was something else again. The Bobunks outnumbered the Jewish boys five to one, and life, for one of the latter who fancied himself as a tough guy, seemed very different and none too merry.

In October, a man came in and made an offer for the store. The Rasofskys were dis-

ants, and fists were used only in default of more efficacious weapons. As a training in the manly art of self-defense, that whole period was a blank, but not a blanking of the old instincts of self-preservation. It may have had a certain value.

During his last years in grammar school, young Barney Rasof pleased to surprise his parents by his willingness to work in the store. The idea, of course, was to wait on enough customers to take up two or three dollars and then go South with the receipts. After such ventures into the realm of the easy money, he and the pals who shared the sudden wealth would sleep out for a few nights. Rows of old clothing hoes in the center of the street, used by day as stands upon which to display sundries for sale (in the Maxwell Street manner), could be used as improvised drop houses by night.

His big brother Ben usually sought him out with a flashlight, and his father, a husky six-footer, would then play House Sweet Home on the seat of the prodigal's pants.

The Fall of '23. Times had been getting steadily better, and the neighborhood steadily tougher. A serious sport and inconsistent evidence of untoward affluence was beginning to be manifest. In these mean streets into which no automobiles were allowed, delivery trucks, ever ventured, you would now see big black Cadillacs, the same except for the occupants as the police squad cars. And on the erstwhile quiet corners you would now see, all too often, sudden gatherings of excitedly jabbering people around a prone figure on the sidewalk.

Barney Rasof, on his way to and from Medill High School, picked up a lot of lore about shootings. He learned to tell at a glance whether a guy was merely stung or really plugged. He learned that the serious ones, almost invariably, revealed their gravity by a little trickle of blood out of the corner of the hapless victim's mouth.

The Rasofskys didn't like the looks of things. Business had never been as good, but the neighborhood had never before seemed sinister in its toughness, and now it was beginning to. Stick-ups, for one thing, had been almost unheard of, in this locality, on the obvious assumption that no one had enough money to be worth sticking up. Stick-ups, for one thing, had never been as good, but the neighborhood had never before seemed sinister in its toughness, and now it was beginning to. Stick-ups, for one thing, had been almost unheard of, in this locality, on the obvious assumption that no one had enough money to be worth sticking up.

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Preparing for Competitive Golf

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can attune to a certain extent the effects of your conscious mind to steer your ball, you will play as well as you have always done and enjoy them well. Whatever new ideas you may have gained in the past few weeks will be forgotten anyway, so you have only taken a chance of ruining your game. Just play enough to keep your hand steady. Don't worry, because we're not serious.

Of course, it is a very difficult matter to alter your habitual mental attitude toward the game. But I do believe that a great deal can be accomplished by perseverance in the determination to engage with only one object—to hit the ball straight for the pin. Forget the bunkers. You must go into them every way.

My only excuse of course, for writing this article is in setting down something that will be of interest to those who read it. I realize that only a very, very few of our readers have championship status, or desire in this way to acquire great reputations as competitive players. But I can't be making that even to the casual reader who plays only once a week or less, with never a thought of even a championship. It must be interesting to see the other fellows feed about things, and to see what difficulties they must encounter which the average player is never called upon to meet.

Luis Brown, I think, said that there was no strain in sport as great as the pressure of the last nine holes of an open championship when the pace was hot and the field close. I could not be prepared to go that length. For I have seen many players enjoy in any other sport, but I can say that there is something like this in golf.

In no kind of play in vogue today is physical condition, that is, endurance and stamina, of more than passing importance. General good health, without intensive training or conditioning is sufficient. Golf is not exerting upon the physical powers of a man, but it is trying upon his nerves, and the nervous strain usually results in some way upon the physical body.

That Last Hole and Victory

I remember standing beside my ball in the eighteenth fairway at Columbia, going toward the green, and wishing devoutly that my knees would stop knocking together long enough for me to hit the ball. Try what you wish. I had been nervous, of course, but the tension had been all of the kind that comes with the muscles with energy and fills the heart with determination. But when I reached the point when I had only to play two strokes to a wide-open green and go down in two putts to win the championship, I suppose I got a "lock-jaw." I began to think how miserable would be a failure at this point. My attitude became entirely defensive, where before it had been aggressive, and right now, I think it was only the merest accident that I got that into the group.

I suppose everyone has experienced the feeling that I have tried to describe, but I have encountered another difficulty to which I think I may claim sole rights, and which I am unable to overcome. It is its insignificance. I suppose, in some mistake of diet, but it is nevertheless directly translatable to nervous disturbance.

How Competition Affected Jones

During the five or six years preceding my retirement from tournament play throughout the early morning of every day of competition, I found myself continually on the verge of active nausea. It could not be that my breakfast caused it for I was rarely able to eat during at least a half hour, and it could not be, as Ty Cobb has blamed it, that the cream of coffee was to blame, for I gave up everything even remotely connected with milk or cream when engaged in competition.

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rilled up dead for his four, and Al, with a great victory last win, took three putts from a neat twenty-foot. He did the same at the extra hole and lost.

The Advantage Held By Renowned Players

And there is a fine example of the advantage held by a man of reputation over a lesser known player who may be as good or better on that particular day. No one but better players for four years and here Espinosa had the chance to gain immortal fame. As long as his mind was occupied with the match, as long as he was leaved up to give back as good as he took, he had been more than a player for the tournament. But as he went for Hagen to putt and as he saw the long try go, he, he must have allowed himself to think of what a great victory he was about to win. Then his approach putt went him farther away than he had expected, and the next one was truly hard. If he had been one down instead of one up, and he would not have known the match game, he almost surely would have gotten it.

Things like that happen every day in golf. The psychology of a close finish is always in favor of the man of reputation, and not because of his superior finishing qualities, but because the prospect of victory is too much for his opponent. Always when an unknown player is forced to do it far out in the open space long before he approaches the finishing win. At the start the fellow who goes out with the all-gin-on-the-line-to-leave, has all the advantage, and if he pike up dead, he will win of course. But it the big fellow keeps on his short tail the chances are he will crack in the stretch.

Concentration On Game Essential

In playing competitive golf there is nothing so important as concentration upon the game. And, unfortunately, it is not always a matter of concentrating upon the shot while you are standing over the ball. Just as soon as one shot is played the player's mind becomes busy with the next and the only rest comes after the last putt is holed.

It would be a fine thing for any competitor if his well-wishing and well-meaning friends could suppress the possibility of the strain of competition. Time after time you will see, in their anxiety to lead moral support, do the thing that is the very worst they could do if they want their man to win—that is, speak to him while he is playing. In every crisis his mind must be left to him and let him alone. To his position he must devote his mind. To his position he must devote his mind. To his position he must devote his mind.

Well Meaning Friends Often Discouraging

I remember when I was playing Crudekahn in the play-off at Lewood, as we left the sixth green, someone grabbed my arm and began talking about the exhibition he wanted me to play the next day at any course or other. Now, the last thing I was thinking about or wanted to think about was what I was going to do the next day, and I was extremely grateful when Frank Ouzier, who was walking around with me, pounced upon the man and let him away. Of course, he meant me best in the world and had no idea but that he was doing the right thing.

At Merion in the finals of the tournament of 1924, I was so well pleased that it was hard to escape the feeling that I was in the custody of the made New York police force. Cyril Toller and Bob Restone, both of the British World Cup team, must have been introduced to me by the crowd that day, and throughout the entire match I walked about quite free and unimpeded, between Restone and Toller, the former, by way of, quite more ample introduction than I could have wished for.

At St. Andrews one year, Sherwood Hart of Atlanta, accompanied me around the course on every round. The first day, I had signed so many autograph albums that Sherwood became fearful I should get writer's cramp and lose my touch with "Calumny Jane"—which, in fact, had been only a nickname in my first round, never a touch of golf luck. That night, as we were playing bridge in our room at the hotel, he suggested that I then and there do all my autographing for the rest of

the tournament. So I wrote my name all over three or four sheets of foolscap, whereupon Sherwood cut them out and carefully stored them away in his pocket. "Now," he said triumphantly, "I'll do your autographing for you." That was a great relief, too.

Jack Hutchison Not Serious Enough

When I attended my first open championship, I was struck particularly with Jack Hutchison. Jack had played magnificent golf in the qualifying rounds at Toledo, and was looked upon by everyone as the most likely candidate for the championship. Throughout three and a half rounds Jack looked to be the winner. Varlen, playing ahead, had been down of his feet by a gale of wind and everything looked rosy for the St. Andrews boy.

I first saw Jack in that round as he approached the twelfth green. The twelfth at Toledo is a long three-throw and Jack was on a lively in three. He ran his approach putt up about three feet past the hole, and as he walked forward to hole out, he caught sight of my head, raising some concerningly low shoulder. "They won't drop today," Hutchison said, and continued with some Scotch naïveté to stare the gallery twitting.

At that time Jack looked a certain winner but he slipped a few strokes in the closing holes and finished one stroke behind Ted Ray, who won. I thought then and have since that Jack Hutchison, if his Scotch blood had given him the proverbial Scotch doornail instead of a gay wit, would have been champion many times.

To a man with the temperament of Hutchison, or of Evans, distraction may be a relief. But to the other ninety-eight of the hundred, golf is an exasperating game which requires every bit of attention we can give to it.

A Factor In Europe's Future

Continued from page 25

even. A foreign policy that reserves itself over night according to whether the Tardieu or the Renaud group is in power. Faced with such uncertainties the businessman has fallen back on his own security. To retain his position he adopts a neutral attitude to avoid making shoulders he avoids making decisions. In every crisis his mind must be left to him and let him alone. To his position he must devote his mind. To his position he must devote his mind. To his position he must devote his mind.

Shifting between internal conflicting groups, unable to decide whether to treat Germany as an enemy or a friend, France has been swinging between the two sides of its dilemma. This policy of delay expressed in a distracted tactics has ended in irritating and irritating public opinion abroad. It has made French diplomacy appear one of continual negotiation at a moment when the plight of Europe demanded bold constructive measures. Though Daladier specifically denied it, it has offered nothing but a policy of fear and distrust, that has brought the morale of European statesman down even before the war.

No wonder that the French nation had reached a state of nervous in the early months of this year that the possibilities of an impending war were openly discussed. The last election of all nations it is the least informed on political questions at home and abroad. General information is lacking. The radio broadcast which permits a candidate in the United States to address directly the great masses of his country is almost unknown. When the radio does come into general use it will revolutionize political parties.

At present every Frenchman is dependent on his partisan press which will not print verbatim the speech of its opponents. What accounts much the more is the abbreviated, deleted and colored by a running commentary that seeks to destroy any effect which might be produced by a plain rehearsal of the facts. Fortunately for the French leaders and extremely unfortunately for the prestige of the United States



"That clown ain't got a thing—he can't hurt us"

SUNK WITHOUT TRACE

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was that the pass was not for herself but for a woman friend who had, with us to go through the usual formalities and to my utter amazement, she took K's photograph from her handbag.

I had to think fast as to what to say. I planned her why he could not go to the Mission and why she could not enter the office. She told me the reason Herr Baum, she called him, would not go to the Mission was the German authorities had a representative there to look over the applications and that he was wanted by the Stalin and War Council for the part he had taken in the abortive revolution of the early days of May. His plan for doing so was to be charged from us to escape punishment by the party in power. He had committed no crime, his offense was purely political. I asked further how well she knew him and whether she thought his story true. She said that she barely knew him and that she had come to me through her brother who was Herr M. M. Leichter. I was friendly with him. I deflected for a moment and then told her that a thousand francs was not enough as there was considerable danger for me if I was caught giving a pass in an irregular way. I wanted twenty-five hundred. She could go back to her brother and if the price was satisfactory, she should return to the boat at four o'clock with the photograph and I would explain further what was to be done by Baum. She left and I returned to my interrupted business. I took less time over it than I had planned as I had bigger fish to fry.

I went upstairs to the Mission and asked Captain De L. who commanded for an immediate private interview. The result was that instructions were given over the telephone that a last plane be fueled for a trip to Paris from the hangar at Gosensheim, just outside of Mayence, to carry an important document to the Ministry. Further instructions were that an officer be ready to code a message to the Under Secretary for Military Intelligence at 6 o'clock when I returned to Headquarters.

Shortly before four o'clock my young lady was in the lobby. We went to a secluded table in the dining room and there she handed me over K's photograph and the message. The latter I read and told her that I would take it only if I succeeded in getting Herr Baum through the lines without incident. There were my instructions to her. He should come at 10 o'clock to the entry box on the left of the front door. He should reach there three nights later. I would take care of the smuggling of what he would think that I was engaged in the entry of some kind. I would have the pass ready and would deliver it upon receipt of the bank notes and would tell the entry that I was taking the gentleman and my car which he could see parked on the road. I took to Herr Baum to take care of the German entry to let him go through into the neutral area but a tip would easily arrange that. If Baum liked I would carry him a short distance to my apartment but not as far as another town where someone would see him with me. She thanked me and left. My chauffeur made a fast trip to Mayence and at Headquarters the code story, including my plans for K's photo, were coded for me. The message and K's photo were put under seal and I returned to Gosensheim where I turned the packet over to the officer who was to carry it to Paris and with instructions as to what we were to do with K. If we caught him, I returned to Mayence and the office of the Bureau. He had then given the Chief that a message of extreme urgency for him would be at the Under Secretary's Office the following morning.

The following night I was awakened by an orderly who told me that I was wanted at the office of the 2nd Bureau (Military Intelligence). When I got there I found the Chief checking the list of the high officers of that service. He had down from Paris with an aviator who had taken K. on several trips. He would not be satisfied with his own identification, he said. He believed however that it was surely K; when we went about to leave.

The next two days I spent in routine work with a considerable impatience. The old lat for the man-hunt had gotten me again after having been quiet for a long time. There is a peculiar psychology behind the Secret Service unit. They have been engaged in actual warfare. I have points to several concerning it and we are all in an expectant mood. When we were in contact we all looked on the

espionage as rather dirty work but a necessary evil, and when we were engaged in the undercover work we looked on war as rather stupid and noisy and our work as of supreme importance. The day when the Chief of all governments were to publish what their Secret Service knew of the plans and stratagems of the others that they would all see how futile it is to wage war. Looking this publicly each government thinks that it has the edge over the others, with the result that at a given moment war becomes inevitable.

My car was on the road at the appointed place. I alighted and went into the entry. I was challenged, gave the counter-sign and then asked the entry if he had his instructions. He told me that he had been specially assigned to this job that evening and that all I had to do was to manoeuvre the Boche in front of him. While we were speaking we saw a man come running down the road and cross the field the first steps toward the entry-box. He was challenged, ordered to advance and I heard him tell the entry that he had an appointment with me. The entry brought him to me and said, "Here he is."

He bowed and asked in German whether I was Lieutenant H. I replied in French in the affirmative and asked him whether he had the money. His response was in German that he was sorry he could not speak French but that he understood me and here was the money and might he have his pass. I told him to come to the box with me as I wanted him to see that the pass was satisfactory. With that he handed me a packet of 100 franc notes. I stripped off five of them and handed them to the entry with the remark that I was taking the gentleman back to Mayence with me. I then took the pass from my pocket, handed it to K. and as he stopped to examine it, in the shaft from my flashlight, the entry hit him back of the ear with the butt of his automatic.

He sank to the ground and almost as he fell, the entry was on top of him and had a gag in his mouth. Next he froned him up with telephone wires which he took from the entry-box. When K. was all secure, the entry walked off a few steps and from somewhere brought two other men. One was the regular entry to whom he handed back his rifle. With the other man he picked up K. like a sack of meal and carried him over to the car. When they had him down on the floor I covered him with the blanket that was there. The three of us got in and then the chauffeur burned up the road back to the military prison at Mayence. When we arrived they picked him up and carried him to the courtroom and there tied him upright to a chair, removed the gag and tied a rubber band around his face just below the eyes. They searched him and took all his belongings and had them out on a table. Among them was an automatic and also one of our special weapons and several large packets of 1000 franc notes, in all they were 200,000 francs. K. was still in a crumple from the crack on the head he had received when a dawn officer came in and walked in from the next room and took their places about the table. I noticed that the officers were all attached to the 2nd Bureau with the exception of the Assistant Chief of Staff.

"This Chief walked in and addressed the officers assembled. He also was in full uniform, that of a Colonel. He said, 'Gentlemen, you are assembled here in a court-martial, of which no record will be made. It will be unique in that the defendant will have no counsel, that no definite charge will be made except that the prisoner treacherously sent to their death hundreds of your loyal compatriots and that the death prisoner's wife be branded.' You have not seen the prisoner's wife but you see it. If there are any of you who have any arguments about condemnation to execution a man under such circumstances kindly withdraw but in any event keep your knowledge of this trial to yourselves. Lieutenant H. will serve as prosecutor and I shall sit as President of the Court."

Not an officer moved to leave the room. The formalities were gone through and the Court was assembled. K's auto was turned around to face the court and the Chief handed me a paper from which I read the charges. K. had been a soldier in the army, twice decorated but had on several occasions been guilty of treason. The Chief then stated that the two men who had brought him in with us had both signed him and that he, his superior officer, recognized him as well and could

vouch for the truth of the charges. A verdict of guilty and the death penalty were voted without further ado and it was decreed that the money found on K. was to be sent to the Red Cross. The trial entry passed over his 500 francs and I my 2000.

The court was then dismissed. The Chief handed the officers with a further injunction to complete the entry and they filed out. The Chief went into the entry room and conferred with the Chief of Staff whom he asked to remain. He then came back to me and asked me to read out one of the photographs attached to my section and to bring him to the prison in a hurry with a camera and a few dozen films. All I had to do was to telephone to tell one of them to come over at once to bring flashlight apparatus with him. He arrived in a few minutes and we had him mug the prisoner from every angle.

It's caption, after again adjusting the hand-camera, carried him downstairs and outside the prison wall where he was tied to a post. A first squad was lined up. The Chief gave the order to shoot and then K. was shot in the chest. His body was dropped into a grave already dug and quicklime was poured in and the grave covered.

We could hear the bells of the town tolling mid-night as we left the grave. The Chief stood watching as veins of smoke from the machine seeped up out of the fresh-picked earth. Then he shook his head sadly and said to me, "He was a good man for a while. I'll always wonder which side he was really on."

All Abroad in London Town

Continued from page 129

men were by their half-caste women. At one table sat the worthies of Linscombe—Li Tan the herbalist, Chong Ki who runs the laundry, the great Da Hong-fu who as a young man had won the highest degree in the Chinese State examinations. But they had found him guilty of treason against the Governor of a province, so they branded him. Now by day he is a commercial correspondent in the city, in a black coat and a star-shaped collar like any other clerk; but at night he comes back to his own people and gets into his Chinese clothes and shuffles from doorway to doorway—a Linscombe shadow. And Chong Ki did not always run a laundry; he used to be the captain of a boat that sailed the waters of the river near Canton. The cargo was a bery of almond-eyed girls who danced and sang had made him. For ages it was decreed that no lady of pleasure should set foot on the celestial soil of China; that is why they go up and down the great river in boats, and from between all night long and play music and have behind them when they go the sleepy tang of gongs.

And it happened one night that a rich merchant on the bank of the river sent a message to Chong Ki to bring over a fair maiden to him. He nearly did. But the river police intercepted him. The girl was dressed and two river policemen were shot. It seemed worse to Chong Ki to shake the dust of China from his feet forever. So now he wears cloaks and skirts in a dark-stained bandy in Linscombe; but still, like an actual gentleman, he reads poetry aloud to himself when the day's work is done.

So the hours went by in pleasant sleep in the playing of dice and chess and fustian. Then one morning we found our way through a rabbit-warren of inextricable passages and came at length to a room lined with copper, the deepest darkness lit by a smoking incense burner and the dull glow of smouldering pipe-smoke. A pipe was handed to each of us. And it was just tobacco that Liang Ki ruminated in the bowl of it.

Centuries afterwards we found a sign to Liang Ki and we crept away, through the maze of secret passages, into clear air. There we took a train. And ten thousand miles further on we disembarked in London.

"Hello, Louis Golding," a friend greeted me next day. "Been abroad lately?"

"Yes," said I. "Going to China."

"No," said immediately. "When did you get back?"

"I went yesterday with one Osborne from Kansas City, U. S. A. And we got back last night."

"Here, have another 'baggish,' old man. He's impaled with a spear, I think him and that he, his superior officer, recognized him as well and could



"I still don't know where we are"

Continued from page 47

"But," I asked her, "what about losses? Suppose

"No," I told her, "I don't like your plan. If I take a sum of money from you and guarantee to pay it back in a year, then you'll have to do something for me. You'll have to pay me six per cent."

"I lost about \$9,000 in the stock market," she

Most people in the market could well afford to pay six per cent, just to make sure they wouldn't lose any more than that.

our education and social pressure is toward standardization of ideas and behavior. We all find it wise to deport ourselves as most other people do.

logic is that it is unlikely to be deep enough or complete enough. We carefully weigh one or two market

also there is nothing we can do to change it. But when there are elements subject to change according to the state of human emotions and human opinions, then look out!

it was freely predicted that these machines would probably ruin handwriting, for nobody would need to practice good penmanship. Logical enough! But what happened was that penmanship immediately

their handwriting thoroughly genuine. During the World War those pseudo-scientists who had long believed in bringing about rainfall in time of drought by setting off explosives, found much statistical

proof that gunfire causes rain. Yet this wasn't true. The facts were that preparations for a big battle, hauling up of supplies and troops, were usually made during a dry spell. By the time a long-

One reason why every stock market forecaster, without a single exception, now appears to be dis-

It would be difficult enough to prognosticate future movements in stocks even if all seeming information available were accurate and dependable. But we are all especially likely to be wrong in the

device by which the average person can make money. It should be remembered that stocks do not often go up of their own accord, but are put

operate successfully except by outwitting the pub-

All this being true, it is a grave question whether it is not wiser to avoid purchase of stocks on what one mistakes for logical reasons, that is, on sup-

ible and yet a considerable amount of proof was offered at the last annual meeting of the American Statistical Association, in Cincinnati, in December,

them with what would have happened if selection had been left to chance. His comparison showed that even when forecasting agencies picked stocks

following the expert forecasters were worse than the worst losses that would have resulted from drawing numbers blindfolded.

big New York banker. One of the bank officers, head of a little gang of men who devote their entire time to painstaking selection of stocks and bonds for customers, chanced to spill some ink from his

lying on the floor. By further chance this newspaper was open at the stock page. Fine particles of ink had made spots touching forty or fifty different stocks.

"Wouldn't it be funny," he remarked to his associates, "if these ink spots give us a better way of picking stocks than our carefully-compiled tables of figures?"

market and kept them until now. Let's pretend also that we picked stocks by that same method in, say, 1926, and in other years more recently. Then let's compare results with those lists we actually

into smaller units, and other necessary adjustments. When they finally made their comparisons believe it or not, they discovered that the ink-spot singles would have been a more profitable list than

than those lists compiled according to one's best judgment. Perhaps this reason is that when a person follows pure chance, he removes the element of

sick babies or over-priced shares the pools have been eager to sell. But if he makes his selection by jabbing a pin into the stock page, while blindfolded, it is unlikely that he would choose his

any speculative or investment experience whatsoever can do any better by following his own opinions than by trusting to luck.

The other is the plan of industrial control or

partnership between the government and business, undoubtedly the most radical piece of legislation ever attempted in the United States within the memory of anyone now living.

"I have \$10,000 in a bank I think is safe," she telephoned, "and I have no craving for trying to

my money where it will grow enough to offset my loss in the rest. In other words, I want to end up still having the equivalent of my \$10,000. What

stock market, you'd better put your \$10,000 into United States government bonds, and if the buying power of the dollar should shrink half or however

you will say to yourself: "Of all things, how long has this been going on?" Then you'll become more daring and take more chances until one day your money will all be gone and you'll be lucky if you

do not lose, will be just that much velvet. Trying to pick the right stock, to get the benefit of rising commodity prices, is no job for the inexperienced."

As to the other great new factor, government

bad forecast such a program, he would have been locked up as too dangerous to be at large. But today if that same man says we have taken steps that must lead to complete abrogation of the profit

Because of this uncertainty, I return to my original contention that it is prudent to have a

Agriculture, made in April, 1933, showed a net gain of movement from city to country over country to city of 533,000 people for the year. In January, 1933, the total farm population in the United

If this back-to-the-country movement should continue, there may not be enough well-located small places, say, from five to twenty acres, to go around, without a decided heart in ruins. Whoever buys

COMMON SENSE MANNERS

relatives, it is wisest to serve tea. No one will drink it, in all probability, but at least you'll get credit for having made the gesture. Use the telephone for invitations. Bachelors are not required to go in for

about mixing your crowds. Don't decide that it would be jolly for your new girl to meet your old one—it never is, for you.

without pretentiousness save by connoisseurs: sherry with the soup; a still white wine with the fish; a burgundy or claret with the roast; brandy

or a sweet liqueur with coffee. That a number of the swankier speakeasies are incorporating as clubs and charging a ten to twenty-five dollar initiation fee; that they won't get his money that way.

that they won't get his money that way.

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"Didn't you gentlemen know there's a nice paved road to the top?"

THE FRIEND OF SPAIN

Continued from page 26

got to New York and see if I could do something about his strange plight. But when I got to New York they had moved. I had to trace them, but it was no good. Years later I heard that the poor fellow was still in Madrid.

Pablo Puente, as usual, is in bad shape. **Don Manuel Llanusa**, two or three decades over a million years, a good bull-racer—rather a good big ranch for raising bulls; and a firm and sound resolution to take no more chances with horned animals. He knows enough so that he can appear in the ring with them and dispatch them without risk; but it is no fun for the spectators either. **Don Orión**, fighting, usually a handsome fighter; a year for two seasons has, very obviously, learned how to fight bulls. He fights every one that comes into the ring in exactly the same way, pouncing them all in the same way; dominating them; showing his domination by staying the horse; and killing them quickly and trickily. If you can hit him once you know how he will be a hundred times.

He is desperately monstrous yet he does something, that is he dominates every bull that comes out; while the trasky lot of opposition he usually has need look to do anything. He was good, once, in September and so had not the chance of beating Belmont's record of 112 fights in a season. He will fight around ninety.

Arnaldus Chico, a young, slim, brown, chinless Mexican with legs that hang under his shoulders, a handful of crooked teeth, wonderful wrists, and great intelligence and knowledge of bulls is many times a better matador than Orión, but is held back by his negative personality in the ring. **Arnaldus** gets everything out of a bull that bull will give. Orión makes the same bull chatter, and conforms quickly to his own limitations. But the public goes away about Orión's theater, his antics, his false tragedy; while **Arnaldus** has no intelligence, his classic perfection and his respectful air, which seems to eliminate danger, does not stay in their memories. But his merit is being realized and he will fight most nights in Spain this year than any other Mexican has ever fought except the great **Cuena**.

Vitoriano, the de Seville, after a bad season, was just less than twenty fights, has blossomed out again this season as a phenomenon. He has now smashed his medical studies and taken his degree, and his enemies claim that his bursts of extraordinary courage originate in a hysterical cry and that if he does not cure to fight he knows the secret of producing a high fever and of feinting at the sword. This is nothing but absurd.

He is a strange case. He is not a coward but in the three times I saw him in September he did all the things that a bull fighter usually does, only when unable to control himself through fear. He did them, cynically, perfectly cool and unswayed, to avoid risk and to deliberately irritate the public. In the ring he has an overwhelming conceit that is pathological.

His style with the cape is slow, delicate, but, to me, unsmooth. He makes his passes with the cape by turning his body while keeping his arms out and then keeping his body still and moving the arms about of the bull. It is a way of using the cape as though it were the mule's, and it is a form of using one of the trick passes perfected by **Manuel Villalba**. But he does it very gracefully and well.

With the mule's he more or less at the mercy of the bull. With a bull that charges and re-charges on a straight line he could probably do a better man than anyone now in the ring. He is very intelligent, but he does not dominate. He is an unsmooth, elegant, interesting, and highly irritating performer.

By irritating I mean this: At Salamanca he was getting fourteen thousand pesetas a fight. That is twice the amount some of the other matadors were getting. He was paid this because they knew he could do twice as much if he drew a good bull. His first bull was not much but he worked him as well as he could and the people were all with him. His second bull was perfect for the mule's and **La Ferns** made four thousand pesetas from the bull to not him looking up into the stands, putting his hand proudly to his chest to indicate "Look at me. The great Vitoriano de la Ferns!"

some speaker, not impressed, whistled. **La Ferns** looked up where the whistle had come from as though to say "All right. I'll show you." Then, with no more pause, to farm, doing nothing but his fighting show, and walked in his stocking feet in the huge. The bull bobbed to death, vomiting his blood.

The next day the public turned off very severely but applauded the little good work he did. **La Ferns** left the ring wrapped in his cape under the arms of the spectators; then stooped, took off his fighting show, and walked in his stocking feet to the matador's box. He knocked the dice together to get the dust off them and then dropped them delicately to the ground.

"I don't want even the dust of Salamanca," he said.

Now this superb gesture was first attributed to Saint Teresa, on leaving Avila, after disappointments there, later to various bullfighters on leaving Mexico. For Vitoriano to employ it, merely because he had created the public, showed he was a real and unique fellow. But it did not endear him to the public of Salamanca, or even to their correspondent. He had paid his money and traveled some distance to see the young doctor perform.

On the new fighters, the youngest member of the **Citadillo de Triano**, who was killed in Madrid two years ago, is a good looking young man with a beautiful style with cape and mule's. But he knows very little about bulls and is already having great trouble dominating his four. **Fernando Dominguez** is very good with the mule's but is without personality and is a pitiful fighter. **Merville** is ill, the general every time he fights, and is only a shot at **Cerrochano** who one excellent fight in Madrid and has done nothing in the province. **Chiquito de la Audiencia** seems to have lost his nerve.

The annual Messiah appeared in the person of **Pérez Gómez**, a delivery boy at the **pelota** court, who made four sensational fights in Madrid and received a bad wound. Out of the hospital, he fought in **Huesca** and was very bad, in **Gilón** and was good, then went back into the hospital with a terrific wound received at **La Coruña**. He managed by **Torqueto**, an ex-matador from **Bilbao**, who will probably have enough sense not to fight him; but the season no matter how hungry both may be.

Florencio Ballasteros, one of the matadors of the same name, killed in the Madrid ring toward the end of the war, seems to be a very competent, workable fighter, skilled, without genius, but an excellent bull. He killed seven bulls in the little ring of **Vitoriano** before going outside of Madrid in his farewell performance before becoming a full matador, and bored the public with the dullness of his technique.

Not seeing any fights until the last of August, I cannot report on how the bulls were in early and mid-season but in September the Salamanca bulls were uniformly poor, colorful, without force, heavy of style. **Fernando Gómez** sent a splendid lot of bulls to Madrid from **Utrera** towns of **Seville** and **Mérida** sent a splendid lot of September that was bigger, braver and better armed than all the corridos he had seen until then.

Thus all else forces is gone, torn down to put up as an office building and the former inmates can be found at the Regatta next door. There is a new one called the **Aquarium** which looks like the last phase of Montparnasse except that it is crowded. Out at the **Mansueta** where we all used to go to swim and cook mule's along the **Park** road they have dammed the river and built an artificial beach with very modern bathing installation, real sand, a big lagoon and very old and, remarkably, clean water. There were a lot of small fish swimming around in it; always a good sign in a public bathing place, and it was really not a place to swim. Anybody able to swim across the river and back, possibly two hundred yards, was looked on by the **For Ederle** when taking a good look at the channel from the **insubmersible** at **Boulogne** and a native swimmer out of its depth without out-watering was a source of impropriety to the natives and matadors. But the Madrileños who only exercise used to be walking to the café are all going to for sports, for penins in the country and for walking trips in the **Sorbo**. The character-

istic shape of the girls is changing. They seem to be taller and not so far around. Exercise and the example of the American cinema, possibly, is responsible. And what else do you want to know? Well, we have an ambassador from whom the **Spaniards** have learned that there are at least two kinds of American newspapers: one who can become ambassador. Their previous experience had been with **Alexander Moore**. Sometimes it makes you wonder, too, why aside from the desire to honor him, President Roosevelt should send such a very able newspaperman, and such a good Democrat, so far away from the news of hostilities. Perhaps Mr. **Bowers** really wanted to be an ambassador. I never asked him.

(This is the second of a series of letters by Ernest Hemingway. The next will be from Paris)

A Factor in Europe's Future

Continued from page 129

ceasing his wealth, is lined up with him against the francophony who visualizes to him the economic oppression of the state. Both groups are demanding that the francophony whose position is a sinecure with a retiring pension, should bear a greater proportion of the burden of taxation. Moreover, actually they insist that the government before leaving new taxes should put its own house in order. This means an elimination or consolidation of offices on a large scale.

The francophones insist that their adversaries are notorious tax evaders. Completely organized and allied with the big business interests, they hold the key positions of the national economic life. They have not hesitated to threaten direct action. The issue is as irresponsible now after long years of mounting antagonism, that until it is settled as other nations have settled their internal issues, we can predict what France will do internationally. Fear of a revived **Vichy** France may perhaps be a dash but it will come sooner or later and out of the shock new governmental forms will emerge.

The press has contributed its part to the isolation of France. It is a constant irritant particularly when in the opposition. The French who have the best manners in the world in their daily contacts have no manners at all in their journalistic criticism. The inspectors which they had at all sorts of a ferocity that is often visible only over in their comments on their international neighbors. The attacks against **Mussolini** are only translated as were largely responsible for the necessary evacuation of France which is almost as violent across the Alps as across the Rhine. French journalists are dominated by a group of brilliant polemical wretches to find ideas. Any foreign note pre-occupied and consumed according to the conviction of the writer. **MacDonald's** policy for disarmament, the **Molotov Four** Plan, the **Four Big Powers** and the **Roosevelt** appeal for world peace incurred instant and irritating opposition from those obsessed with the idea that every proposition from without must immediately be examined with suspicion. This attitude publicly and in the **press** has been a very important factor in the French situation. It has reacted on the temper and mood of the French themselves. A country once regarded as the most hospitable and courteous of nations seems for the moment to have forgotten the golden rule of international civility to be liked by most of your neighbors.

Due then to its past of observation, France awakes to find itself isolated at the very moment when in its assessment Germany, abandoning Republican principles, turned violently back towards a revival of the ancient rural unity, and the restoration of the Empire. **Dreyfus**, **Weyler**, **MacDonogh** hurried across to save the peace of Geneva and indignantly to take the leadership of Europe for France's faltering hands the full force of fourteen years of blundering diplomacy became apparent. Error in underestimating the enduring strength of Fascism; error in trusting America as negligible in world affairs; error in misjudging the true character of German nationalism; error in neglecting English support and perceiving that it might return to its old authority. As a matter of fact, **Daladier** served the news of **MacDonogh's** return to Geneva with bad grace. The French do not like the return of the man who was their ally in the **Spanish** war. It was an open secret that he began by refusing to go to Geneva and only yielded when it became necessary to go to the impending trial to **Mussolini's** character of an Anglo-French understanding.

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ENTERTAINMENT

January, 1934

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Male and Female and Radio

Continued from page 25

radio sponsors who are still banking on horny puns and raucous suggestions. I wonder the day we will delight which went up when James Cagney for the first time in cinematic history gave a grapefruit into a lady's face and kicked the contrary side of her anatomy. Here was a new lease of life to the industry, a new audience a heavy new world. Let Uncle Doc try it sometimes.

The first sign of incipient intelligence in the movie came about three years ago when Raymond Knight began broadcasting from Station KUKU out of the clubhouse speaking "It is a wild rough-and-tumble burlesque of radio programs, a medley of three sweet morning hours when you learn everything. A much more important element the free-lancing by Ed Wynne of his own sponsor's advertising, the "stepped" "Hiking out and "That's what you say" which pursued Grant MacNamee's plugging was always one of the funniest items in the Free Chief show. Had a vote to Phil Butler, and he was in the funny (that being his nature ever where) but for his surrealized programs. And everything else went to The March time which is, so far, the only program I know completely developed as a radio program and not as an initiation of some other form of entertainment. That half hour (restored to the air by grace of a sponsor who advertises with reserve and dignity and effectiveness. The Kensington-Bard Company) is fit fodder for adult human beings and more excitement and interest than all the police stories, dramatized Sherlock Holmes detective tales, the underworld and bits of old China put together. And throw in Fritz Gibbons for good measure.

I am told that the largest fan mail in recent months has gone to The Voice of Experience—an advice to the levelled column on the air, the deduction from which is that the hearersaken boy out of the following products: motor cars, gasolines, and accessories, life insurance; white lead; soap; shaving cream; beer; rough dogs; cigars and cigarettes; lodgings; sugar; loafers; and hah. I doubt it. I doubt whether the foolery which turns their radios on in the morning and he is jollier at them all day are conscious of it. It is good to get a little more of anything. I think that the radio advertisers are still shooting at the branch of the population which does not control spending. I think also that when they yammer the name and virtue of their product three times within a quarter of an hour, they do something to the angry maul of the human mind. The doctor's wife has letters, and doctors buy anything he has been told to buy at the point of a shotgun—or of a radio.

The Living Head of the Grape

Continued from page 23

effect is almost instantaneous—the mind seems to be lighter and blimmer, as the Greeks defined this state. Through such intimate connection the conscious mind with its objective faculties is able to draw on the resources and forces of the subconscious mind and the development of intellect is greatly advanced. This is the reason why the use of alcoholic stimulation as understood by the ancients.

However, attention must be drawn to the fact, that alcohol of any kind, consumed in excess, produces opposite effect. The dose in that excess of valuable alcohol entering the system now over-comes the nerve center which becomes "shocked," as a consequence the "mental ball" slips, the subconscious "driving shaft" is thrown out of gear and the conscious mind loses control of the body. Beneficial as alcohol is, it keeps out proper co-ordination, it weakens the interior of the "fat" and too strong. It is a matter of judgment. Moderation is a fundamental law of nature.

Alcoholic beverages are usually divided into the following main classes: (a) Wines; (b) Hard Liquors (whiskies, gins, brandies, etc.); (c) Light liquors (beer and cider); (d) Medicinal and Appetizing beverages; (e) Mixed Drinks, usually called Cocktails; (f) Beer.

Wine is the oldest drink. It is the only one which nature offers in its earliest form of a single product, the grape, without the addition and use of chemicals, foreign ingredients or artificiality. Wine requires no complicated machinery or chemistry—it is in-

every sense of the word a natural product. In wine we distinguish between the Still and Sparkling variety. If the carbon dioxide, the by-product of fermentation, is allowed to escape slowly, as it normally does, through the wood while kept in the cask for fermenting or maturing purposes, the acid or gas will finally lose itself in the air and the non-carbonic parts will remain. Therefore, the wine is still.

On the other hand, if the wine is bottled, while still in the process of fermentation, the carbon dioxide remains in the wine. When the bottle is opened, the carbon dioxide will try to escape—and will sparkle. Hence the Sparkling wine. An important way has been found to remove the sediment which forms during fermentation in the bottles of sparkling wine. The bottles daily corked are placed on the head. The sediment gathers in the neck of the bottle. In the course of the neck filling it is sediment is removed. This process is removed by taking out the cork the lump of ice. The wine now being without any sediment is perfectly "clear."

It is desirable which is preferable, the sparkling or the still wine. Contrary to the usual belief, sparkling wine is lighter, that is, less intoxicating, than still wine.

Fine sparkling wines can only be made from specially fine "breeds," producing a juice which does more bouquet than body, is light and attractive, but not aggressive. When champagne is poured out of the bottle, its quality manifests itself at once to the connoisseur through the fragrance it gives off. The first champagne, according to Freudenthal, is the quality "hard," which is not fortified (or, in other words, that is, as dry champagne usually is). The Anglo-Saxons have always preferred the "veteran dry," no doubt due to their habit of drinking whiskey and cocktails.

The different brands of Champagne are not derived from the names of the vineyards of a particular parish, community, village, estate, chateau or river, as is the case with Bordeaux, Burgundy, or Rhine wines. Champagne wines are different from all others; they are made, not from one kind, but from the blending of various kinds of grapes. The different brands of Champagne are the result of blending from different vineyards in such a manner that the best features and qualities are shown in each blend. The names and brands of champagne, therefore, represent the blends prepared by the shippers.

Champagne wines are highly digestive and stimulating; they prove invincible in cases of exhaustion, fatigue and languor. Unless the "dry" (which is fortified) is indulged in, champagne is seldom interesting.

Still wines are usually classified into Red and White wines. Therein, however, a "half-caste," the famous vin rose (rather wine nor red) which is produced in excellent quality, though in small quantities, in the center wine region (Loiret district) of France. France has a world-wide reputation for champagne and red wine, such as Bordeaux (Cognac), Medoc, St. Julien, Margaux, and her very own famous Burgundy. In white wines, with the exception of Chablis, Haut Saumur, and a few more, which she has never excelled. This is the special field of Germany, which in her celebrated Moselle (Rhine wine) and Moselle, has attained a superlative excellence and a wholly inimitable quality. This seems all the more remarkable as both the geographical and climatic and atmospheric conditions place her at a great disadvantage when other wine-producing countries. However, Germany has overcome this obstacle largely through a scientific treatment not only of the grape juice during the process of fermentation, but also of the soil, which is specially prepared for the growing of grapes.

The famous and famous wine is determined by the soil (carbon dioxide) of the grape juice which is of mineral origin and passes from the soil into the grapes and thence into the wine. The Germans have succeeded in finding out the exact treatment of the soil in order to obtain in the grape juice the special acid needed for the production of a special bouquet. It will know the products of the Moselle and Moselle, particularly of special varieties, when the atmospheric conditions are very favorable, show this distinctive feature as characteristic of German wines.

Was thinking with luncheon and dinner should be eaten in the evening. It is highly beneficial for the body and would contrast the largely overdone, and bad, habit of drinking tea or coffee with meals, which is harmful, as it interferes with digestion. Besides, drinking of light wines is very stimulating to the brain, and proves a great help in overcoming mental depression and

dullness. In the opinion of unbiased European experts California wines have great merit. If they were properly treated and more "matured" they could be made equal to the usual French wines consumed in homes in France and Italy. Therefore, the wisest product should be given to California wines.

Of the hard liquor class, the most important in England is the "Scotch," the basis of which is barley. Rye and bourbon, however, stand out in appeal to the American taste. To make whiskey, malt or its mixture and other grain cereals are mixed, after being crushed, to a certain temperature by the application of hot water; the diastase of malt becomes converted into starch and finally into alcohol. Whiskey is the product of its distillation. Gin is made in the same manner from the seed of fermented juniper berries.

The process of distillation was originally discovered in monasteries, where the monks applied their chemical experiments to find a substitute for wine which could not be obtained elsewhere.

While whiskey or any of the distilled liquors cannot compare with wine for its nutritive value, its nourishment and mental stimulation, they have their well-founded use and place. As a short drink for a "topsy" they are very much appreciated. They serve principally as a late morning or an afternoon drink, either straight or mixed with soda or mineral water. They are invaluable in warm weather. This is the reason why whiskey is very popular in tropical countries—in fact, invaluable as a stimulant.

In the tropics, wine is useless because it usually increases the heat, whereas whiskey mixed with soda tends to render extreme heat more bearable.

In America, before the War, the most popular drink was the "cocktail." Space unfortunately forbids us to tell its interesting history. A cocktail is a mixture of various alcoholic beverages so as to produce a new tasty drink. The mixing of cocktails is a high art.

As a drinker, the American is most closely akin to the Britisher. The United States has never been a wine drinking country, to the extent or even in the same sense, that the Latin countries are. Then, too, thanks to thirteen years of Prohibition, Americans have become, and are very apt to remain, "party drinkers," as opposed to the Europeans who are "meal drinkers." In all probability, the cocktail originated in popular taverns, where it was used to replace the dominant drink, at least for a long time after. The latter happens to be a wine drink, both by tradition and for forty years or more, but color complex has recognition of the fact that Americans will have to learn to consume wine in ways, while they seem to have a natural appetite for hard liquor. The cocktail will stay.

Fashion, of course, always many things, and if cocktails should take shape, socially, wine drinking might still have an artificial stimulus.

Two Opposing Views of France

Continued from page 120

disagreement which makes neither a dream of a French-German understanding. At least so long as the Government will not have given up its unacceptable claims.

To Germany, security means revision of the Treaty of Versailles. Without her, you understand, there can be no security. Germany is not possibly to be a question of peace. She brings forward that "unheard-of demand" as an unshakable principle. And she does this in spite of France's supposing that we could possibly be as base as to betray our friends, our allies of yesterday for the old enemy against whom, side by side and hand against hand, we fought together for several years.

They go further still. With that spirit and the lack of tact by which too often works the German press, one can see how the Germans are characterized, one man does not hesitate to write that the French taxpayers are possibly risk his property and his blood in order to guarantee the interests of a minority which concerns a political policy obsolete in power and support.

The German writer is mistaken. The prosecution of Europe freed in the boundaries which four and one-half years of heroic suffering gave to the world. It is not the French taxpayers who are possibly risk his property and his blood in order to guarantee the interests of a minority which concerns a political policy obsolete in power and support.

And so long as, on the other side of the Rhine, they will not have broken with the German, and prove that light will between France and Germany.

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Mon, I'm richt gled tae be wi' ye again!

Scotland's Best
Bottled in Scotland

James Watson & Co. Ltd.
Old Liqueur
Scotch Whisky

Sole Importers—STUART BRITON & Co., Inc. • • • FORTY WALL ST., NEW YORK

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This advertisement is not intended to offer Scotch Whisky for sale or delivery for sale or consumption elsewhere than in the United States, where it is sold in accordance with the laws of the United States.

and FAITH
... for the 73% who voted "Yes"

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"Aw, the hell with Hemingway and his purity of line"

CAN'T WE BE FRANK?

Continued from page 138

the change. If you will read G. B. Stern's book *The Shoravim*, you will find a genealogical tree of the Jewish family about which the writer, and in it are several branches which are Christian. Should any old European or American Jewish family investigate its family tree, after Mrs. G. B. Stern's fashion, it would find a similar genealogical vegetable, and in time that same family tree will become Christian, root and branch.

At this point, I can hear protests, both loud and angry, from my brethren. "Just because you have practiced intermarriage," they say, "you advocate intermarriage for the rest of us. Misery loves company, I suppose." To this remark, I can say that not only did I practice intermarriage but that my eldest sister also practiced it, and after twenty-five years, I pronounce it a complete success. I also heard the opinion that my sister, who is now an elderly woman, lived most happily with her husband and was utterly grief-stricken by his death some years ago. The institution of marriage, makes it impossible for me to attempt the "trial and error" plan of finding out whether or not I would have been happier as the husband of a Jewess. My opinion is that I would not have been, and I might even say that I could not have been.

There is no doubt that along about here, some of my brethren will say: "So you have no desire to maintain this heritage of ours—this pure blood which up to now has mixed with no other strain." As to that, I am not competent to speak. I leave it to the ethnologist, although I have serious doubts that people who have been persecuted by stronger groups, can have succeeded in keeping their blood free from the blood of their conquerors, and particularly from the blood of the "young bloods." If this sounds a bit anti-Semitic, I can only say that I am not trying either to please or to offend anybody. But if my brethren believe that we have a genius for certain arts and sciences, possessed by no other people, why be stingy about it? Here are we—the chosen people, with a talent for interpretive music, medicine, mathematics and the clothing business, holding ourselves aloof. "Shall we not mingle our blood with the inferior people around us?" say I, and with one voice, the inferior people around us say: "Don't do us any favors."

Here, it would appear that I am in a bad spot, but I mean to go through with it. In the first place, let me say that for one I do not believe any breed of human beings to possess a monopoly of genius in music, painting, government, the clothing business, medicine or mathematics. I see around me too many examples of pure races, hybrid races, white races and colored races, exercising their genius in all sorts of pursuits. It was to Dr. Takamine, a Japanese, that we owe the discovery of adrenalin, that blood-stanching serum, and Alexander Dumas, a quackoon, wrote delightful romances and plays. To be sure, we find such "scientists" as Dr. Madison Grant and other gentlemen whose names I cannot now recall, claiming that a hybrid inherits the best qualities of both parents and receives the good qualities of neither, but experience and observation make me doubt this also.

The single instance of William Marconi, of mixed Italian and English descent, ought to give Dr. Grant a few uncomfortable moments of reflection, and when we consider the hopelessly mixed ancestry of our older American families, it is hardly becoming for the relation of one of our most popular generals and Presidents, to be so prejudiced a scientist. There is always a tendency among people who live in the world, to pick out a couple of good, high-grade ancestors and pin their faith to them. Thus if this name Winthrop Auster Chandler indicates anything, this gentleman may be and probably was descended from a Colonial Governor of Massachusetts as well as from a butcher of Winkler, Prussia. What colossal rotations these two ancestors possessed, are not the subject of common knowledge, and that is the kind of knowledge I possess—common, and I might even say exceedingly common. At any rate, Mr. Winthrop Auster Chandler is in no better condition, genealogically, than the great majority of Americans who have achieved social, political or financial eminence, among whose ancestors, did we but search for them, we could find men of Alpine, Mediterranean, Nordic, Semitic and even Malayian strains. In this fashion, how overcomes prejudice, and only an extremely discerning writer

Continued on page 136

Folks, Darbasol sure is flattered

by

"Singin' Sam"



IMITATION, as the old copy books tell us, is the sincerest flattery. That being the case, Darbasol certainly ought to feel flattered 'most to death.

Here we've been saying these many years that the way to tame your daily crop of whiskers wasn't with lather and brush, but with Darbasol.

For a long time the big Brush and Lather boys sorta laughed up their sleeves—but when they saw how John Public took to this Darbasol idea and how Darbasol sales went skyrocketin' till Darbasol was the fastest-selling shaving cream in the U. S. A.—they started a mad scramble to climb on the band wagon.

Take a tip from your old friend Singin' Sam—the cream that does the job is the one that's made by folks who *believe* in this way of shavin', heart and soul. And I don't have to tell you who that is—everybody knows it's the Darbasol people.

Fact is, Darbasol is so soothing and healing that a lot of folks use it for *sunburn*.

So if you want the coolest, slickest, quickest shave a man ever treated his face to, the way to get it is the same way that smart shavers have been getting for fifteen years. Step up to any drug store counter and get that red, white and blue Darbasol package—and you'll be singin' in the bathroom just like your old pal Sam.

THE BARBASOL COMPANY, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

BARBASOL ON THE AIR!

Singin' Sam, our *Darbasol Man* with songs you like to hear, Tuesdays and Thursdays on a coast-to-coast Columbia (WABC) network, 8:15 to 9:30 P.M., Current New York Time, in the east and Middle West, and 11:30 to 11:45 P.M. Current New York Time in the Rocky Mountain and Pacific States.

Edwin C. Hill, "The Human Side of the News," Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays on a Columbia (WABC) network, 8:15 to 9:30 P.M., Current New York Time, in the East and Middle West.

Consult radio page of your local newspaper for stations.



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THAT tip of yours was absolutely swell—I've just been talking to the man who sold you your Rolls Razor—he tells me every man he's ever sold one to simply raves about it... so I've ordered a perfect flock of them... one for each of the male relatives... this Christmas they're not going to kid me about fool, female presents."

The single "Lifetime Blade" of a Rolls Razor is tooled from the finest Sheffield Steel and hollow ground. Stripped in its case before shaving, honed when necessary, this blade, with common-sense care, will actually give an entire lifetime of perfect shaves.

That's why wherever you go you'll find more and more men using Rolls Royces—whose enthusiastic letters tell us give the "finest . . . most perfect . . . smoothest . . . best . . ." and every other adjective that means superlatively good "ahave in the world."



One of your friends uses a
Rolla Razor—ask him.

NRA
3

Imperial Rolls Razor Nickel Plated. \$10
Other models and bits up to . . . \$50
 For a smooth, non-irritating shave use Rolls Razor Shaving
 Soap in "lock-tight" bowl. It lasts about 5 months. Price \$1.50
 Rolls Razors are for sale at the better shops throughout the
 world. If your dealer cannot supply you send check or money

Descriptive folder sent on reqn. *
Lee & Schiffee, Inc. U.S. Distn., tor

Dept. J 305 East 45th Street, New York City

IR DILLS
IRA Z DIR
WITH A LIFETIME BLADE

the author, who, as you know, conceived the famous "The Seal in the Bedroom" masterpiece. The illustrations alone are worth the price of the book.

After writing a novel called *The Giant Swing* which I thought was so loose, disjointed and gummy that it was enough to ruin the reputation of the author, I wrote *The D.D.D.* which

[illegible]

A book I have been ding-donging people to read ever since I got advance page proofs of it two months ago is *What Remembers* (Longman's, \$2) by Rhys J. Gwyn. It's a book about a girl, one Mammy, the negro woman who brought them up, and it is a scream. I guess I am not ready to say that I think it is comparable to *Uncle Remus*, for it isn't. But it is a book that will stay with you out of *What Remembers*. The *American Procession* (Harper's, \$2.75) is an assemblage of photographs of American life from 1860 to our entry into the world war. It is a book that will stay with you out of your past life and your country's past. You can also learn a lot from it, as for instance that Fannie Ward is as old as she says she is, for there is a photograph of her when she was 100. It is about the same age as she does now. Agnes Repore collected the pictures and Frederick Lewis Allen who wrote *Only Yesterday* wrote the captions. —

There is a book called *What Remembers* as well as a collection of stories of eccentricities and perversities in the morbid and rather breath-

First editions of Caldwell's looks are a pre- or post-increase in value and they will be having some of the same problems as the first editions of Faulkner's *Trumpet* (Kane's, \$2) by George Millham, a brilliant and highly talented young Alabama writer who was killed in the war. The book is a collection of short stories and if he keeps on writing such realistic stories of the pleasure and some of the folks in that great and glorious South, he will be a writer to watch.

Also, *Into The Journey of the Flame* (Houghton, Millin Co. \$3) by Antonio de Piero Ballo, translated by Walter de Seigrist. It is a story of danger, of the search for the truth, of the search for the truth, it is purported to be the story of Don Juan O'Brien (now O'Brien) on his hundredth birthday. One of the best of the new South American writers, an authentic and fantastic tale of Bonifaz and Tammen, the swashbuckling Colorado journalists, told in a lively style.

Also, *Or into The Night Club Eva* (Stokes, \$2.50) by Stanley Walker, city editor of the

York Herald Tribune who is making fame for himself as a coach and encourager of good writing on the part of his staff and is, incidentally, making fame for himself as a rattling good writer. *The Night Club Era* is about New York and is packed with astonishing and interesting information about doings during prohibition.

If Mae West had not just called up and asked me to come over for hymns and a game of parables, I would like to tell you more about these last three books.

Continued from page 145

L. (*Stringing her along*) Just one old friend to another. He gets fed up on that "Mister" stuff down at the office. (On latter line *Rosie enters L. and stands just inside entrance. L. looks at her inquiringly and others may glance toward her. L. will remain all the time on settee or easy chair at R of C. Mrs. B. is seated at L of C and left of settee and C is standing at L of Mrs. B.*)

L. (To C as she motions with her head toward Mrs. B.) She expected champagne. (Mrs. B. plainly mystified by all that is happening, L. speaks to Rosie) Not just now—but you might offer the boss a chair.

Rosie—Yes'm! (She goes up stage and brings down a fairly light chair, one that may be easily handled and places it for C. who hands her his hat and coat and remains still, leaning on it. She exits L as C. seats himself, still under some restraint, and evidently disturbed to find a relative on the premises. As Mrs. B. speaks the next line, it may help, as a bit of business, to have him take out a handkerchief and wipe his brow and also his hands.)

Mrs. B. (addressing L.) He ain't the Chester Cusby that owns the *Meteor* bus line!

L. (Stringing her) Why ain't he?

Mrs. B.—That runs through Lunklede!

L. (*Sarcastic*) As rapidly as possible.
Mrs. B. (*Gazing at C. with sudden and overwhelming interest*) Well, I'll be—well, for good—
L. (*to C.*) Sister reads the papers.
Mrs. B. (*Still giving evidences of being impressed*) That's a big line. (*To C.*) My husband works for

your company.

C. *(Politely)* Indeed? In—in what capacity?

Mrs. B.—Just now he's on half time—washin', vacuum cleanin' an' some repair work.

C. *(Because he can't think of anything else to say)* Indeed?

Mrs. B.—If that division superintendent didn't have it in for him, he'd be the boss at our station—been there longer'n anybody else.

L. *(With sarcasm)* Never got a break in his life.

(She has picked up the cards again and is shuffling them idly and also half listening, amused, to the talk between C. and Mrs. B.)

Mrs. B. *(After giving her sister a scornful look.)* Bradd's all right!

Mr. B. (*With much enthusiasm*) Hurray for our family! To C. who has been enjoying the tilt between the sisters) That'll give you just a rough sketch of B. W. *Surface* *Lezency*—one of the home town boys.

C. To Mrs. B., with some embarrassment) I—ah—I'm afraid there's no *rozaney* at present.

Mrs. B. (*Eagerly*) But there is. Homer Jackson leavin' for Los Angeles next week to live with his 'sughter.

L. *Now we're going on cards!* Ain't that terrific, *My dear Mr. H. or*
Mrs. B. *(To C, persistently.)* Oh, word if any word is said to me, I'll tell you.
C. *(To L.)* Well, you never gave me a wrong steer yet. How about it?
L. *(With too great enthusiasm.)* Sure—he's at it right. No bad habits. Doesn't drink, smoke or read the papers.
C. *(To Mrs. B.)* I like him.
C. *(Decisively.)* Well, Mrs. Linzey, at least we can give him a trial.
C. *(Effusively.)* Oh, thank you. Now we can start on the next card.
L. *(And trying to suppress her mirth.)* The de-
precision is over—we have turned the corner.
C. *(Ignoring L. and directing her attention to C.)* Mr. Canby, you don't know what this



100



100

10



APPLICATIONS
FOR
SALVAGE CLAIMS

SANTA CLARA
FILED
AT THIS DESK

“Well, we could



"Well, we could send him to Harlem"

MUSIC IS MILDAY'S AID

Continued from page 125

lasts, give more concerts, secure the requisite funds, and all that must mean. Who will support it up? At this crucial point, secure the aid of the lady of middle age, the woman who is the term as wife and mother behind an open door for her further activity. She interested in her project other women who were no longer young and by no means averse to publicity. The ladies took hold of the case, and money came rolling in.

For a while all went well. Greatly increased concert schedules were planned, and the most famous conductors of the day (who was also an outstanding composer) was engaged. This was no more a personage than Gustav Mahler. This event was used as for a glorious trial heat. But, alas! a number of less public failed to turn up to his concert, and the money was not there. In spite of Mahler and all the other scoring advantages, the reformed Philharmonic turned out considerably less than it had before. That was a result the embattled ladies had not foreseen and by no means dispensed to finance. Music has an ever exorbitant price, and if you force the aristocratic to give you to the limit, you're no choice left but to pay the price. This melancholy truth is better understood now. At that time it seemed just a little too much to bear. And Mahler had to suffer the consequences. That man of real eminence, who most enthusiastically had not been a prophet without honor in his own country—looked, he had been a musical dictator in Vienna—found himself the target for a multitudes of adjectives, or better, comments. To have the public to come to him and to relieve the financial strain he must do this and that, or leave this and that alone. He could have no will or of his own. He must obey. "— The end of the story is grim. Mahler, who had not been in the health, fell ill, and died in 1911. He returned to Vienna and there solved one major problem for the Philharmonic by himself.

Forgive me for this tragic intrusion. A note of comedy follows. The great Mahler—he was really one of the great conductors—was succeeded by a lieutenant who had been virtually unknown, at least on the side of the Atlantic. Critical opinion has never rated him high as an orchestral leader, but he was a diplomat, a courtier, and told a story well. Moreover, he had an excellent taste and wore diamonds; the apparel considered by that class of virtuosos. As for the orchestra, well, most of its members were such good men that they could make a go of it with any conductor. Naturally the ladies beamed again, and, miracle of miracles, that was the last of the trouble, came. The orchestra did and did its duty. The new conductor lasted for a dozen years.

The triumphant ladies, whose original motive may have been only a feminine love of prominence and dominion, had won a larger victory than they knew. It concerned not merely the ancient and venerable Philharmonic, but the emergence of the woman as the recognized musical power in the United States. Some women of established position have been credited by this victory to make effective a serious interest in music itself and in what they believe to be its value to the community—others, for example, in Philadelphia Mrs. Bok's personality contributions to the Curtis Institute, the Metropolitan Opera, and the Philadelphia Grand Opera Company; at South Mountain, the late Mrs. Coudie's handsome support of chamber music in New York. Mrs. Charles Guggenheim's insistence that the summer Studebaker concert series shall carry on.

But that there are other women of no position who have given renown in obscurity. Through music and musicians these others have gone into publicity and recognition. They have made great feasts and fed their hungry eyes the while they are finding some different material degree, plus the "society" folk who have gathered at their house and they had somehow succeeded in making the "lower" folk who had distinguished others at the fashionable world, a pianist pursued by a fashionable woman as a social leader they have at least a measure of press, or — in to do money, and the husband of us all, — in to do money. And the men have not stood in the women's way, for after all the women have relieved them of a task that they weren't banking after, even those of them who realized that it existed.

Give a plain body with a nurse has come to hobnob with the great ones of our American earth

through the magnetic medium of music or a musician, other women have discovered in the tone of the voice still more personal identification. They have found glimmering ways to their more intimate tastes and social parties, receptive ears for their confidences, good companions, friends of the heart (as the French say), dining partners, dancing partners, escorts, beaux, and even husbands. If the tide (knowing his part of the panel) now and then should be confined to fetch and carry, why, so much the better: there's no harm done in throwing an occasional letter to milady's self-interest. Woman is a congenial evolution. The imported male intrigues here have been, and probably could quite manage to do, and among the imports none has been more clearly her affair than the musician. Of course he must be personable and well turned out. That is *de rigueur*. A European baritone who had found America distinctly inferior, recently asked us out of his coat from some scathing remarks about a man's talent coming less from here than the rest of his talent. This happened to be an artist for the fellow's dollars in his profession, a fellow that a thousand dollars would be powerless to rectify. Nevertheless the talking does count, as do other visual qualifications, like suitable attire and a straight and slender figure.

There exists, however, a notable adoration for everything. Still another male visitor from Europe, endowed with more conditional suitability than ability, persuaded some fair voices to accompany him in this was shortly before the Great Depression and equated an orchestra for him. Though it started off with a considerable bang, it didn't prosper. The comment made by a certain eminent conductor of an impartial wit will suffice. "But my dear," she protested, "I think is a drawing-room orchestra. Why couldn't he conduct a paddock?"

This remark is a fitting pendant to a distinction that had been drawn previously, viz. In Europe when a woman falls in love with a conductor she gets a baby, in America he gets an orchestra.

I have heard this distinction ascribed to Joseph Strakosky and likewise to Leo Bloch, and there may be other champions. As with the life of Homer, however, a precise attribution is of minor moment.

STAGE-DOOR JOHNNY, ENQ.

Continued from page 131

ward Broadway, when I seriously propose coming into the foremost act of our stage. These stars, in the midst of those breathless, kaleidoscopic scenes, they've had fundamental, looking at his play and the touch of integrity. Oh, I know it is always difficult to distinguish the player from the poet. But this seems to me the perfect blending of material and interpreter. It is important to me in a play, I believe, achieve greatness which will last.

I must thank you for a moment, and be content to say that the Saturday morning assignment is busy for a delightful afternoon. "Her Master's Voice," at the Booth, is Clam Kummer's very funny treat, confined to her most successful performance—this of "Good Evening, Annie!" Roland Young, Laura Hope Crews and especially John Davidson, are playing through it with pleasing intensity, to the response of steady smiles and frequent yells of laughter.

To top of your visit, you are carried from "Tony's" to "Sisler, Revue," at the Lyceum. "A topographical survey" is a play, with true, full glee. There are no merris or — about this full-bodied comedy. It's good, clean, some there's a minor—men in the Canal Zone, light "Honeywell" Jackson. Against the star—"merris of her virtue, all the attraction of — v of no avail; she can't be had. "Oh, yes," says "Dramatic" Champ De Jean of the Fleet, and the light in. Gallantly resolved by the woman, guided by her shipmates, who even still overcame lacking his prowess, the hero employs strategy, cajolery, fines, diplomacy—every possible addition of effort remains—some of the most interesting in night—almost in plain sight. It's one great, mad, comical, young, one lead, comical, giffar.

Do you have to go home tonight? Couldn't you stay over until Monday? There are still several others will worth catching hell. For most impor-

tant, Jed Harris' daring offering at the Cort, "The Green Bay Tree." Here's the reverse of the "Queen" (though a witty, real and deeply probing study of those peculiar genius who cultivate their emphases with particular care for their study, tender bloom sometimes known as "heart-in-the-face"). Jeanie Brien portrays the girl, with skill, despite a slight tendency toward over-firkiness, and Laurence Olivier gives a poignant portrait of the distressed ex-servant. But it is Mr. Harris who rates the highest bows for the magic of his production, and his suave courage in making it so.

There's "Champions, Sex" at the Shubert. This is the draftless, "Edmond" of Strawn, the Walla Ring, stylized, kidnap, and acted radically by a swell troupe headed by Peggy Wood, Helen Ford and George Meyer. Forget the book—it's still set and dialogue. The music is a little strong, with no baggages.

Let "En Act Cake" bring Gaxton, Moran and Moore back to the Imperial in the sequel to "O. I. Ten Sing." Perhaps it's a little up to its predecessor, but it's a pretty damn good show on its own merits.

For a look in pre-glowing in "Hold Your Horses" at the Winter Garden, and thousands of other people seem to like it, so I must be wrong. The same goes for Ed Carroll's "Mistress as the Varieties" about which some menials made the crack that the wrong person was evoked. It's doing all right, too. So are the thrillers, "Double Deal," at the Ritz, "Keeper of the Keys" (Charlie Chan stuff) at the Fulton, and — — — if you can't find a house—no silly, easy-baited London offerings, "Ten Minute Alibi," at the Eldor Harry, or, if you haven't seen, "One Sunday Afternoon," which has been the success of the season.

It is still holding forth at the Forty-eighth Street.

There, then, are the lists. We won't bother yet about the drops. If the holidays bring in a superfluity of theatergoers, I suppose I'll have to get out the emeralds. But no fear, theatergoing is a pleasure, thank you.

BEDTIME STORY TELLER

Continued from page 38

of a Sinner's time, in place of her sister, that can stand up to the test of misanthropy.

Falm Boeck and Miami millionaires used to pay him a thousand dollars a throw, to play at their parties. That would \$10,000 in the Fiske offers during the Florida season of 1920. And they got the same songs that the night club patrons of Paris and London and New York have learned by heart.

It costs the average listener (excluding the women and the choice the-humans) \$100.00 to hear him. He never plays in places where he can get a thousand dollars. I believe, however, he has had his best and heard his records.

He has played for royalty frequently, usually after hours in a London night club, with the doors barred and after the place people had been kicked out. Both Wales and the ex-King Alfonso were among his most indelible listeners. But he has also played in palaces, for example the time he gave a musical performance in England, for the then Queen of Spain. He played, with discreet emotions here and there, some of his own ancient numbers. The Queen was exhausted and laughed prettily. Nothing would do, she said, but to see him play for her husband. Drivily, having played the joyful — — — faced monarch and his wife said that — — — was, being told his wife's, baring his pictures and signatures at the prospect of her own name on playing for Alfonso.

At a party, and the Queen of Spain, after the room had been cleared, "let's have some of those DITTY songs," she responded to know.

Whereupon the Queen of Spain, who once in ages past, as history tells us, was supposed to be alive even the suspicion of poisoning (she was treated a version of "Mr. Webster" with the imprudent addition of order and confidence in the attempt to make a Canova's knob).

At the end of the Queen said, "You are an American. Perhaps you know my favorite author?"

"Dwight, thinking of 'The Sun Also Rises'?"

She replied that he did not know the author.

"The Wild Party," that of John Galsworthy.

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THE WHITE EWE

Continued from page 139

meant to us. We've been working so hard—hopin' we could send Wilbur to Wingo!

C. (Politely attentive and pretending to be interested—very much the well-mannered gentleman) Wilbur? L. (Causing her card manipulations and turning half way to explain to C.) In order to be different, they named the children Wilbur and Dorothy. C. And why did you select Wingo?

Mrs. B. Well, sir, thought it was the best college in the state.

C. (With real enthusiasm) Good for you! I like Wingo, too. It's my old school. I'm one of the trustees.

L. (Smiling warmly as she looks at her cards) That boy is just what's for trouble.

Mrs. B. (Suddenly comprehending) Goodness me! I clean forgot. Why you—you built Conkey Hall and the stadium!

C. (Modestly) Well, I helped.

Mrs. B. I see the college paper now'n then. Wesley Farlock sends it to Wilbur.

C. (Still pretending to be interested) Indeed?

Mrs. B. Wesley's got a scholarship—so he's getting through pretty cheap.

L. (Half to herself and not for their benefit) It's coming.

Mrs. B. (Continuing to be interested in C.) If we could get a scholarship for Wilbur.

C. (With generous enthusiasm) If he's up in his grade.

Mrs. B. (Interpreting) He's smarter'n a whip.

C. (Continuing)—and can get the backing of his high school and the endorsement of some of your good citizens—

Mrs. B. (With enthusiasm) He certainly can. I don't know where he gets it, but he knows books.

L. (Who has appeared around and is following the dialogue between C. and her sister with some amusement) Must 'a got it from his grandfather.

C. (To Mrs. B.) We want an Wingo ambitious boys who will work.

L. (Shooting in another observation on the side) Yes, meant! Any son of Gertie's is sure to be a good worker.

C. (Still observing a gallant manner, to Mrs. B.) I'll have everything looked up. You know—I control some of the scholarships.

Mrs. B. (Bubbling with gratitude) Mister Conkey. (Turning to her sister) Luella! Brat's goin' to run the bus station an' Wilbur's goin' to Wingo!

L. (Calmly) Well, will An' yet some people think that Santa Claus has whiskers.

Mrs. B. (Frustrated) What's that got to do with it?

L. (To C.) It looks like a big day for Linkdale.

Mrs. B. I'm goin' to keep the very next bus for home 'n' tell 'em the glad news.

C. (Looking at his watch) You can make it—I'll take you over in my car.

Mrs. B. Oh, thank you. (She and C. arise)

L. (Still watching her with amusement and admiration) Gertie, can I trust you with my honor?

Mrs. B. (After glancing shyly at C.) Why, Luella Whitford? (A slight pause) Mister Conkey.

C. (Having moved a little nearer door at L.) Yes?

Mrs. B. I want just a word with Lou.

C. Certainly. (He exits L.) and Mrs. B. goes over toward her sister and may stand either at left of center or behind it but L. must be able to look at her without turning too much up stage. L. speaks to her as she comes over)

L. Well, gold-digger. I think you'd better call it day.

Mrs. B. (Reprovingly) Why, Lou! A gold-digger is a bad woman—

L. (Shaking her head as if words were hardly suffered) 'You're not bad—you're good.

Mrs. B. (Tally indignantly) I never asked for no!

— Mrs. Conkey offered—

L. (Interpreting) Sure! That's how all of us get our!

Mrs. B. (Looking at her intently) Listen, Luella! When I get back to Linkdale I'm goin' to tell everybody there ain't a word of truth in it.

L. At a girl! Tell 'em I'm a trained nurse.

Mrs. B. (As she moves over to give her a conventional peck on the forehead) That's what I'll do! (After giving her sister the kiss she starts toward left)

Good-bye, Lou!

L. (Putting up hands) Good-bye, Gertie!

Mrs. B. (Pausing and looking back at her sister) Mr. Conkey! Some women leave all the love!

L. (Shuffling the cards) Don't they? (Mrs. B. exits left. L. begins laying out the cards, humming) Ho-hum!

CURTAIN.



"But mama, all he wants me to do is have dinner with him"

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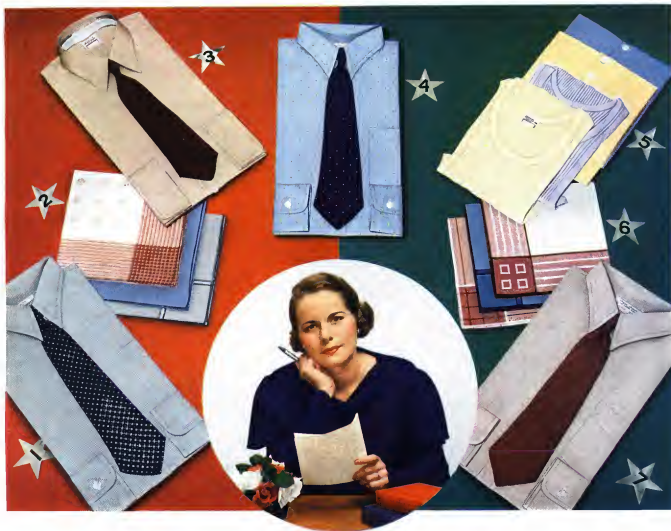
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